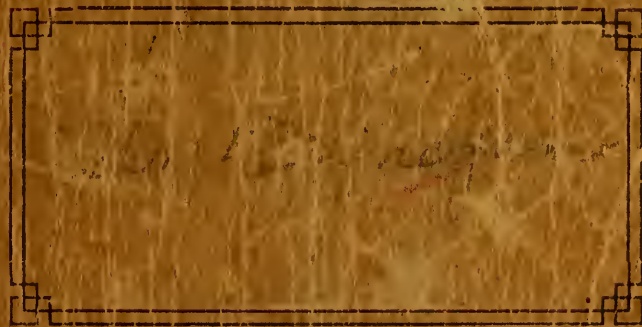


Glory Songs

COMPILED BY MR. AND MRS. JOHN T. BENSON

PRICE, 25 CENTS



PUBLISHED BY
PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Glory Songs.

Published by

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.

Nashville, Tenn.

No. 1.

Always Enough.

WM. I. DALE.

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S. L. MERRITT.

1. Al-ways e-nough of grace is giv'n to me from day to day,
2. Al-ways e-nough of com- fort to con-sole me when I'm sad,
3. Al-ways e-nough of Je- sus' love to fill me with de- light,
4. Al-ways e-nough of joy to make my heart re- joice and sing,

Al-ways e-nough of strength to help me on the up-ward way.
Al-ways e-nough of peace in time of storm to make me glad.
Al-ways e-nough of hope to keep faith's al- tar burn- ing bright.
Al-ways e-nough of pleas- ure in the ser-vice of my King

CHORUS.
Al-ways e-nough for me, (for me,) Al-ways e-nough for me, (for me,)

This is my song, the whole day long, There's always enough for me.

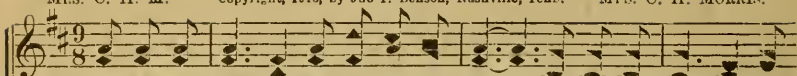
No. 2.

Fully Surrendered.

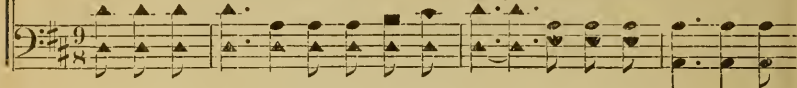
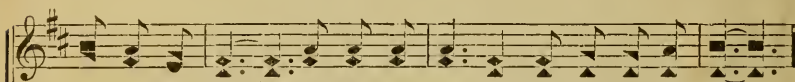
Mrs. C. H. M.

Copyright, 1916, by Joe T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

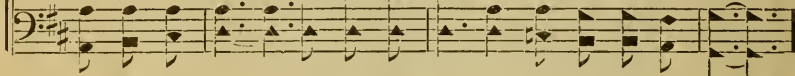
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



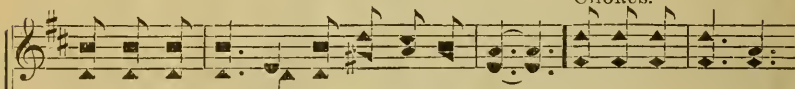
1. Ful-ly sur-ren-dered to Je-sus the Lord, Ful-ly sur-ren-dered I
 2. Ful-ly sur-ren-dered, the struggle is o'er, Now from my Sav-iour I'll
 3. Ful-ly sur-ren-dered, to go or to stay, Just where He needs me, His

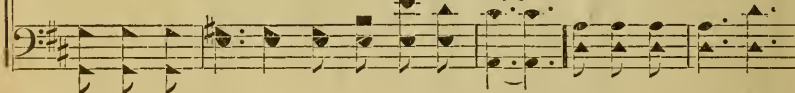
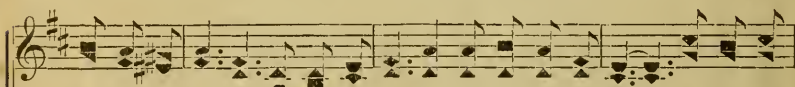
trust in His word; Hath He not prom-ise! that all who be-lieve,
 wan-der no more; Glad-ly the world and it's pleas-ures for-sake,
 will to o-bey; Hum-bly to fol-low wher-ev-er He leads,




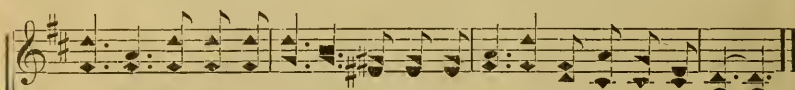
CHORUS.



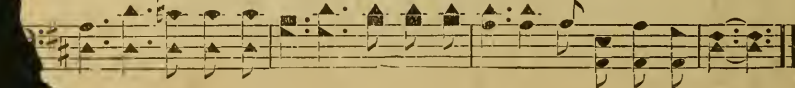
Per-fect sal-va-tion from Him shall re-ceive?
 And with my Sav-iour the nar-row way take. Ful-ly sur-ren-dered.
 Trust-ing His word to sup-ply all my needs.

ful-ly sur-ren-dered, A-lon the al-tar and un-der the blood; Ful-ly sur-

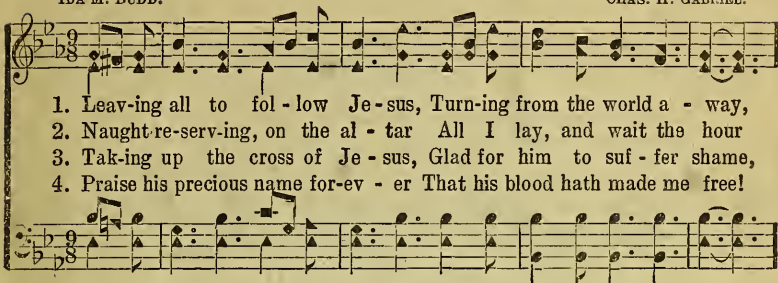



ren-dered, ful-ly sur-ren-dered, Pardoned and cleansed, hal-le-lu-jah to God!

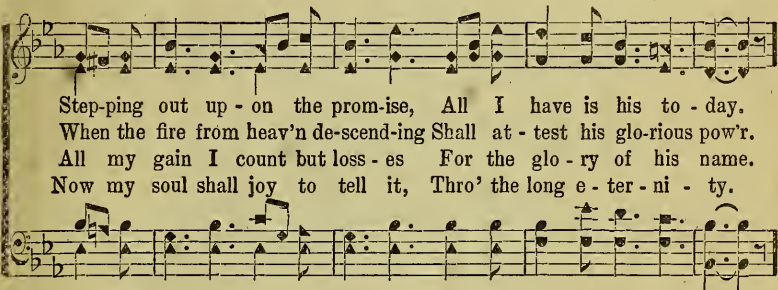


IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing from the world a-way,
 2. Naught-re-serv-ing, on the al-tar All I lay, and wait the hour
 3. Tak-ing up the cross of Je-sus, Glad for him to suf-fer shame,
 4. Praise his pre-cious name for-ev-er That his blood hath made me free!

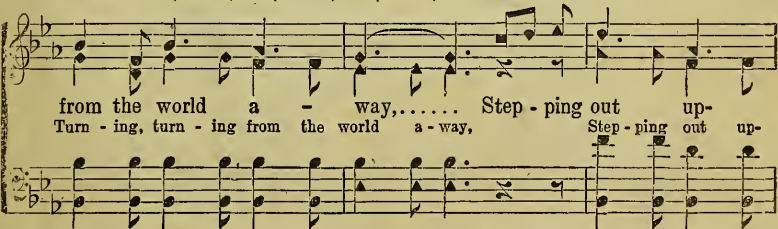


Step-ping out up-on the prom-ise, All I have is his to-day.
 When the fire from heav'n de-scend-ing Shall at-test his glo-rious pow'r.
 All my gain I count but loss-es For the glo-ry of his name.
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e-ter-ni-ty.

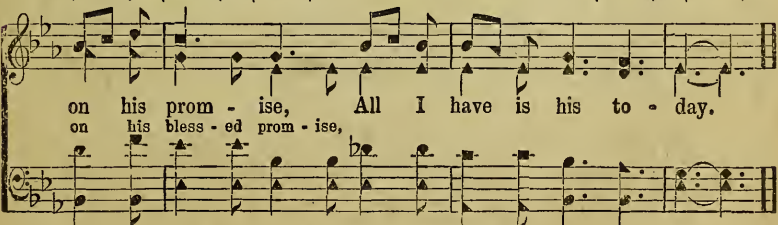
CHORUS.



Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing
 Leav-ing all to fol-low, fol-low Je-sus,



from the world a-way,..... Step-ping out up-
 Turn-ing, turn-ing from the world a-way, Step-ping out up-



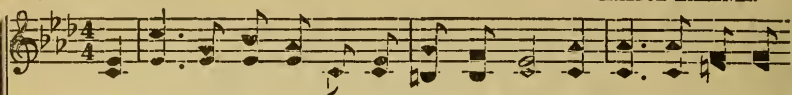
on his prom-ise, All I have is his to-day.
 on his bless-ed prom-ise,

No. 4.

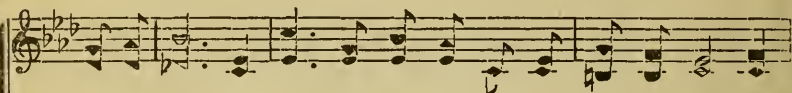
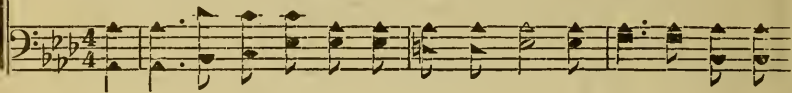
Some Golden Daybreak.

H. L.

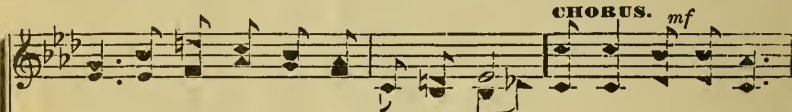
HALDOR LILLENAS.



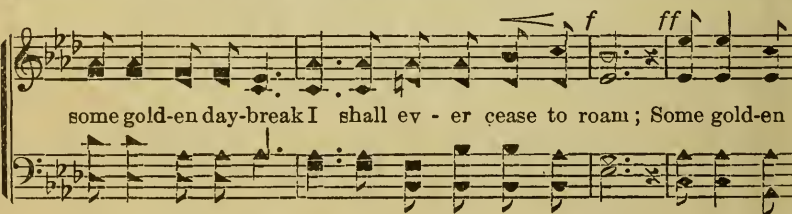
1. Some day the light of earth shall fade a - way, And I at last shall
2. That gold-en day-break I can al - most see, A veil but thin - ly
3. The hills of Par - a - dise with pur - ple gleam, The zephyrs ev - er



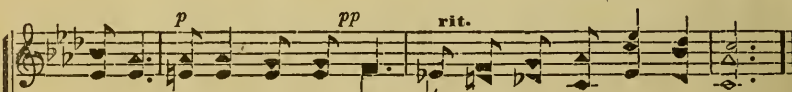
cease to roam; Then bur - dens I have borne I down shall lay; Some
in - ter - venes; Soon at the gates e - ter - nal I shall be To
soft - ly play, And all is fair - er than the fair - est dreams When



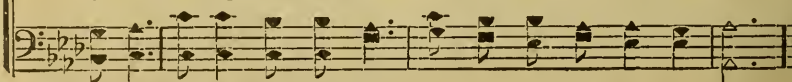
gold - en day-break in my home, sweet home.
gaze up - on those fair, ce - les - tial scenes. Some gold-en day-break,
breaks at last that glad e - ter - nal day.



some gold-en day-break I shall ev - er cease to roam; Some gold-en



day-break, some golden day-break I shall reach my home, sweet home.

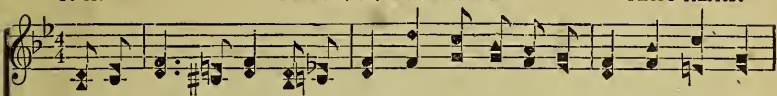


His Face Will Outshine Them All.

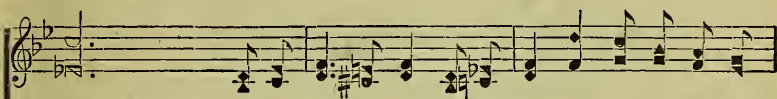
T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.



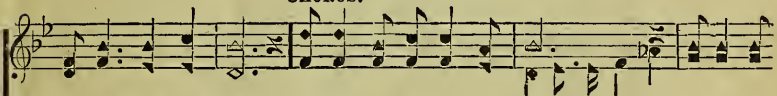
1. There are fac - es dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I lost them long a -
2. There were voic-es sweet o-ver Bethl'hem sing-ing When the Sav-ior Christ was
3. There are friend-ly hands un-to me ex-tend-ed When I seem to miss my
4. There are wondrous scenes ly-ing all a-round me, Golden gleams o'er land and



go; (so long a-go,) But the face of One "al-to-geth-er love-ly," Is the
 born; (our Lord was born:) And the gold-en harps of the an-gels ring-ing, Ushered
 way; (to miss my way;) But the pierc-ed hand of the Man of Cal-v'ry Leadeth
 sea; (o'er land and sea;) But when Je-sus comes in the clouds of heav-en, O what



CHORUS.



fair-est face I know.

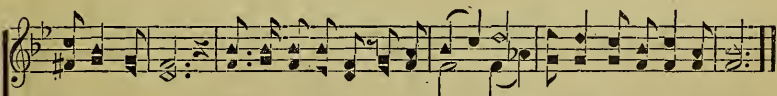
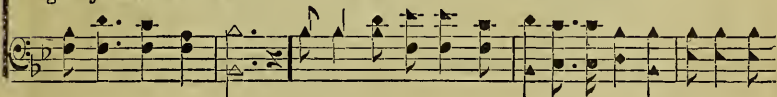
in that ho-ly morn. His face will outshine them all,

His face will

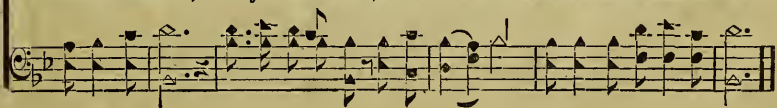
on to realms of day.

al-le-lu-ia!

glo-ry that will be!



outshine them all; Glory to the Lamb, al-le-lu-ia! His face will outshine them all.



Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

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C. B. W.

C. B. Widmeyer.

1. { Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,
 2. { With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need;
 3. { The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey-ing Christ's command,
 3. { There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;
 3. { Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,
 3. { O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot-less white;

1 He in - vites His chos - en peo - ple "Come and dine;" Je-sus all the time!
 2 O, 'tis sweet to sup with
 2 For the Mas - ter called to them, "Come, come, and dine;" hun - gry ev - 'ry time.
 3 Thus He sat - is - fies the
 3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem - bled be; feast e-ter-nal - ly.
 And with Je - sus they will

CHORUS.

"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at
 O come and dine;
 Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti-
 O come and dine,
 tude, Turned the wa - ter in - to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

1. I praise the Lord that a Sav - ior came To bear my load of re-
 2. When lost in darkness and doom'd to die, The Sav - ior heard my de-
 3. Some-times my foes in their fu - ry rise To hold me back from the
 4. His love will make ev-'ry sin - ner whole That yields his life to the

proach and shame: All glo-ry be to His ho - ly name! Shouting hal-le-
 spair - ing cry, His love my spir - it did sat - is - fy; Shouting hal-le-
 heav'n - ly prize; I look by faith far be - yond the skies: Shouting hal-le-
 Lord's con-trol, And fill with rap-ture each long-ing soul: Shouting hal-le-

CHORUS.

lu-jah, I'm press-ing on. I am press-ing on, with a joy - ful song,

To the heights of Ca-naan I'm press - ing on; I am press-ing on

with the ran-somed throng, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm press-ing on.

C. P. J.

C. P. JONES.

1. Deep-er, deep - er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
 2. Deep-er, deep - er! bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
 3. Deep-er, deep - er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
 4. Deep-er, high - er, ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flict past,

High - er, high - er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know.
 Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus, And his per - fect will.
 Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow
 Finds me conqu'ror, and in his own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.

CHORUS.

O deep - - er yet, I pray,..... And
 O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And

high - - er ev - 'ry day,..... And wis - - - er,
 high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless - ed Lord,

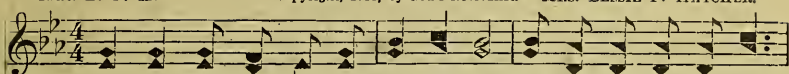
bless - ed Lord,..... In thy pre - cious, ho - ly word.
 wis - er, bless - ed Lord.

No. 9.

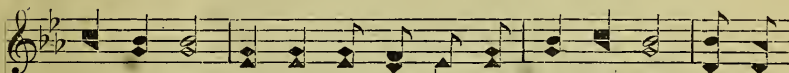
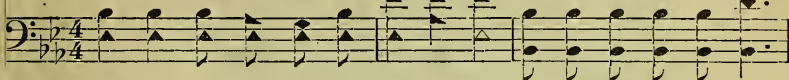
Vict'ry all the Time.

MRS. B. F. H.

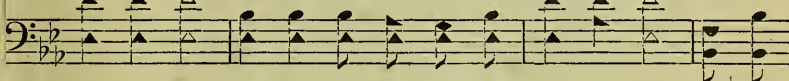
Copyright, 1915, by God's Revivalist. MRS. BESSIE F. HATCHER.



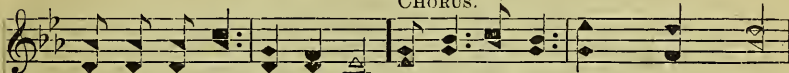
1. Since I start - ed on the up - ward way, I have bless - ed vic - t'ry
2. When in trou - ble, on the Lord I call, Claiming bless - ed vic - t'ry
3. Foes may scorn and dear - est friends for - sake, Still I have the vic - t'ry
4. When the way is dark, what I must do To keep per - fect vic - t'ry



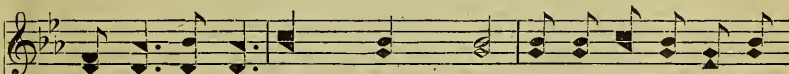
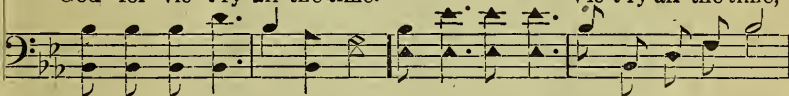
all the time, Je - sus keeps me by His grace each day, Giv - ing
 all the time, For He prom - ised not to let me fall, And would
 all the time, Counting all but lost for Je - sus' sake, I can
 all the time, Is to walk by faith and go right thro' Prais - ing



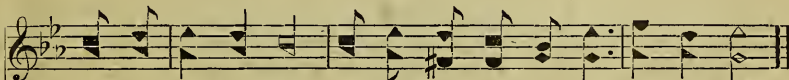
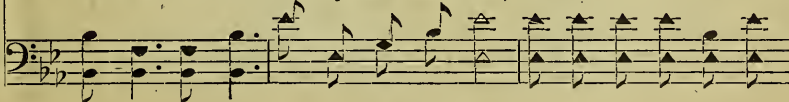
CHORUS.



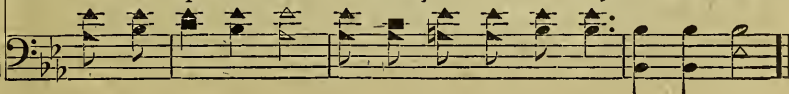
per - fect vic - t'ry all the time. Vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry all the time,
 give me vic - t'ry all the time.
 shout the vic - t'ry all the time.
 God for vic - t'ry all the time.



Vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry all the time; Looking un - to Je - sus
 Vic - t'ry all the time;



as I up - ward climb, I have per - fect vic - t'ry all the time.



No. 10.

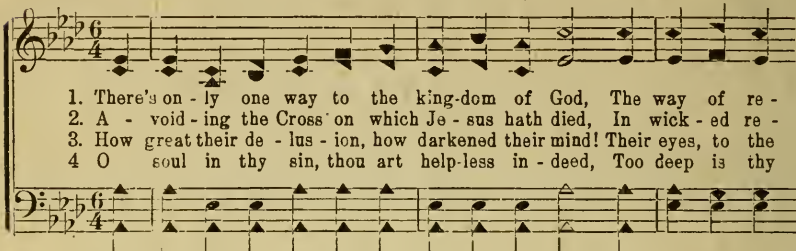
There's No Other Way.

"He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."—JESUS.

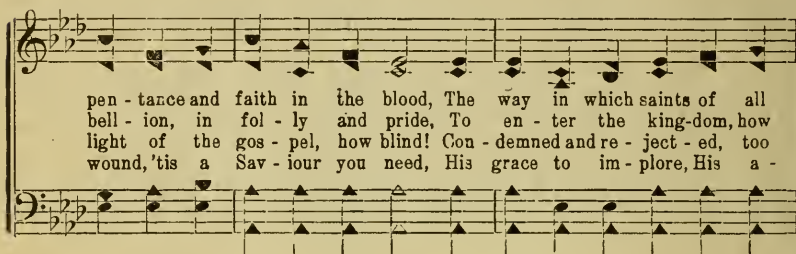
T. O. CHISHOLM.

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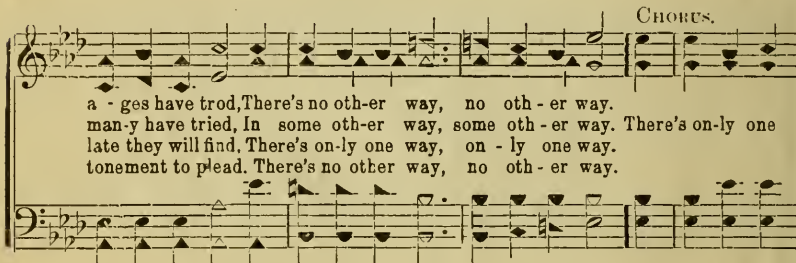
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



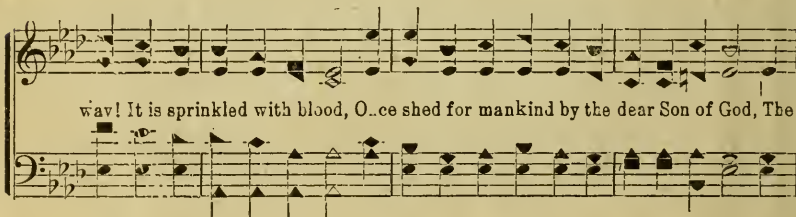
1. There's on - ly one way to the king-dom of God, The way of re -
 2. A - void - ing the Cross on which Je - sus hath died, In wick - ed re -
 3. How great their de - lus - ion, how darkened their mind! Their eyes, to the
 4. O soul in thy sin, thou art help-less in - deed, Too deep is thy



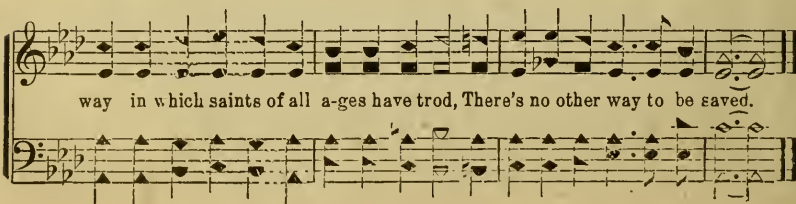
pen - tance and faith in the blood, The way in which saints of all
 bell - ion, in fol - ly and pride, To en - ter the king-dom, how
 light of the gos - pel, how blind! Con - demned and re - ject - ed, too
 wound, 'tis a Sav - iour you need, His grace to im - plore, His a -



CHORUS.
 a - ges have trod, There's no oth - er way, no oth - er way.
 man - y have tried, In some oth - er way, some oth - er way. There's on - ly one
 late they will find, There's on - ly one way, on - ly one way.
 tonement to plead. There's no other way, no oth - er way.



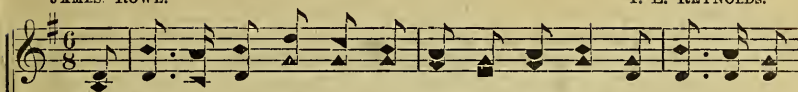
way! It is sprinkled with blood, Once shed for mankind by the dear Son of God, The



way in which saints of all a - ges have trod, There's no other way to be saved.

JAMES ROWE.

I. E. REYNOLDS.

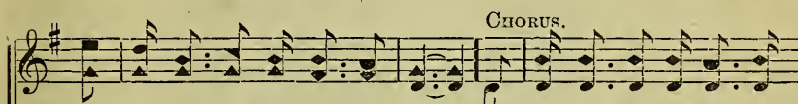


1. How sweet is the love of my Sav-ior and King, For-ev-er my
 2. It light-ens my sor-rows, and troub-le and care, And caus-es my
 3. It gives me a car-ol to sing thro'the night, And cheers my soul

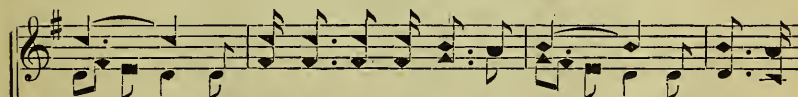


song it shall be; For day af-ter day, while its prais-es I sing,
 pathway to shine; It helps me for Je-sus to do and to dare,
 on-ward each day; So tru-ly I trust it till faith end in sight,

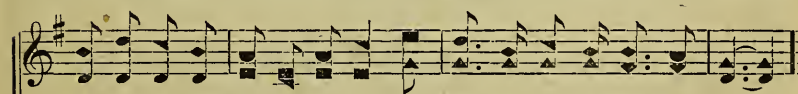
CHORUS.



'Tis growing still sweeter to me.
 And nev-er will let me re - pine. 'Tis sweet-er and dearer each
 And shadows have fad-ed a - way.



day,..... And sweeter and dear-er 'twill be;..... While here I
 each day, 'twill be;

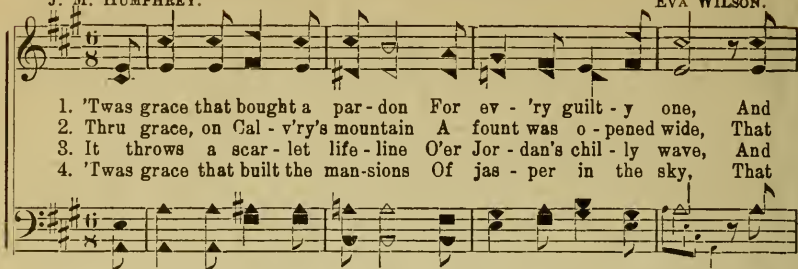


re-main, and when heav-en I gain, It still will grow sweeter to me.

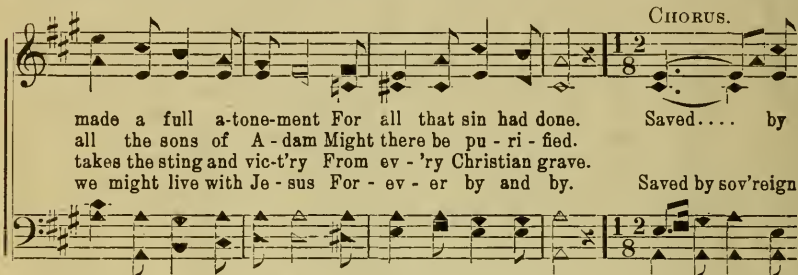
J. M. HUMPHREY.

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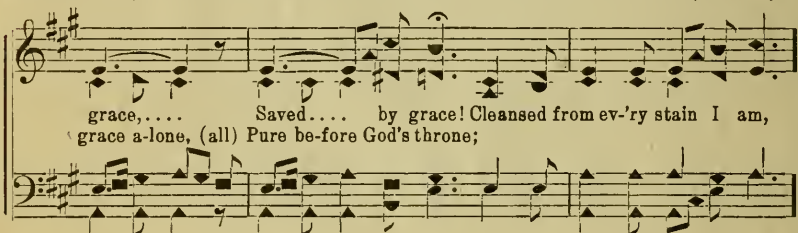
EVA WILSON.



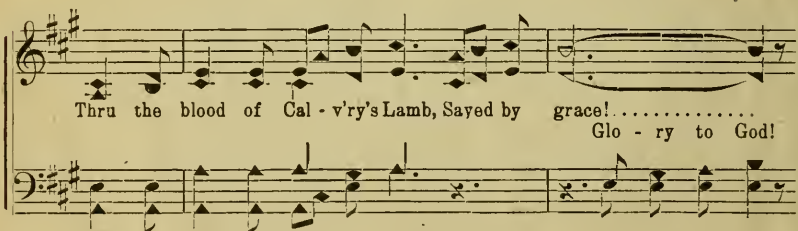
1. 'Twas grace that bought a par-don For ev - 'ry guilt - y one, And
 2. Thru grace, on Cal - v'ry's mountain A fount was o - pened wide, That
 3. It throws a scar - let life - line O'er Jor - dan's chil - ly wave, And
 4. 'Twas grace that built the man-sions Of jas - per in the sky, That



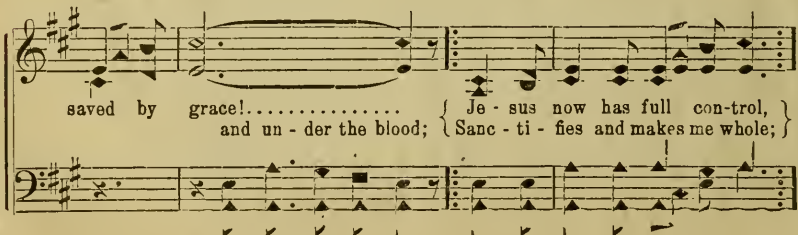
CHORUS.
 made a full a-tone-ment For all that sin had done. Saved.... by
 all the sons of A - dam Might there be pu - ri - fied.
 takes the sting and vic-t'ry From ev - 'ry Christian grave.
 we might live with Je - sus For - ev - er by and by. Saved by sov'reign



grace,.... Saved.... by grace! Cleansed from ev-ry stain I am,
 grace a-lone, (all) Pure be-fore God's throne;



Thru the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb, Saved by grace!.....
 Glo - ry to God!



saved by grace!..... { Je - sus now has full con-trol, }
 and un - der the blood; { Sanc - ti - fies and makes me whole; }

Saved by Grace. Concluded.

Saved by grace!..... saved by grace!.....
Him I a - dore for ev - er - more.

This musical score is for the song 'Saved by Grace. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

No. 13.

Home at Last.

W. H. R.

Used by permission.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Home at last from dark-ness of night, Home at last, and in - to the light;
2. Home at last, the way has been long; Home at last, to en - ter with song;
3. Home at last, how bless - ed the clime! Home at last, its beau - ties all mine;

This musical score is for the song 'Home at Last.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The time signature is 6/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Home at last, and out of sin's blight; Home at last with Je - sus.
Home at last to greet the blest throng; Home at last with Je - sus.
Home at last, the joy-bells all chime; Home at last with Je - sus.

This musical score is for the song 'Home at Last.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The time signature is 6/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Home, home, oh, to be home; Home, home, no more to roam;

This musical score is for the song 'Home at Last.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The time signature is 6/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Home, home, no shad - ows come, Home at last with Je - sus.

This musical score is for the song 'Home at Last.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The time signature is 6/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Busy Every Day.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Moderato.

1. Long has seemed the time of wait	- ing,	Since the Saviour went from
2. Few and short the days for toil	- ing,	And the Master calls for
3. Let us then be up and do	- ing,	Toil - ers in His har-vest
4. This my pray'r that He may find	me	Faith-ful stew-ard of His
1. Long has..... seemed the time of waiting,		

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of several measures, including a half note, a quarter note, and eighth notes, with some notes beamed together. The notation is in a traditional, slightly ornate style.

earth a-way; Yet His promise still remain	- eth,	"I will
me and you. Golden harvest-fields are spoil	- ing,	For, a-
fields below; Each his daily task pur-su	- ing,	Thus the
treasures here: Busy at the task assigned	me,	Should He
Yet His promise still remaineth,		

CHORUS. *Brightly.*

come a-gain to earth some day." 3
 las! the la-bor-ers are few. Bus - y, bus - y, I would be bus - y
 Lord's approving smile to know.
 sud-den-ly in clouds appear.

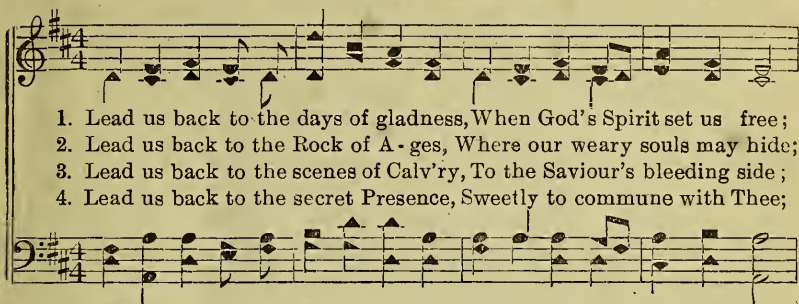
ev-'ry day, While for my Lord's returning I watch and wait and pray; Bus-y,

bus-y, I would be bus-y ev-'ry day In the serv-ice of my King.

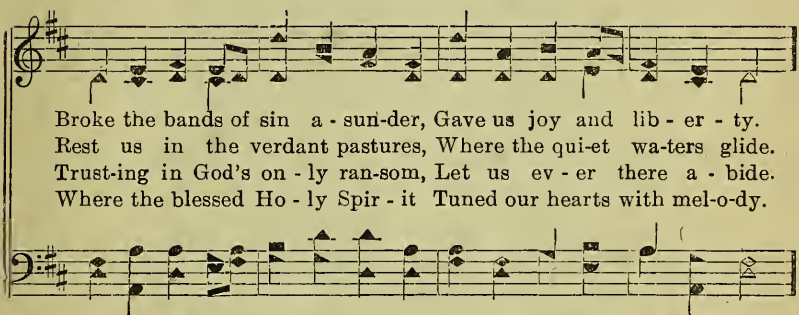
J. E. F.

Copyright, 1906, by J. E. French. Used by per.

J. E. FRENCH.

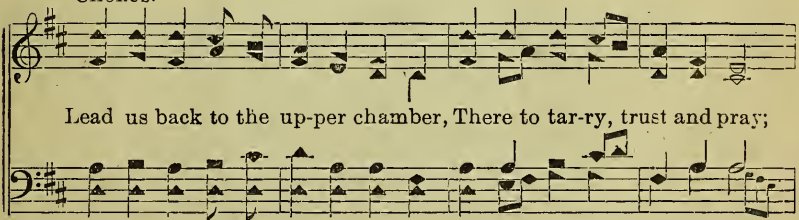


1. Lead us back to the days of gladness, When God's Spirit set us free;
 2. Lead us back to the Rock of A-ges, Where our weary souls may hide;
 3. Lead us back to the scenes of Calv'ry, To the Saviour's bleeding side;
 4. Lead us back to the secret Presence, Sweetly to commune with Thee;

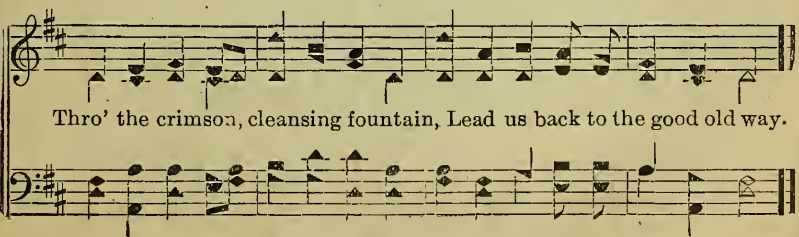


Broke the bands of sin a-sun-der, Gave us joy and lib-er-ty.
 Rest us in the verdant pastures, Where the qui-et wa-ters glide.
 Trust-ing in God's on-ly ran-som, Let us ev-er there a-bide.
 Where the blessed Ho-ly Spir-it Tuned our hearts with mel-o-dy.

CHORUS.



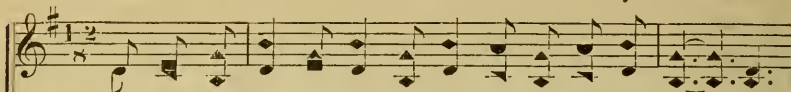
Lead us back to the up-per cham-ber, There to tar-ry, trust and pray;



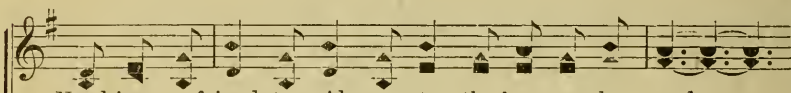
Thro' the crimson, cleansing fountain, Lead us back to the good old way.

T. D. D.

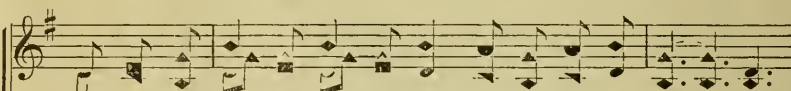
T. D. DEATON. Arr. by A. B. SEBREN.




1. When I was lost in sin's dark way, so far from the Sav - iour,
 2. Trust-ing the prom-is-es re-vealed to me thro' the sto - ry,
 3. Glad-ly I now can sing of love that keepeth me ev - er,



Need-ing a friend to guide me to the heav-en-ly goal.....
 Won-der-ful sto-ry of His mer-cy, boundless and free.....
 Fill-ing my soul with peace and joy a-long on my way.....

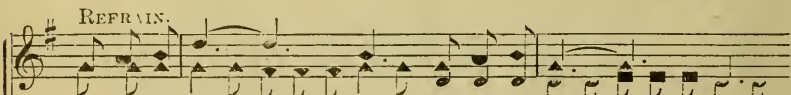


He, the dear lov-ing Je-sus, took me in-to His fa-vor,
 Now, with a heart at-tuned with love, I'm praising His glo-ry,
 He is a friend whose guiding hand for-sak-eth me nev-er,



Thro' His blest Word He came and bro't sweet peace to my soul.....
 Prais-ing the name of Him whose life was giv-en for me.....
 Safe-ly He'll lead me to that home of in-fi-nite day.....

REFRAIN.



Sing-ing of Je-sus, bless-ed Re-deem-er,
 Jesus, blessed Redeemer, Sing-ing of Jesus, blessed Redeemer,

SINGING OF JESUS. Concluded.

Shouting a - loud.... the praise of His name,... Sing-ing of
yes, shouting aloud,

Je - - - sus, now and for - ev - - - er,
Je-sus now and for-ev - er, Sing-ing of Jesus now and for-ev - er,

Sing - ing of Him who bled and died my soul to re - claim.....

No. 17.

THE WONDROUS CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

DANIEL READ.

- 1 When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine That were a present far too small :

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

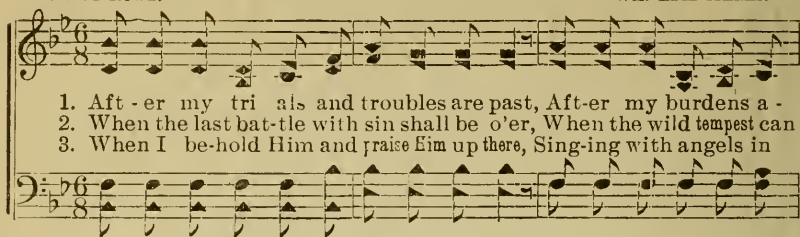
No. 18.

Rapture Indeed!

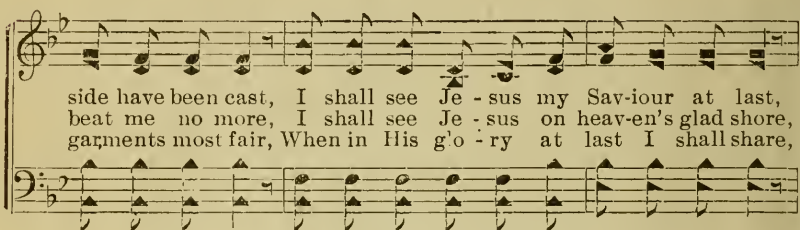
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JAMES ROWE.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

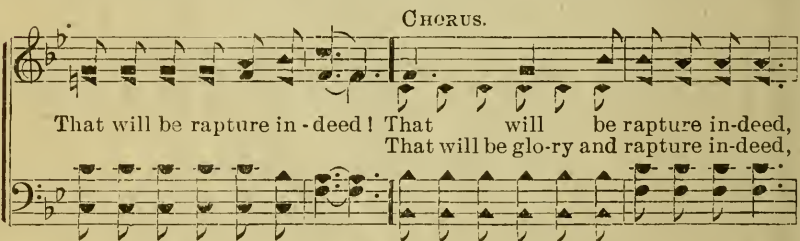


1. Aft - er my tri als and troubles are past, Aft - er my burdens a -
 2. When the last bat - tle with sin shall be o'er, When the wild tempest can
 3. When I be - hold Him and praise Him up there, Sing - ing with angels in



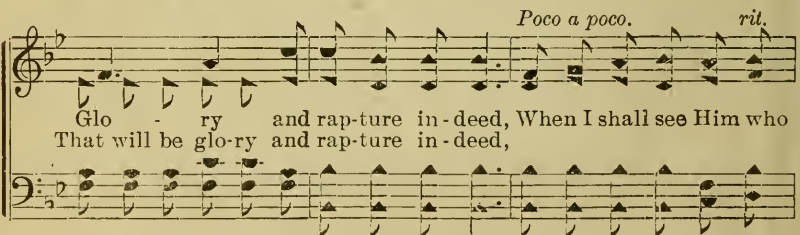
side have been cast, I shall see Je - sus my Sav - iour at last,
 beat me no more, I shall see Je - sus on heav - en's glad shore,
 garments most fair, When in His g'o - ry at last I shall share,

CHORUS.

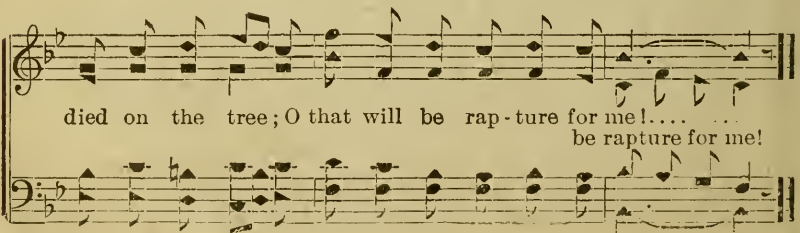


That will be rapture in - deed! That will be rapture in - deed,
 That will be glo - ry and rapture in - deed,

Poco a poco. *rit.*



Glo - ry and rap - ture in - deed, When I shall see Him who
 That will be glo - ry and rap - ture in - deed,



died on the tree; O that will be rap - ture for me!
 be rapture for me!

No. 19.

His Name is so Sweet.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

THORO HAREIS.

SOLO.

1. What treasure of earth can e - qual in worth The gift that my
 2. When doomed to despair I sought Him in pray'r, So quickly He
 3. Each time I re - peat His name 'tis more sweet; With raptures 'tis

Fa - ther hath giv'n? The In - fi - nite One, A - dor - a - ble Son, Who
 flew to mine aid; I could but re - joice when Jesus' kind voice Said,
 flooding my soul; I'll grate - ful - ly sing the praise of my King While

CHORUS.

came from the courts of heav'n. His name is so sweet to me,.....
 trust and be not a - fraid.
 a - ges on a - ges roll. so sweet to me,

None oth - er so dear could be;..... The blest name of Je - sus un -
 so dear could be;

cres.

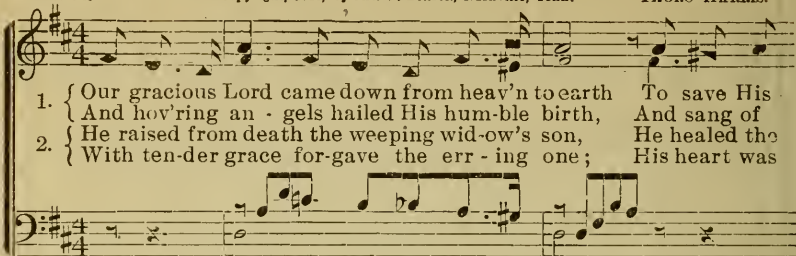
speak - a - bly pre - cious For - ev - er and ev - er shall be;

No. 20. The Story That Reached My Heart.

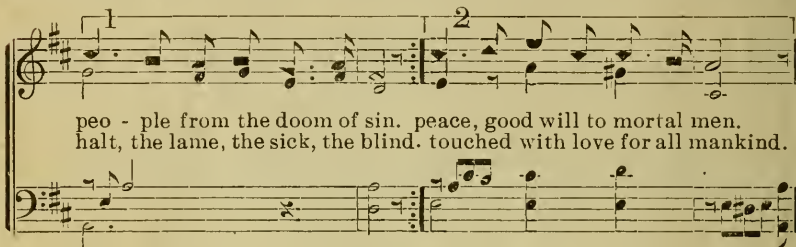
T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

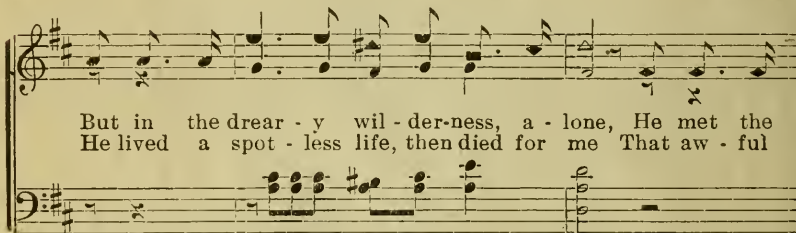
THORO HARRIS.



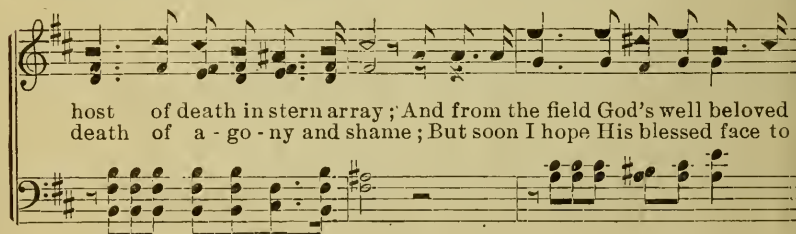
1. { Our gracious Lord came down from heav'n to earth To save His
And hov'ring an - gels hailed His hum - ble birth, And sang of
2. { He raised from death the weeping wid - ow's son, He healed tho
With ten - der grace for - gave the err - ing one; His heart was



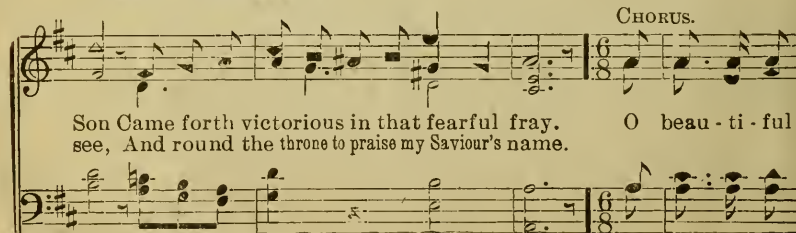
1
2
peo - ple from the doom of sin. peace, good will to mortal men.
halt, the lame, the sick, the blind. touched with love for all mankind.



But in the drear - y wil - der - ness, a - lone, He met the
He lived a spot - less life, then died for me That aw - ful



host of death in stern array; And from the field God's well beloved
death of a - go - ny and shame; But soon I hope His blessed face to



CHORUS.
Son Came forth victorious in that fearful fray. O beau - ti - ful
see, And round the throne to praise my Saviour's name.

The Story That Reached My Heart. Concluded.

sto - ry of Je - sus, Which bade my ris - ing fears de - part;
Which bade all my sorrows for - ev - er de - part;

To me is un - speak - a - bly pre - cious, The story that reached my heart.

rall. e p.

No. 21. Over In the Sun-bright Clime.

S. J. O.

"The Lord giveth them light."—REV. 22: 5. S. J. OSLIN. By per.

1. There is a land, a land of beauty, O - ver in the sun-bright clime;
2. 'Tis always light, the land of story, O - ver in the sun-bright clime;
3. There happy we shall be for-ev-er, O - ver in the sun-bright clime;
4. There'll be no sin, there'll be no sighing, O - ver in the sun-bright clime;

Life by His grace, reward for du - ty, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
'Tis al - ways fair, 'tis always glo - ry, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
And sor - row we shall feel, no, never, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
There'll be no sickness there nor dying, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.

FINE.

D. S.—We'll sweetly rest from all our la - bors, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Just over in the sun-bright clime! Just over in the sun-bright clime!
sinless, sun-bright clime! sinless, sun-bright clime!

H. L.

Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Trust in the Lord your Sav-ior, When in the thick est fight;
 2. Trust Him when wealth has vanished, Trust Him when friends forsake;
 3. Trust Him when clouds of sor-row Drift o'er the sky a - bove;
 4. Trust Him to safe - ly guide you To heav-en's gold - en shore;

Trust Him for He will help you, And bring you out all right.
 Trust Him what e'er be - falls you, His prom-ise can - not break.
 Soon comes the bright to - mor - row That will re - veal His love.
 Safe in His arms He'll hide you Trust Him for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.

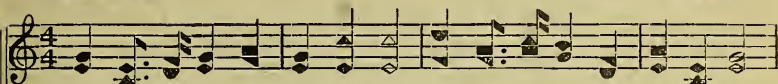
Trust Him when days are dreary, Trust Him when skies are blue;....
 are blue; O
 He is your strong de - fend-er, He is your tru-est friend;....
 truest friend; For

Trust Him in moments cheery, Trust Him when things seem dark to you, For
 [Omit]

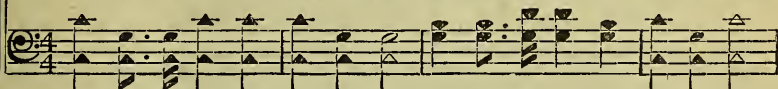
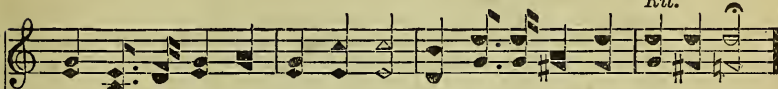
2
 He will en - fold you, He will up - hold you to the end.

James Rowe.

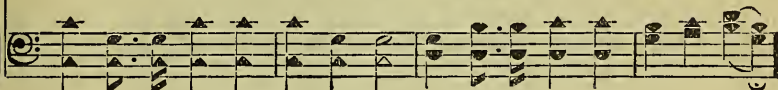
Samuel W. Beazley.



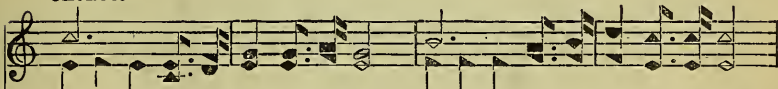
1. If you would find the bet-ter land, If you would reach the gold-en strand,
2. If you would reach the cit-y gate, Where man-y dear ones watch and wait,
3. If you would live in that glad place, Where shall be crowned the saved by grace,

*Rit.*

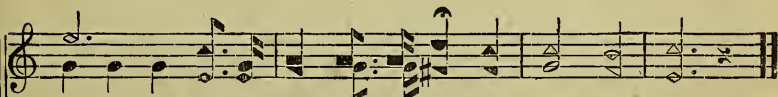
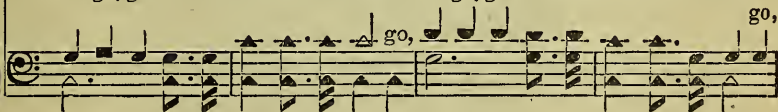
There to a-bide with heaven's throng, Sing-ing the ev-er-last-ing song,—
 Look-ing for you, with eyes of love, Wait-ing to hear from you a-bove,—
 If you would rest for-ev-er there, Al-ways so hap-py and so fair,—



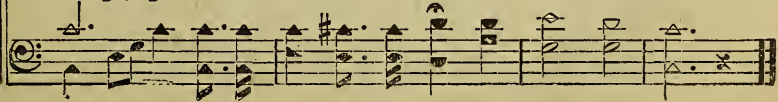
CHORUS.



Go by the way of the cross, Go by the way of the cross,
 go, go go, go



Go by the way of the cross, And you'll reach home.
 go, go

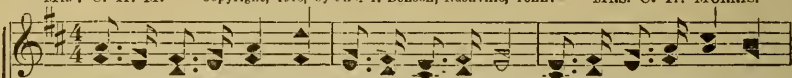


No. 24. The Promise Is Unto You.

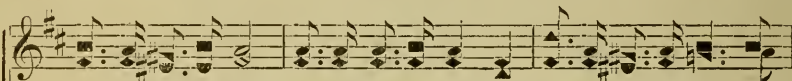
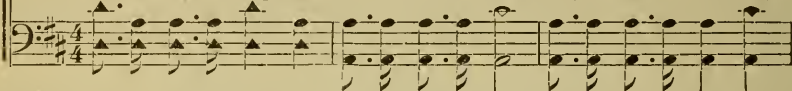
MRS. C. H. M.

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MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Would you know the full - ness of re-deem-ing grace, And from sin's do-min-ion
2. Would you find the "Land where milk and honey flow," Where the grapes of Eschol
3. Would you be a bless-ing ev-'ry-where you go? Leading souls to Christ, His
4. Ling-er then no long-er in the wil-der-ness; But your lot in Ca-naan,



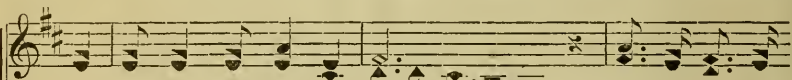
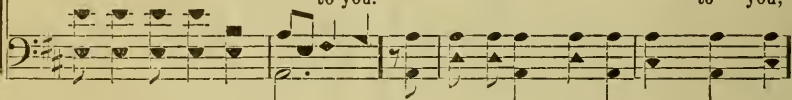
find a rest-ing place? Look in faith to Je - sus, all His bid-ding do; "The in pro-fus-ion grow? Fear not Jordan's cross-ing, He will lead you thru; The sav - ing grace to know? He for ev-'ry serv - ice will your strength renew; The hast - en to pos-sess, God is ev - er faith - ful and His word is true; The



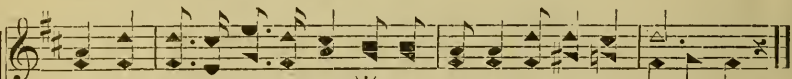
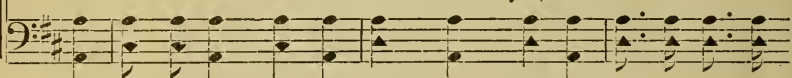
CHORUS.



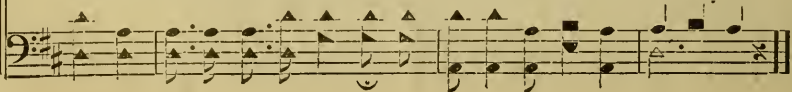
prom-ise is un - to you. The prom-ise is un - to you, (is unto you,) to you, to you,



The prom-ise is un - to you; (is un - to you,) Claim to-day the to you, then



bless-ing, Canaan land pos-sess-ing, The prom-ise is un - to you. to you.



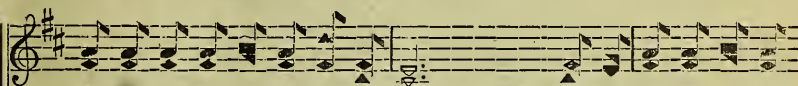
No. 25. What a Gath'ring That Will Be.

J. H. K.

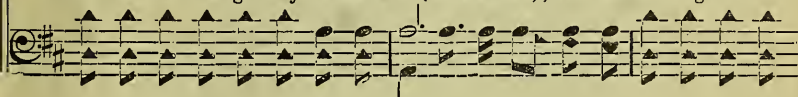
J. H. KURZNRABE. By per.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaim that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid-den comes to light, When the



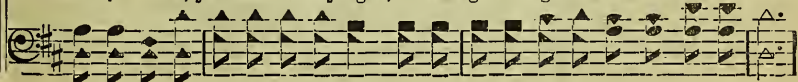
greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea (crystal sea), With the friends and all the
gath-er, and the saved and ransomed see (ransomed see); Then to meet a - gain to -
Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see (we shall see); At the bid-ding of our



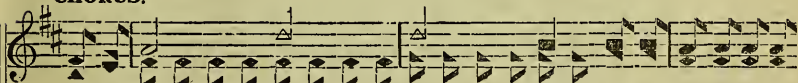
Fine.



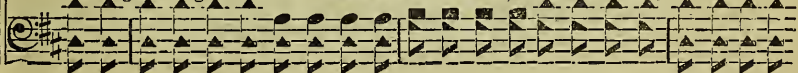
loved ones there awaiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
geth-er on the bright celestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
Savior, "come, ye blessed to my right, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!



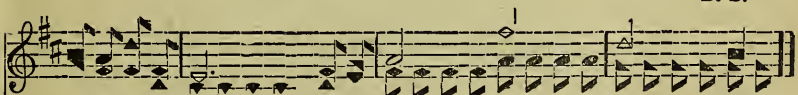
CHORUS.



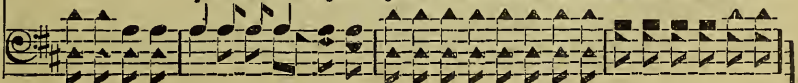
What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, At the sounding of the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one another,



D. S.



gloriout ju-bi-lee! What a gath - 'ring. gath - 'ring
jubilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each other.

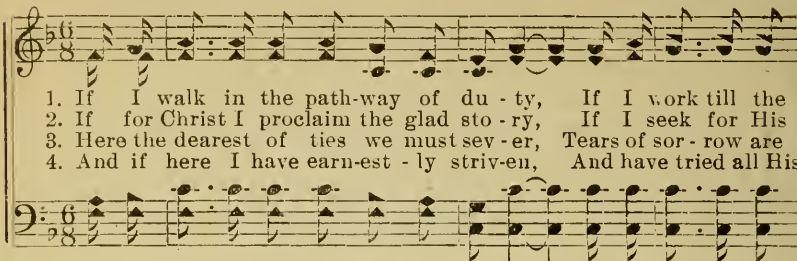


No. 26. The Last Mile of the Way.

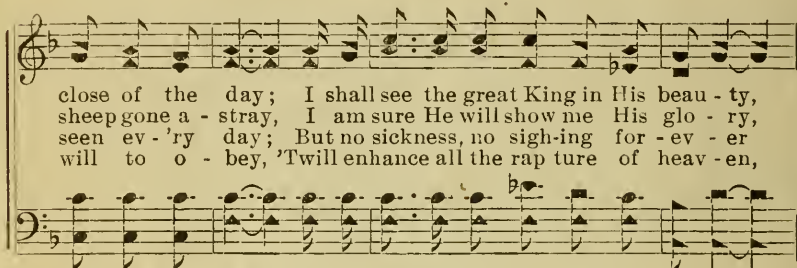
Copyright 1908, by W. E. Marks.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

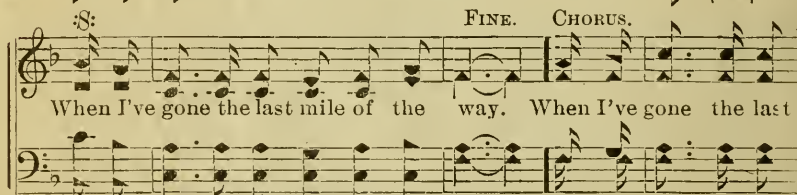
WM. EDIE MARKS.



1. If I walk in the path-way of du - ty, If I work till the
 2. If for Christ I proclaim the glad sto - ry, If I seek for His
 3. Here the dearest of ties we must sev - er, Tears of sor - row are
 4. And if here I have earn - est - ly striv - en, And have tried all His

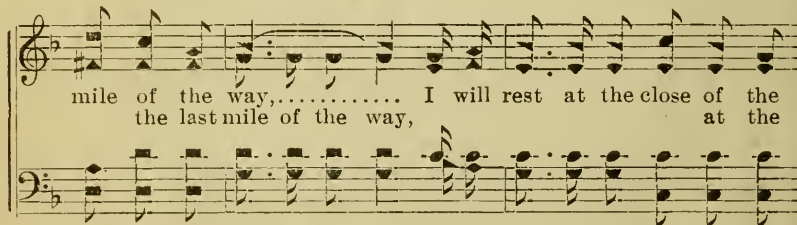


close of the day; I shall see the great King in His beau - ty,
 sheep gone a - stray, I am sure He will show me His glo - ry,
 seen ev - 'ry day; But no sickness, no sigh - ing for - ev - er
 will to o - bey, 'Twill enhance all the rap - ture of heav - en,

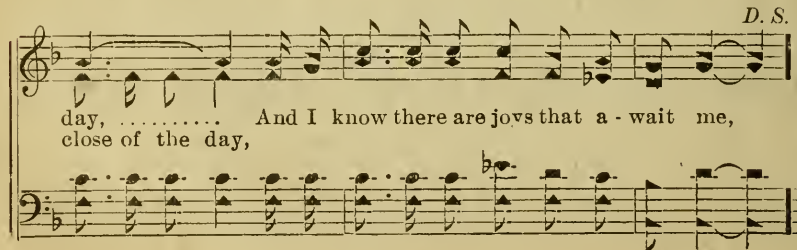


When I've gone the last mile of the way. When I've gone the last

D. S. - When I've gone the last mile of the way.



mile of the way,..... I will rest at the close of the
 the last mile of the way, at the



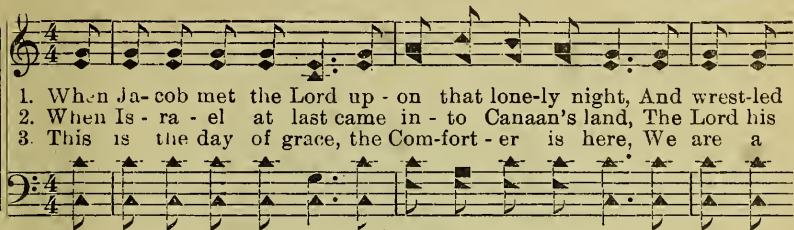
day, And I know there are joys that a - wait me,
 close of the day,

No. 27. I Want that Kind of Blessing.

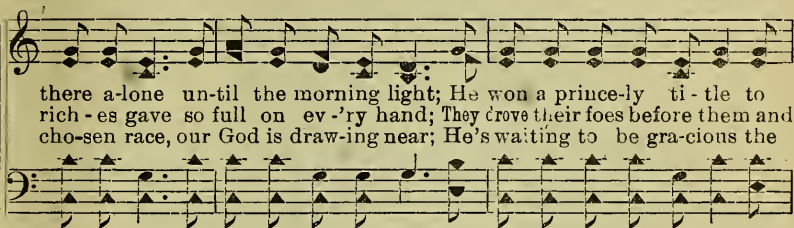
E. S. U.

Copyright 1915, by E. S. Ufford.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

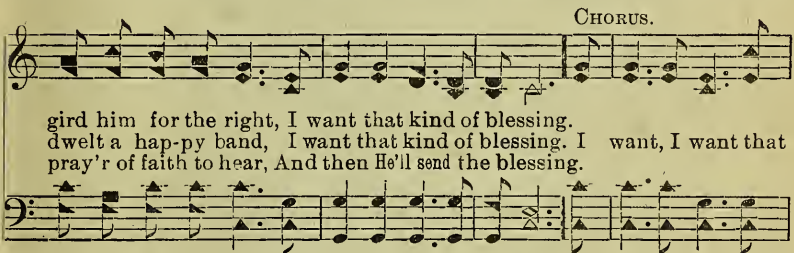


1. When Ja-cob met the Lord up - on that lone-ly night, And wrest-led
2. When Is - ra - el at last came in - to Canaan's land, The Lord his
3. This is the day of grace, the Com-fort - er is here, We are a

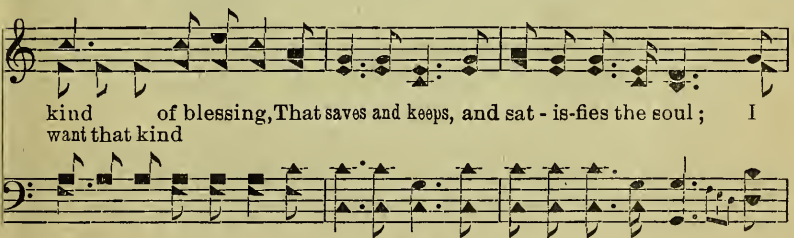


there a-lone un-til the morning light; He won a prince-ly ti-tle to
rich-es gave so full on ev-'ry hand; They crowed their foes before them and
cho-sen race, our God is draw-ing near; He's waiting to be gra-cious the

CHORUS.



gird him for the right, I want that kind of blessing.
dwelt a hap-py band, I want that kind of blessing. I want, I want that
pray'r of faith to hear, And then He'll send the blessing.

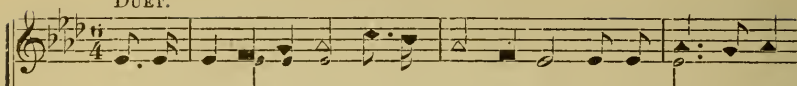


kind of blessing, That saves and keeps, and sat - is-fies the soul; I
want that kind

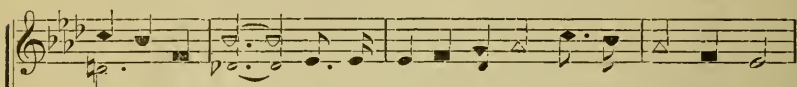
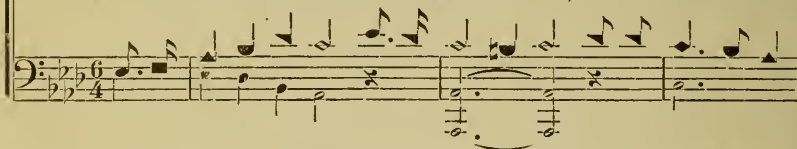


want, I want that full sal-va-tion Till bil-lows of heaven o'er me roll.
yes,

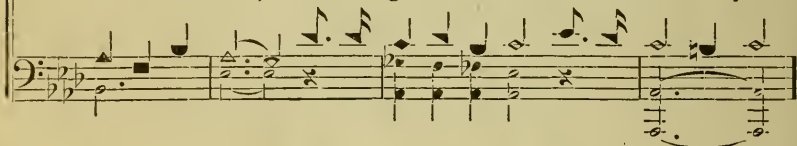
DUET.



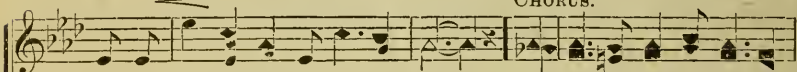
1. There was One came to die in the sinner's stead, Who the full-ness of
2. Then the children of light who in Je-sus sleep, Will a - wake, by His
3. All cre - a-tion has groaned in the thralls of pain, While the faithful, the
4. Then the heaven's shall melt at their Maker's voice, And the earth shall be



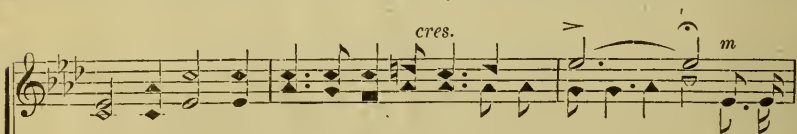
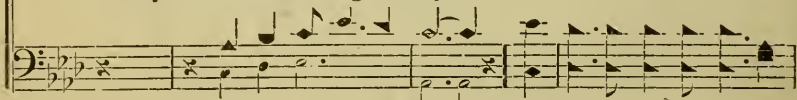
grace bro't to view; He is com-ing a-gain, Judge of quick and dead,
word formed anew; O this hope in my heart groweth strong and deep,
val-iant and true; Cry, "O mer-ci-ful Christ! take Thy pow'r and reign,"
fashioned a - new; At the glo - ri-ous tho't how the saints re-joyce!



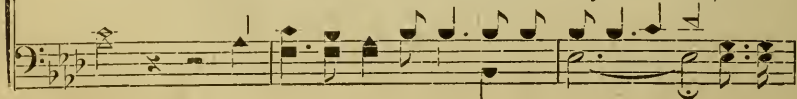
CHORUS.



And I love His appearing, don't you?
And I long to be like Him, don't you? I love His appearing, I
For they look for His kingdom, don't you?
For they know He is com-ing, don't you?



do, (don't you?) The glad day is nearing, 'tis true;..... He will
Hal le - lu-jah 'tis true;



I Love His Appearing. Concluded.

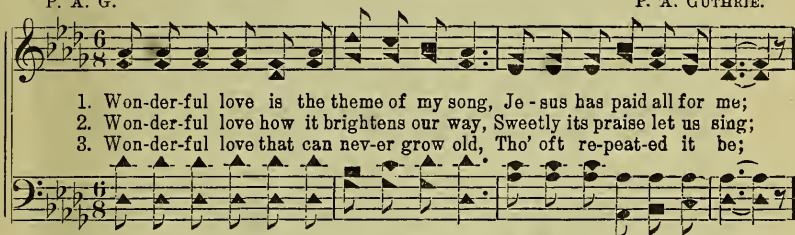


take us on high Where the saints cannot die; I love His appearing, don't you?

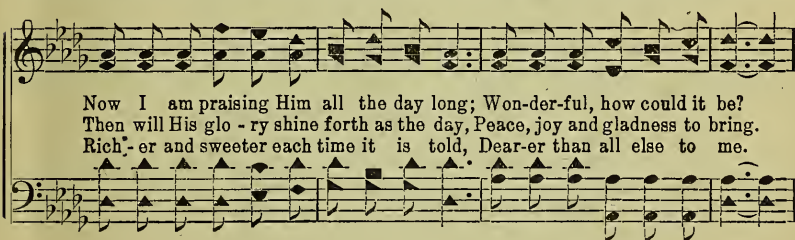
No. 29. Wonderful Love.

P. A. G.

P.^o A. GUTHRIE.




1. Won-der-ful love is the theme of my song, Je - sus has paid all for me;
2. Won-der-ful love how it brightens our way, Sweetly its praise let us sing;
3. Won-der-ful love that can nev-er grow old, Tho' oft re-pea-t-ed it be;

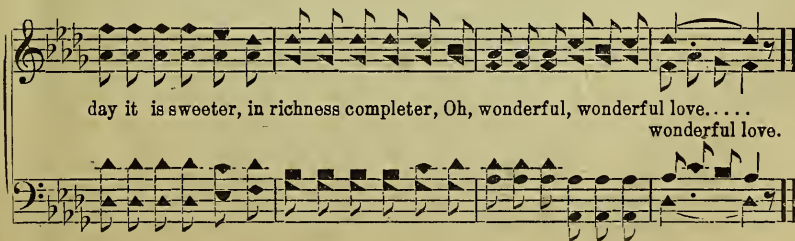


Now I am praising Him all the day long; Won-der-ful, how could it be?
Then will His glo - ry shine forth as the day, Peace, joy and gladness to bring.
Rich-er and sweeter each time it is told, Dear-er than all else to me.

CHORUS.



Oh, won - der - ful love, Oh, won - der - ful love, Each
Oh, won-der-ful, wonderful love, Oh, won-der-ful, wonderful love,



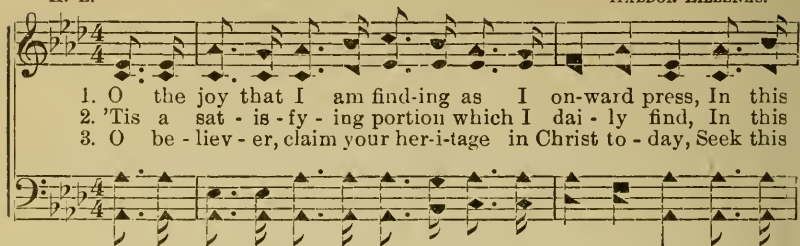
day it is sweeter, in richness completer, Oh, wonderful, wonderful love. . . .
wonderful love.

No. 30. The Uttermost and Full Salvation.

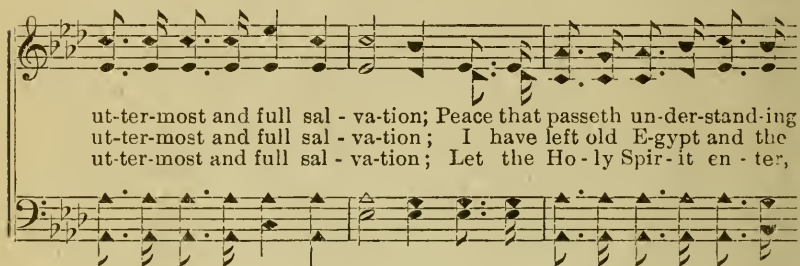
H. L.

Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn,

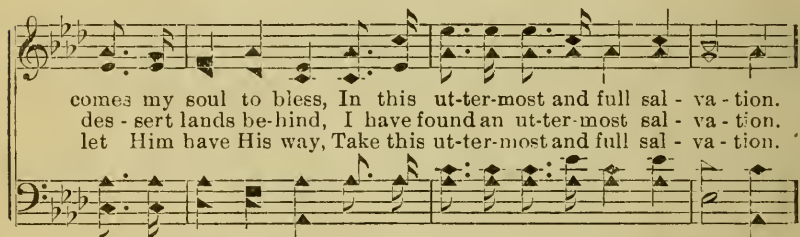
HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. O the joy that I am find-ing as I on-ward press, In this
2. 'Tis a sat - is - fy - ing portion which I dai - ly find, In this
3. O be - liev - er, claim your her-i-tage in Christ to - day, Seek this

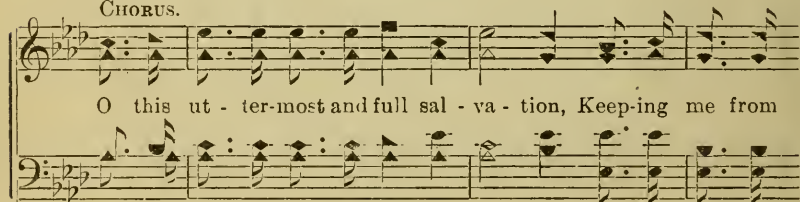


ut-ter-most and full sal - va-tion; Peace that passeth un-der-stand-ing
ut-ter-most and full sal - va-tion; I have left old E-gypt and the
ut-ter-most and full sal - va-tion; Let the Ho - ly Spir - it en - ter,



comes my soul to bless, In this ut-ter-most and full sal - va-tion.
des - sert lands be-hind, I have found an ut-ter-most sal - va-tion.
let Him have His way, Take this ut-ter-most and full sal - va-tion.

CHORUS.

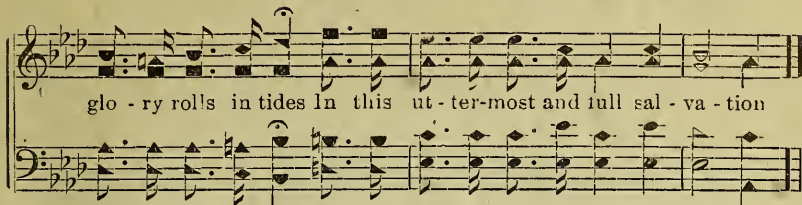


O this ut - ter-most and full sal - va - tion, Keep-ing me from



sin and con-dem - na-tion, For the Com - fort - er a-bides and the

The Uttermost and Full Salvation. Concluded.



glo - ry rolls in tides In this ut - ter - most and full sal - va - tion

No. 31. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. Copyright, 1906, by John A. Davis. Used by per.

W. S. MARTIN.

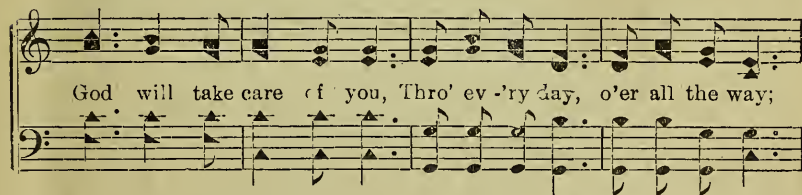


1. Be not dismayed whate'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
 3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
 4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

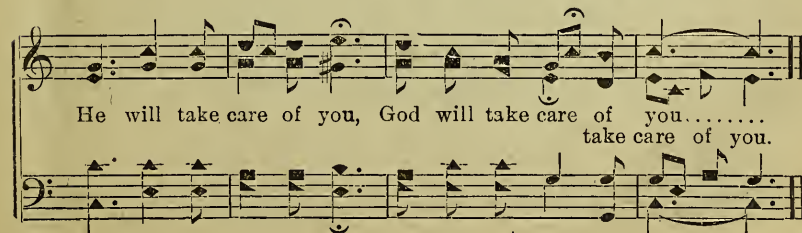


Beneath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dangers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, weary one, up - on His breast; God will take care of you.

CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, o'er all the way;

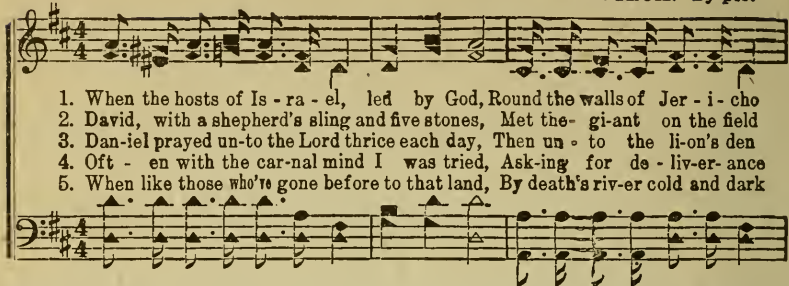


He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
 take care of you.

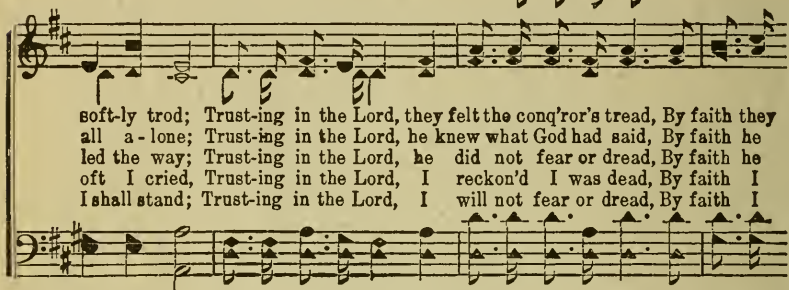
Copyright, 1905, by Rev. William Grum, Camden, N. J.

W. G.

REV. WILLIAM GRUM. By per.

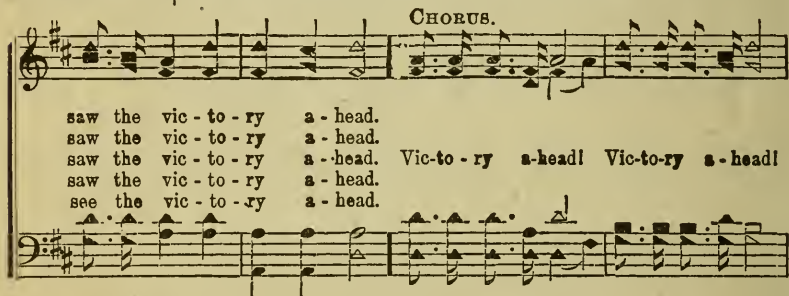


1. When the hosts of Is - ra - el, led by God, Round the walls of Jer - i - cho
 2. David, with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the - gi - ant on the field
 3. Dan - iel prayed un - to the Lord thrice each day, Then un - to the li - on's den
 4. Oft - en with the car - nal mind I was tried, Ask - ing for de - liv - er - ance
 5. When like those who've gone before to that land, By death's riv - er cold and dark

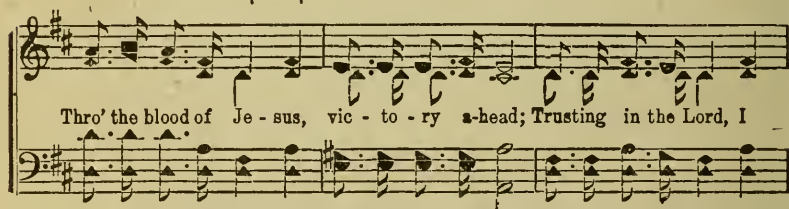


soft - ly trod; Trust - ing in the Lord, they felt the conq'ror's tread, By faith they
 all a - lone; Trust - ing in the Lord, he knew what God had said, By faith he
 led the way; Trust - ing in the Lord, he did not fear or dread, By faith he
 oft I cried, Trust - ing in the Lord, I reckon'd I was dead, By faith I
 I shall stand; Trust - ing in the Lord, I will not fear or dread, By faith I

CHORUS.



saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 saw the vic - to - ry a - head. Vic - to - ry a - head! Vic - to - ry a - head!
 saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
 see the vic - to - ry a - head.



Thro' the blood of Je - sus, vic - to - ry a - head; Trusting in the Lord, I



hear the conq'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head.

E. D. ELLIOTT.

Copyright, 1903, by W. E. Marks.

WM. ELLIE MARKS.

1. To know that Je-sus will always be my guide, To know my heart has been
 2. To be with Him who for me the nail-print wears, To walk with Him who my
 3. I sang for joy when He gave me lib - er - ty, I sing to-day for He

cleans'd in Calv'ry's tide, To know that Christ with me ev - er shall a - bide
 ev - 'ry burden bears, To talk with Him and to tell Him all my cares
 is so good to me, I'll sing when heaven and all the sav'd I see

CHORUS.

Is glo - ry enough for me!
 Is glo - ry enough for me! To have my Sav-iour is glo-ry e-nough for
 'Tis glo - ry enough for me!

me, Glo - ry e - nough for me;..... Happy with Him I'll
 for me, for me,

be, Is glo - ry e - nough for me!
 I'll be, Is glo - ry e-nough for me!

JAMES ROWE.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in danger, look above, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves, He will lift you

stained with-in, Sinking to rise no more ; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pres-ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer-its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 Billows His will o - bey ; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

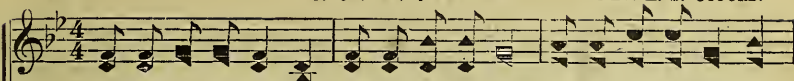
Love lift - ed me ! Love lift - ed me !
 e - ven me ! e - ven me !

When noth - ing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift-ed me.

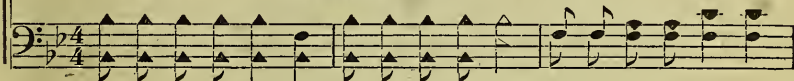
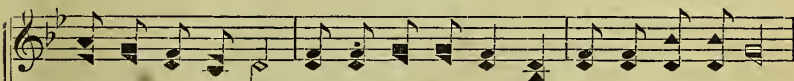
E. S. U

Copyright, 1915, by E. S. Ufford.

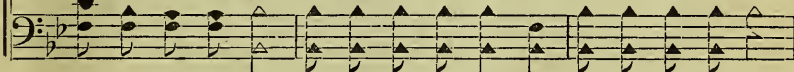
REV. E. S. UFFORD.



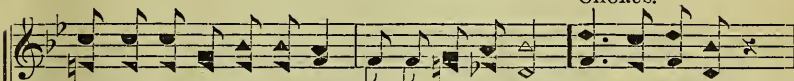
1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, I have found the Light, Now my eyes be-hold Him,
 2. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, this my song shall be; His be all the glo - ry,
 3. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, heav'n and earth u-nite, Un - til ev - 'ry na - tion

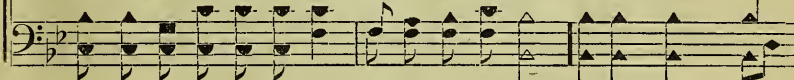

for He gave me sight; Tho' I long had wander'd, loved a - far to roam,
 for He res - cued me; Put His arm a - bout me, and a ring to wear,
 greets the morning light; Wis - dom, pow'r and hon - or, un - to Him be - long,



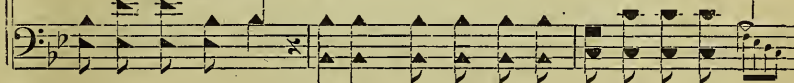

CHORUS.



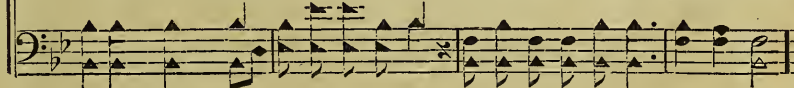
Je - sus sought me, led me back, To the sheep-fold home. I have found Him,
 bro't me to the ban-quet hall, Now I am an heir.
 Prais - es rise to heav'n a - bove, Like the an - gel throng. I have found Him,

And He made me whole, Friend and broth - er, He is pre - cious to my soul;

I will trust Him, Trust Him till I die, Till the golden morning, bye and bye.
 I will trust Him,

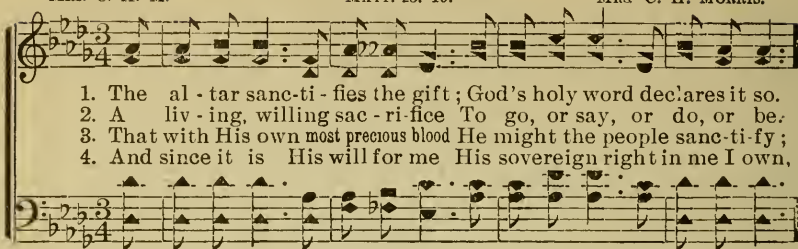


No. 36. The Altar Sanctifies the Gift.

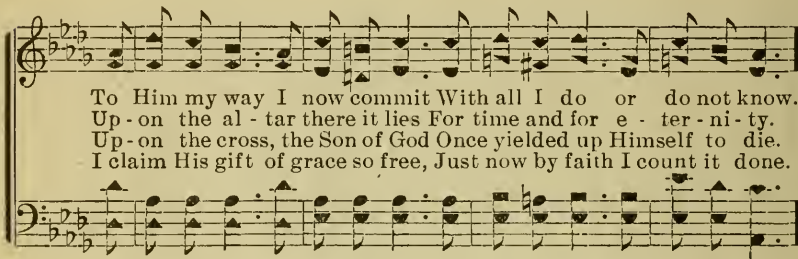
MRS. C. H. M.

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MATT. 23: 19.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

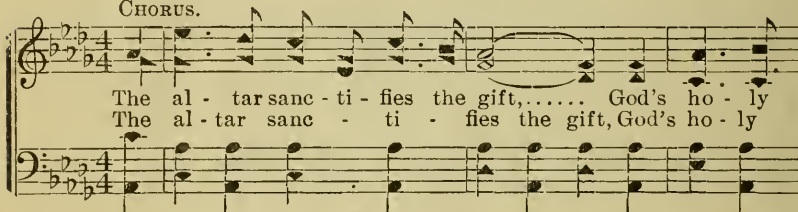


1. The al - tar sanc - ti - fies the gift ; God's holy word declares it so.
2. A liv - ing, willing sac - ri - fice To go, or say, or do, or be.
3. That with His own most precious blood He might the people sanc - ti - fy ;
4. And since it is His will for me His sovereign right in me I own,

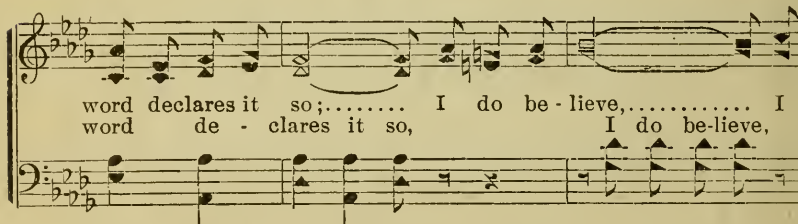


To Him my way I now commit With all I do or do not know.
Up - on the al - tar there it lies For time and for e - ter - ni - ty.
Up - on the cross, the Son of God Once yielded up Himself to die.
I claim His gift of grace so free, Just now by faith I count it done.

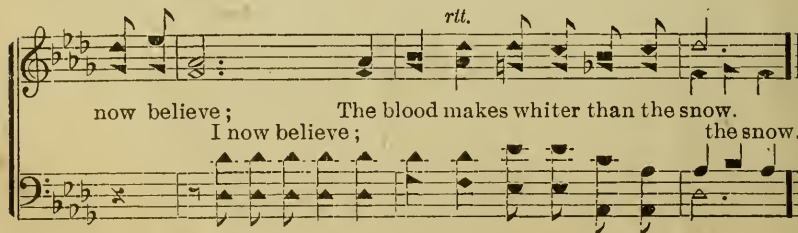
CHORUS.



The al - tar sanc - ti - fies the gift,..... God's ho - ly
The al - tar sanc - ti - fies the gift, God's ho - ly



word declares it so ;..... I do be - lieve,..... I
word de - clares it so, I do be - lieve,

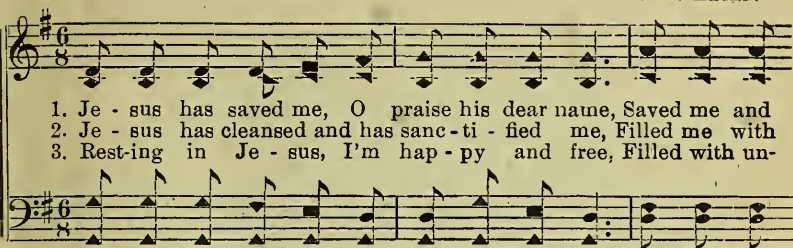


now believe ; The blood makes whiter than the snow.
I now believe ; the snow.

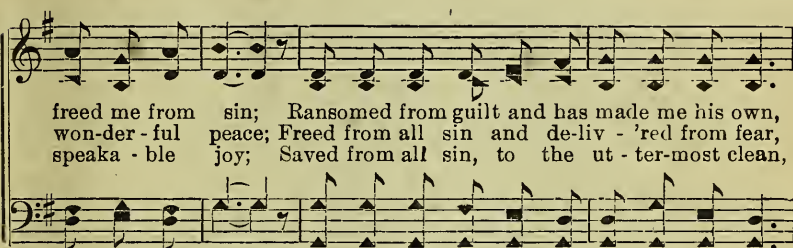
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MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

J. M. HAGAN.

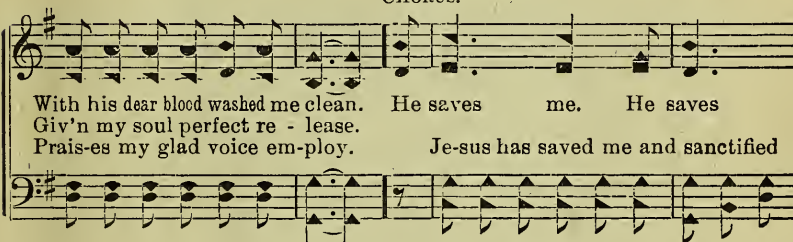


1. Je - sus has saved me, O praise his dear name, Saved me and
 2. Je - sus has cleansed and has sanc - ti - fied me, Filled me with
 3. Rest-ing in Je - sus, I'm hap - py and free, Filled with un-

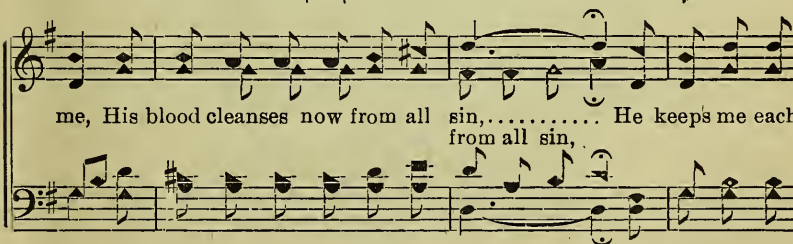


freed me from sin; Ransomed from guilt and has made me his own,
 won-der-ful peace; Freed from all sin and de-liv - 'red from fear,
 speak-a-ble joy; Saved from all sin, to the ut-ter-most clean,

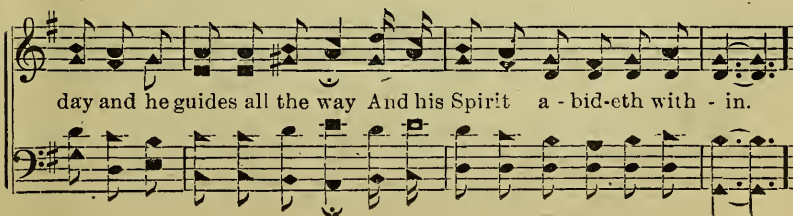
CHORUS.



With his dear blood washed me clean. He saves me. He saves
 Giv'n my soul perfect re - lease.
 Prais-es my glad voice em-employ. Je-sus has saved me and sanctified



me, His blood cleanses now from all sin,..... He keeps me each
 from all sin,

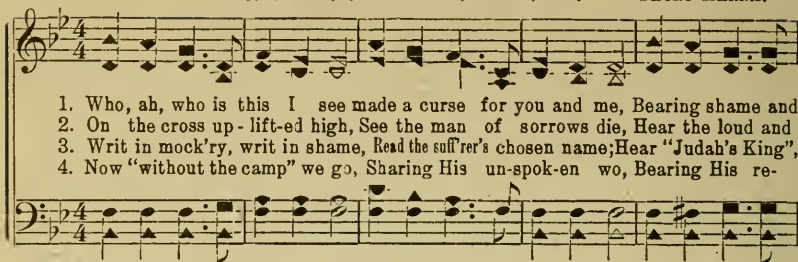


day and he guides all the way And his Spirit a - bid-eth with - in.

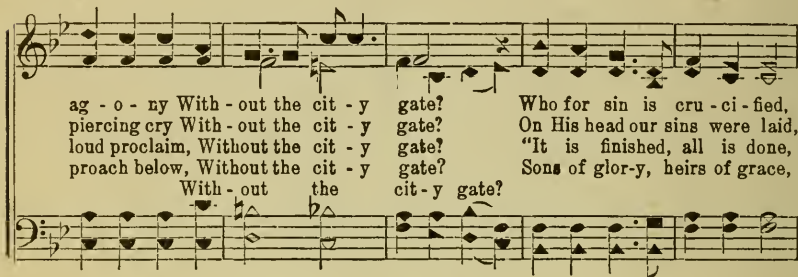
T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Who, ah, who is this I see made a curse for you and me, Bearing shame and
2. On the cross up-lift-ed high, See the man of sorrows die, Hear the loud and
3. Writ in mock'ry, writ in shame, Read the sufferer's chosen name; Hear "Judah's King",
4. Now "without the camp" we go, Sharing His un-spok-en wo, Bearing His re-

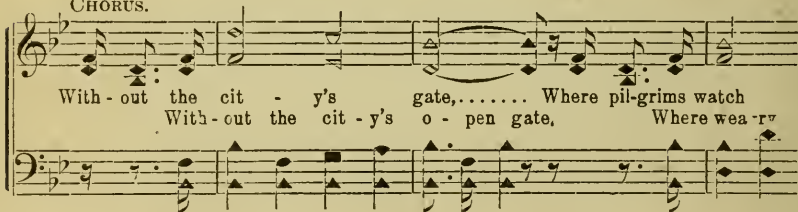


ag - o - ny With - out the cit - y gate? Who for sin is cru - ci - fied,
 piercing cry With - out the cit - y gate? On His head our sins were laid,
 loud proclaim, Without the cit - y gate? "It is finished, all is done,
 proach below, Without the cit - y gate? Sons of glor-y, heirs of grace,
 With - out the cit - y gate?

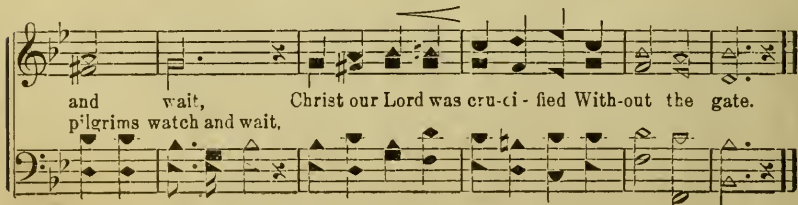


Pardon streaming from His side, While His foes their King de-ride Without the gate?
 He "an end of sin" hath made And for man the ransom paid, Without the gate.
 I have life and par-don won, And e - ter-nal peace begun, Without the gate".
 Here we have no bid-ing place; But a-non we'll see His face, Within the gate.

CHORUS.



With - out the cit - y's gate, Where pil-grims watch
 With - out the cit - y's o - pen gate, Where wea-ry



and wait, Christ our Lord was cru-ci - fied With-out the gate.
 pil-grims watch and wait,

No. 39.

Resting On the Rock.

E. DEE.

Copyright, 1908, by W. E. Marks.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I am rest - ing on the Rock that the storms can nev - er move,
 2. I am rest - ing where the wa - ters of sin can - not o'er flow,
 3 Dark may be the sea of doubt but the sky of hope is clear,

On the ev - er - last - ing Rock of A - ges; What a bless - ing
 Tho' the bil - lows raise their heads so steep - ly; I am safe for
 I am rest - ing on a firm foun - da - tion, Noth - ing can my

D. S. — What a bless - ing

to my soul doth this ref - uge ev - er prove, When the tem - pest
 I am trust - ing the One who loves me so, And I know He
 soul re - move for I have my Sav - iour near, Bless - ed be the

to my soul doth this ref - uge ev - er prove, Bless - ed be the

FINE. CHORUS.

round a - bout me rag - es!
 has the pow'r to keep me! I am rest - ing on the Rock that the
 Rock of my sal - va - tion!

Rock of my sal - va - tion!

D. S.

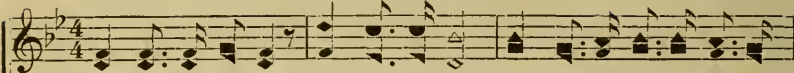
storms can never move, Safe - ly sheltered on a strong foun - da - tion,

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

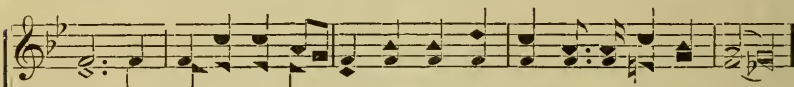
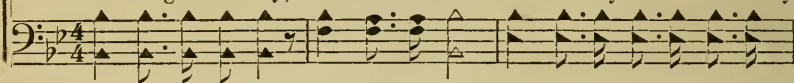
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. E. M. Hackleman, owner.

W. A. OGDEN.



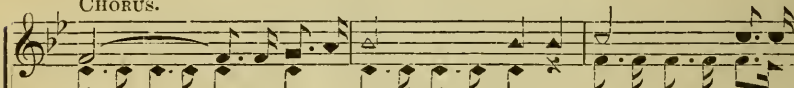
1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta-ble now is
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly



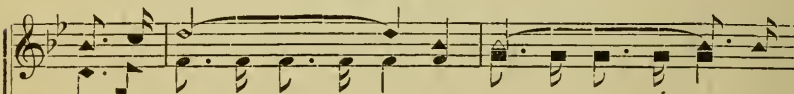
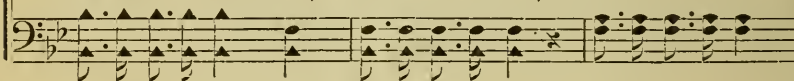
spread; Ye famishing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.
 wide; A place of hon-or is re-serv'd For you at the Master's side.
 thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
 strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.



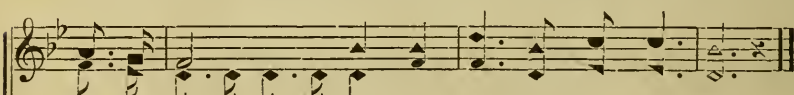
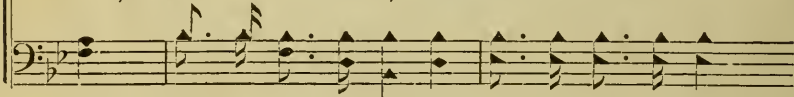
CHORUS.



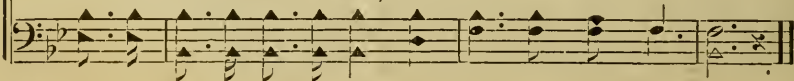
Hear..... the in-vi-ta - - tion, Come, "who - - so -
 Hear the in-vi-ta - tion, "Who-so-ev-er will," Hear the in-vi-ta -

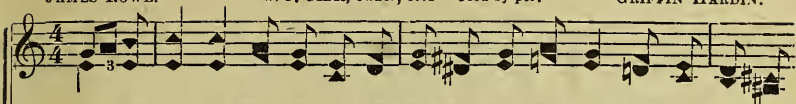


ev-er will;"..... Praise God..... for
 tion, "Who - so - ev-er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - -

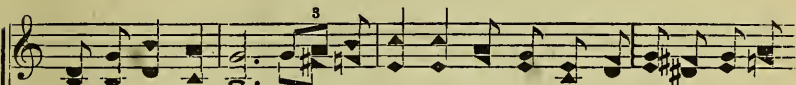
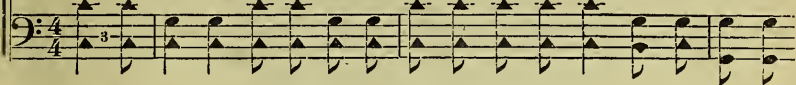


full sal - va - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will."
 tion For "who-so-ev-er will,"

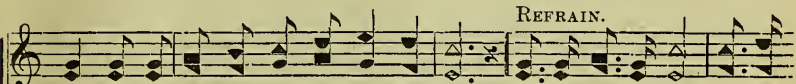
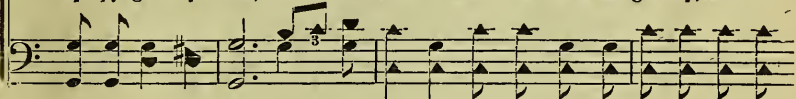




1. In the hap - py serv-ice of the soul's e - ter - nal friend, Mak-ing known to
2. What de-light it gives me just to praise His ho - ly name! What de-light to
3. Great will be the glo - ry that will crown me o - ver there, In that sin - less,



sin - ners truth sub-lime, Ev - 'ry day and mo-ment of my life I hope to
speak a-bout His love; How I love to tell that He has banished all my
hap - py glo - ry clime; But in faith-ful serv-ice there is glo - ry, and to

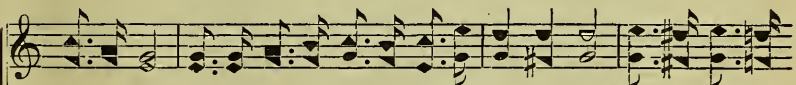


REFRAIN.

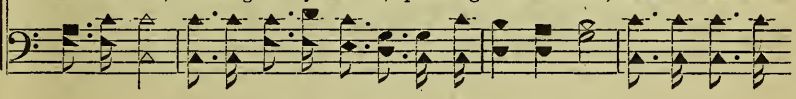
spond, For I'm win - ning glo - ry all the time.

shame, And will give to me the crown a - bove. Glo - ry all the time, glo - ry

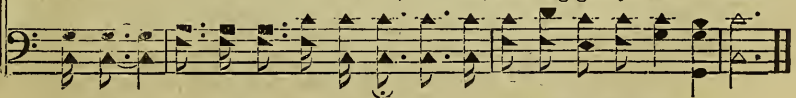
spare, I am win - ning glo - ry all the time.



all the time, Working for my Saviour, Spreading truth sublime; Praise His name for -



ev - e , I will doubt Him nev - er, For I'm, win - ning glo - ry all the time.

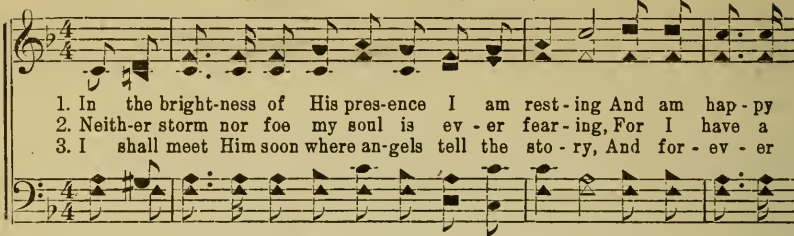


No. 42. In the Brightness of His Presence.

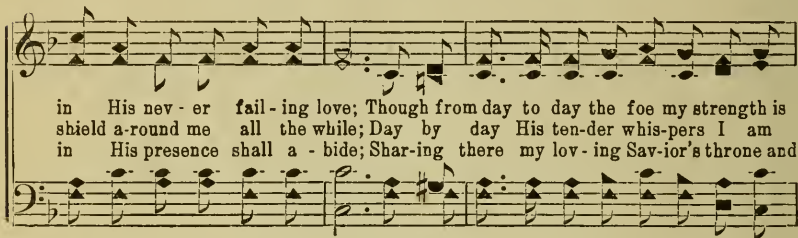
JAMES ROWE.

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J. M. HAGAN.

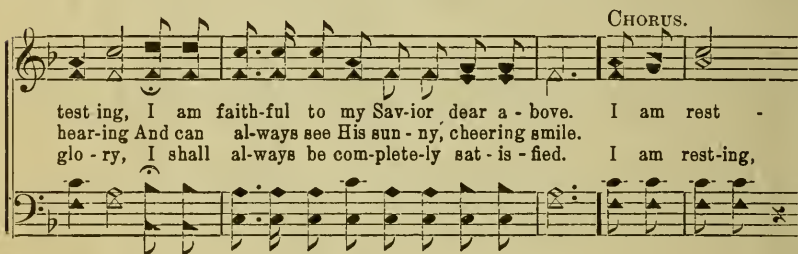


1. In the bright-ness of His pres-ence I am rest-ing And am hap-py
2. Neith-er storm nor foe my soul is ev-er fear-ing, For I have a
3. I shall meet Him soon where an-gels tell the sto-ry, And for-ev-er

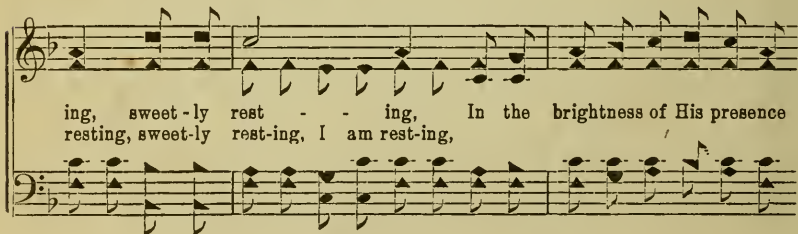


in His nev-er fail-ing love; Though from day to day the foe my strength is
shield-a-round me all the while; Day by day His ten-der whis-pers I am
in His presence shall a-bide; Shar-ing there my lov-ing Sav-ior's throne and

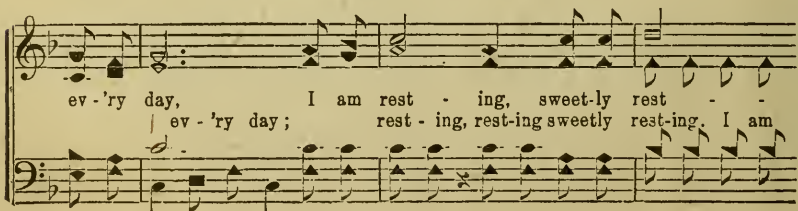
CHORUS.



test ing, I am faith-ful to my Sav-ior dear a-bove. I am rest -
hear-ing And can al-ways see His sun-ny, cheer-ing smile.
glo-ry, I shall al-ways be com-plete-ly sat-is-fied. I am rest-ing,



ing, sweet-ly rest - - ing, In the bright-ness of His presence
resting, sweet-ly rest-ing, I am rest-ing,



ev-'ry day, I am rest - ing, sweet-ly rest - -
ev-'ry day; rest - ing, rest-ing sweetly rest-ing. I am

In the Brightness of His Presence. Concluded.

ing, And shall see Him when the shad-ows flee a - way.
rest-ing, flee a - way.

No. 43. Some of These Days.

J. P. S.

Copyright 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

J. P. SCHOFIELD.

1. Will you be read-y when Je-sus comes, Some of these days, Some of these days?
2. Will you be waiting when Jesus comes, Some of these days, Some of these days?
3. All eyes shall see Him when He shall come, Some of these days, Some of these days?

Will you be watching when Je-sus comes, Some of these days, Some of these days?
Lamps must be burning when Jesus comes, Some of these days, Some of these days?
Will He re-ceive you when He shall come, Some of these days, Some of these days?

CHORUS.

Will you be read-y, watching, wait-ing, Some of these days when Jesus comes?

rit.
Will you be read-y, watching, wait-ing, Some of these days, When Jesus comes?

CHAS. W. VAUGHAN.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Since your child-hood you have heard the won-drous sto - ry Of the
2. Just to know my pre-cious Sav-iour is to love Him, I have
3. Sin - ner, will you learn to know my precious Sav - iour? In His

Christ who gave His life on Calv'ry's tree; How for you He left His Father's
found Him always loving, constant, true, There's no other friend so great but
love is ref-uge safe from all alarms; Come to Him and you will share His

home in glo - ry, Bore the cross that you from sin might be made free.
He's a-bove him, What my Sav-iour is to me He'll be to you.
bless-ed fav - or In the shel-ter of His ev - er - last - ing arms.

CHORUS.

Do you know Him? know my Sav-iour, Do you
Do you know Him? know my Saviour,

know His wondrous love and mighty pow'r? If you knew Him, As I
If you knew Him,

DO YOU KNOW HIM? Concluded.

know Him, You would make my Saviour yours this very hour.
As I know Him,

No. 45. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient-ly drawing near,
2. Lone-ly with-out He's stay-ing, Lone-ly with-in am I;
3. All thro' the dark hours drear-y Knock-ing a-gain is He;
4. Door of my heart, I has-ten! Thee will I o-pen wide;

En-trance within de-mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de-lay-ing, Will He not pass me by?
Je-sus, art Thou not wea-ry, Wait-ing so long for me?
Tho' He re-buke and chas-ten, He shall with me a-bide.

REFRAIN.

Sweet-ly the tones are fall-ing, "O-pen the door for Me!

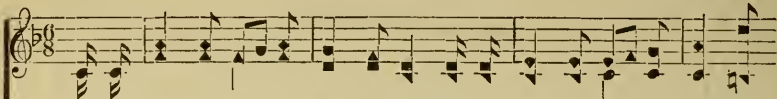
If thou wilt heed my call-ing, I will a-bide with thee."

He Washed Me in His Blood.

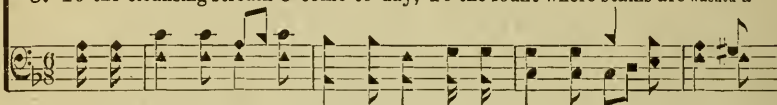
T. H.

Owned by J. T. Benson
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS

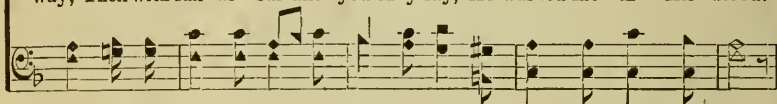
Thoro Harris.



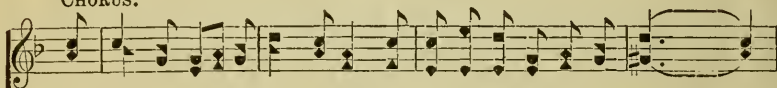
1. To de-spair my soul was almost driv'n, With my sin - ful self I long had
2. With an ach - ing heart I looked around: There was no de-liv'-rance to be
3. He re - mem - bers not the guilt - y past, All my sins be - hind His back are
4. When I stand be - fore my glo - rious King, And the wel - come bells of Beu - lah
5. To the cleansing stream O come to - day, To the fount where stains are washed a -



striv'n, Knowing not the Son of God from heav'n Would wash me in His blood.
found Till I saw the Ho - ly One, thorn - crowned, Who washed me in His blood.
cast; By His own free grace He holds me fast, Washed in His pre - cious blood.
ring, This the glad new song I then shall sing: He washed me in His blood.
way; Then with full as - sur - ance you may say, He washed me in His blood.

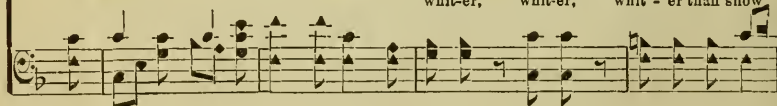


CHORUS.



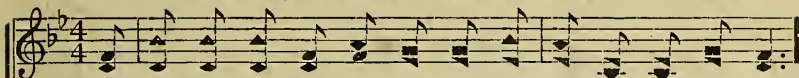
I plunged in - to the crimson stream, And whiter, yes, whiter than snow

whit - er, whit - er, whit - er than snow

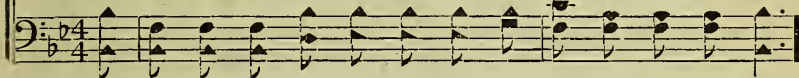
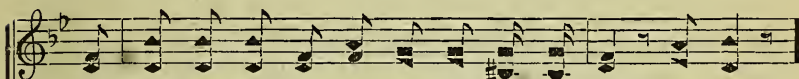


It cleans - es me: O praise His name! He washed me in His blood.

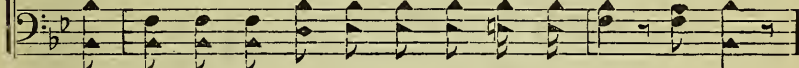




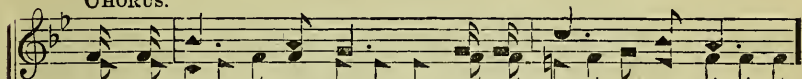
1. Once I was blind to gos - pel light, My Lord I did not know;
 2. My Sav iour broke old Sa - tan's chain, He had to let me go;
 3. As I went on to sing and shout, I found an in - ward foe;
 4. My heart is filled with per - fect love, I feel its ebb and flow;


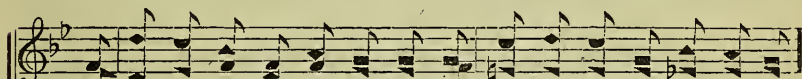
But when I prayed He set me right, Praise the Lord, it's so.
 For Christ came in my life to reign, Praise the Lord, it's so.
 The Ho - ly Spir - it burned him out, Praise the Lord, it's so.
 I'm hap - py on my way a - bove, Praise the Lord, it's so.



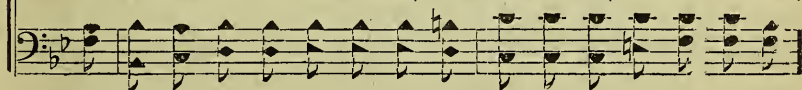
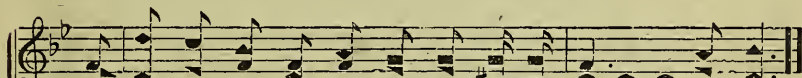
CHORUS.




Praise the Lord, it's so, Praise the Lord, it's so;
 I know it's so. I know it's so;

Once I was blind, but now I see, Once I was bound, but now I'm free;

Thro' Christ I shout the vic - to - ry, Praise the Lord, it's so
 it's so.



No. 48. I'LL GO ALL THE WAY.

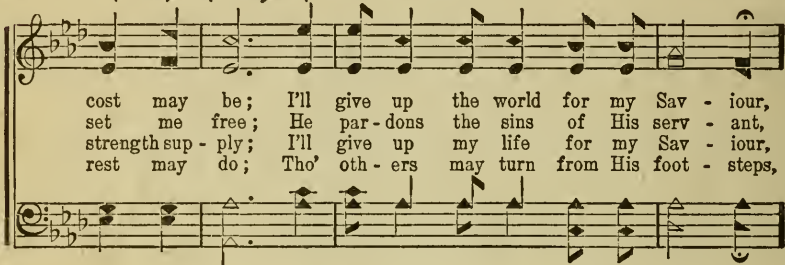
To Mrs. E. J. Staley.

C. P. J. *Lively.*

CHAS. P. JONES

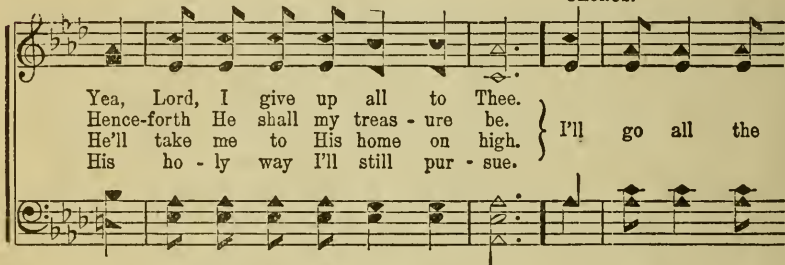


1. I'll go all the way with my Sav - iour, No mat - ter what the
 2. I'll go all the way with my Sav - iour, Who died from sin to
 3. I'll go all the way with my Sav - iour, The Spir - it will the
 4. I'll go all the way with my Sav - iour, No mat - ter what the

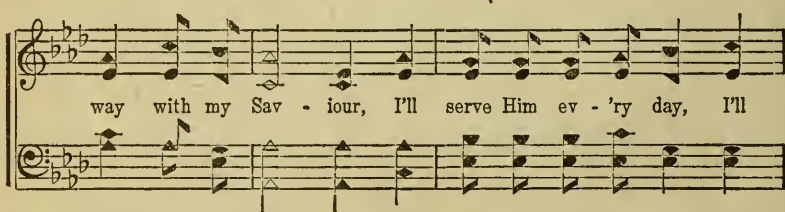


cost may be; I'll give up the world for my Sav - iour,
 set me free; He par - dons the sins of His serv - ant,
 strength sup - ply; I'll give up my life for my Sav - iour,
 rest may do; Tho' oth - ers may turn from His foot - steps,

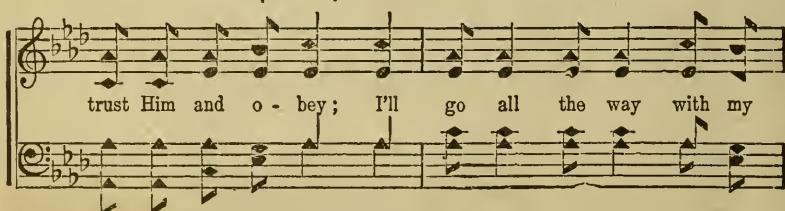
CHORUS.



Yea, Lord, I give up all to Thee.
 Hence-forth He shall my treas - ure be. } I'll go all the
 He'll take me to His home on high.
 His ho - ly way I'll still pur - sue.



way with my Sav - iour, I'll serve Him ev - 'ry day, I'll



trust Him and o - bey; I'll go all the way with my

I'LL GO ALL THE WAY. Concluded.

Sav - iour, I've de - ter-mined to go all the way (all the way).

No. 49. Hide You in the Blood.

Verses 4, 5 and 6 by R. E. W.

As sung by the St. Louis Assembly.

1. Come from the loath-some way of sin, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
2. Come to the shel-ter's safe re-treat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
3. Come, for your sins the Lord has bled, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
4. Come to the Lord, He's call - ing thee, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
5. Come, there is safe - ty in the blood, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
6. Come now, be-liev - ing in the Lord, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;

Come, for the Lord will take you in, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
 Come, for the storms a-round you beat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
 Come, tho' they be like crim-son red, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
 Come, let His Spir - it set you free, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
 Now plunge beneath the crim-son flood, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
 Trust-ing His grace and pre-cious Word, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

O hide. you in the blood, For the storms.....are rag-ing
 Hide you in the blood, hide you in the blood, storms are raging high,

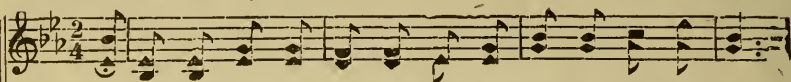
high, O hide.... you in the blood, Till the dangers pass you by.
 storms are raging high, hide, O hide

No. 50. Something More Than Gold.

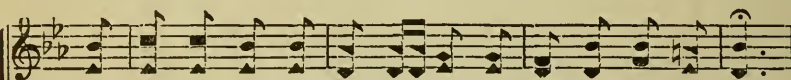
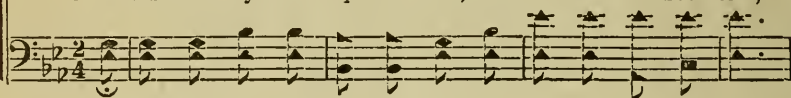
owned by R. E. Winsett,

SISTER HELEN. Arr. by R. E. W.

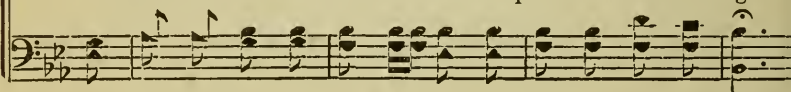
R. E. WINSETT.



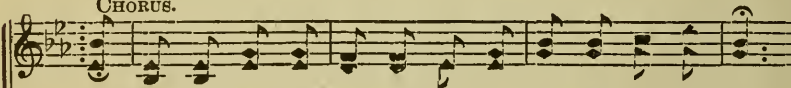
1. A lit - tle man of whom we read, Who lived in days of old,
2. It was up - on - a cer - tain day, This lit - tle man was told
3. So Zaccheus was not tall, you see, And he could scarce be - hold,
4. When Jesus saw him in the tree, He cried with ac - cents bold,
5. So Zaccheus came down and soon found The half had not been told
6. As John and Pe - ter went to pray, A crip - ple did be - hold,
7. So Pe - ter said, look up this way, "No wealth have we, be - hold,
8. They touch'd him then and bade him walk, In Jesus' name, we're told,
9. And so to - day there's pow - er still, The half has not been told,



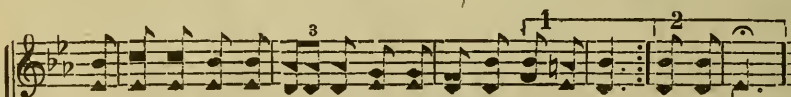
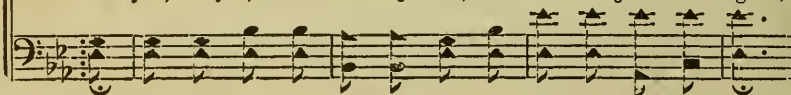
Tho' he was rich yet felt his need Of something more than gold.
 That Je - sus Christ would pass that way With something more than gold.
 So he climbed up a sycamore tree For something more than gold.
 "Come down, come down, I've brought for thee That which is more than gold."
 Of life, of health and peace within, That's bet - ter far than gold.
 Who asked for alms, he did not know There's something more than gold.
 "But what we have we give to - day, 'Tis bet - ter far than gold."
 Fire fell from heav'n, he leaped for joy, 'Twas bet - ter far than gold.
 Of Christ who saves and Christ who heals With pow'r that's more than gold.



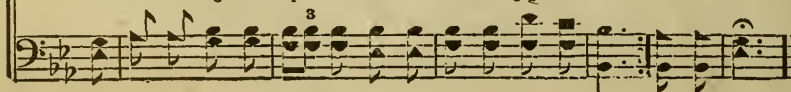
CHORUS.



O yes, O yes, there's something more, There's something more than gold,



To have your sins all under the blood Is something more than gold, more than gold.
 For Christ to give His Spirit and heal Is something [Omit.]

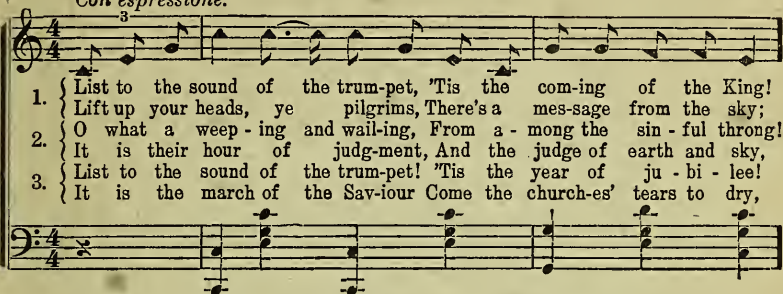


May be used as march for any occasion. Let Bass or Tenor voice sing Solo if possible.
 "Behold He cometh with clouds."—Rev. 1:7.

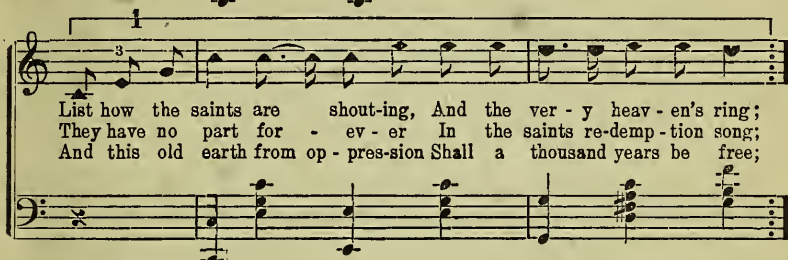
C. P. J.

Copyright, 1910. by C. P. Jones. By per.

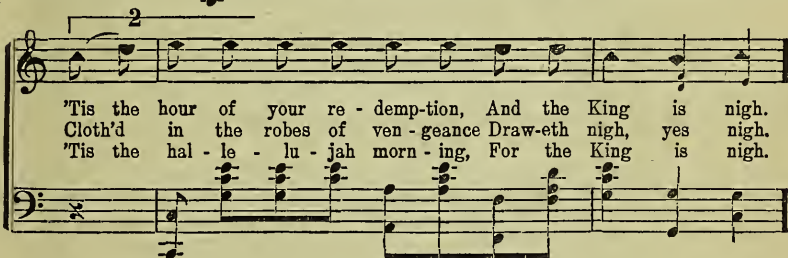
C. P. JONES,

Con espressione.


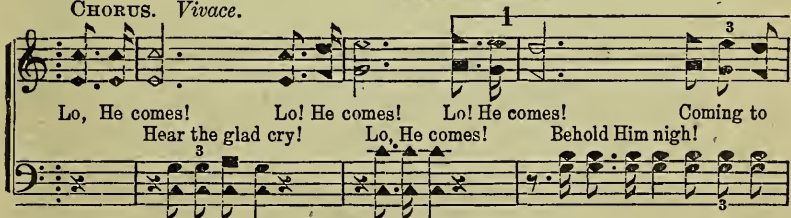
1. { List to the sound of the trum-pet, 'Tis the com-ing of the King!
 Lift up your heads, ye pilgrims, There's a mes-sage from the sky;
 2. { O what a weep-ing and wail-ing, From a-mong the sin-ful throng!
 It is their hour of judg-ment, And the judge of earth and sky,
 3. { List to the sound of the trum-pet! 'Tis the year of ju-bi-lee!
 It is the march of the Sav-iour Come the church-es' tears to dry,



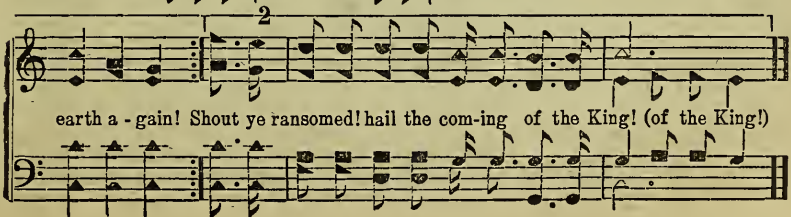
1
 List how the saints are shout-ing, And the ver-y heav-en's ring;
 They have no part for-ev-er In the saints re-demp-tion song;
 And this old earth from op-pres-sion Shall a thousand years be free;



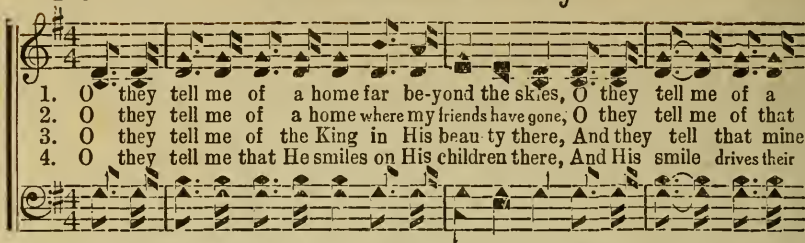
2
 'Tis the hour of your re-demp-tion, And the King is nigh.
 Cloth'd in the robes of ven-geance Draw-eth nigh, yes nigh.
 'Tis the hal-le-lu-jah morn-ing, For the King is nigh.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*


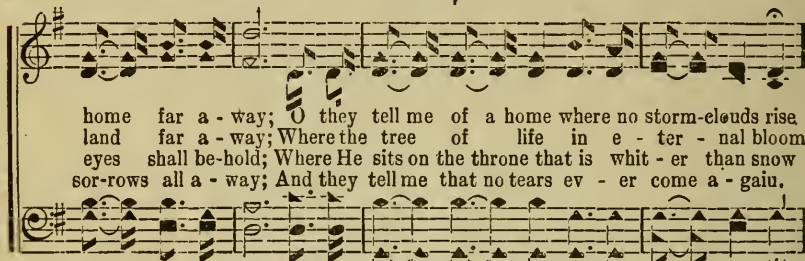
1
 Lo, He comes! Lo! He comes! Lo! He comes! Coming to
 Hear the glad cry! Lo, He comes! Behold Him nigh!
 3
 3



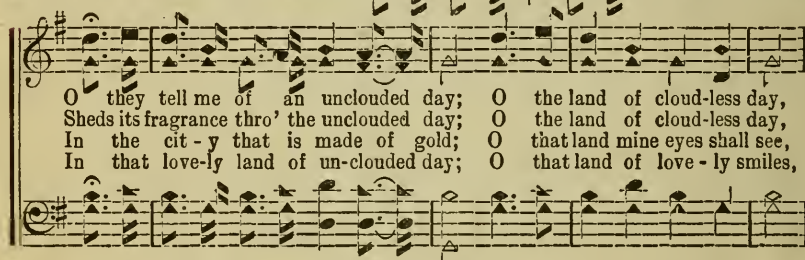
2
 earth a-gain! Shout ye ransomed! hail the com-ing of the King! (of the King!)



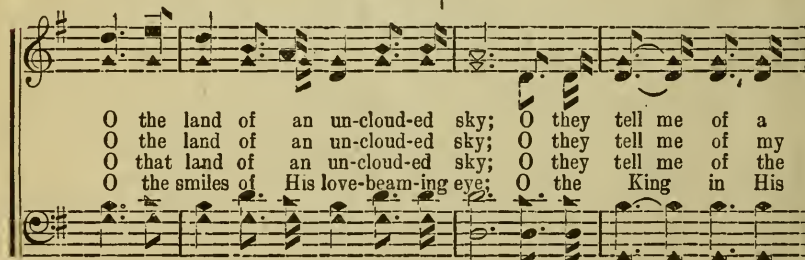
1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that
 3. O they tell me of the King in His beau ty there, And they tell that mine
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smile drives their



home far a - way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise
 land far a - way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
 eyes shall be-hold; Where He sits on the throne that is whit - er than snow
 sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain,



O they tell me of an unclouded day; O the land of cloud-less day,
 Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; O the land of cloud-less day,
 In the cit-y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
 In that love-ly land of un-clouded day; O that land of love - ly smiles,



O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a
 O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my
 O that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the
 O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the King in His



home where no storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
 friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 King and His snow white throne, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 beau - ty in - vites me there, To the land of the un-cloud-ed day.

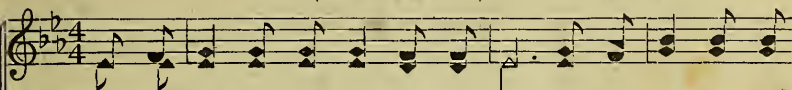
No. 53. There Is Nothing Too Good to Be True.

Copyright, 1913, by The Ruebush Kieffer Co.

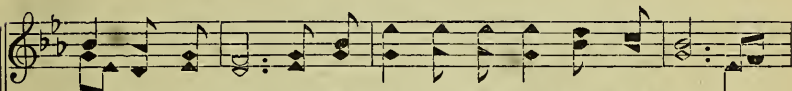
G. P. H

(Effective as a Solo)

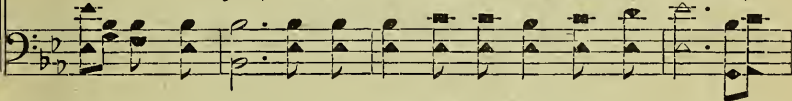
REV. GEO. P. HOTT.



1. When we think of earth's tri-als and cares, And the tears that our
2. When we think how as sin-ners we're lost, And a - wait fear - ful
3. When we think of the suff'rings of death, And the grave ev - er
4. When we think of our loved ones of yore, How death gathered from

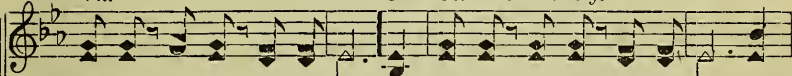


eye-lids be-dew, And are told they're in heaven unknown, It
pun-ish-ment due, And are told of His won-der-ful cross, It
wait-ing in view, But are told how Christ conquered them all, It
me and from you, But are told that we'll meet them once more, It

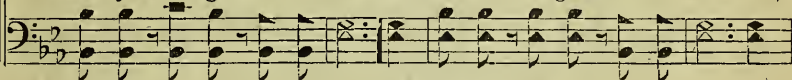


rit.

CHORUS. *meditatively.*

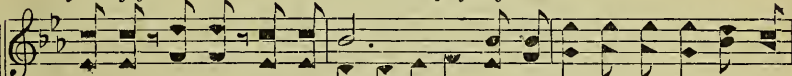


seems just too good to be true. But is it too good to be true? Oh,

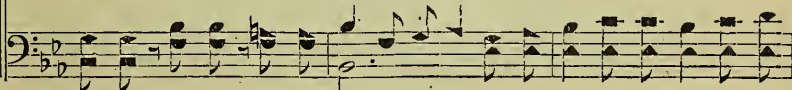


feelingly.

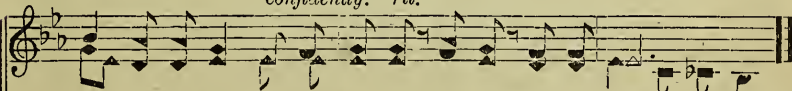
thoughtfully.



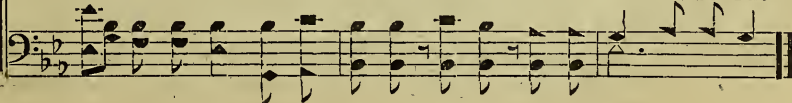
is it too good to be true? When we think of the wonderful
to be true?



confidently. rit.



love of our Lord, There is nothing too good to be true.
to be true.



1. Why wan-der in the wil-der-ness, O faint-ing soul, Come o-ver in-to
 2. Its sun-kissed mountains rise above the val-ley fair, Come o-ver in-to
 3. Sweet songs of triumph ring within its borders bright, Come o-ver in-to
 4. This charming land of Ca-naan is a land of love, Come o-ver in-to

Ca-naan land; By faith cross o-ver Jor-dan tho' the waves may roll, Come
 Ca-naan land; And luscious fruits de-lec-ta-ble grow ev-'ry where, Come
 Ca-naan land; No burning sands but fountains sparkling with delight, Come
 Ca-naan land; And thro' it we must pass to reach our home a-bove, Come

CHORUS.
 o-ver in-to Ca-naan land. Come o-ver in-to Ca-naan

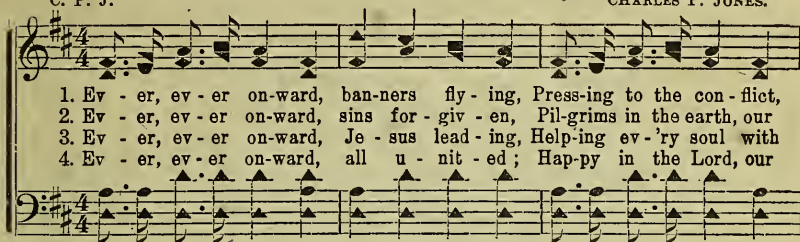
land,..... Come o-ver in-to Ca-naan land;..... Where the
 in-to Canaan land, in-to Canaan land,

rit. ad lib.
 grapes of Eschol grow, Where the milk and honey flow, Come o-ver in-to Canaan land.

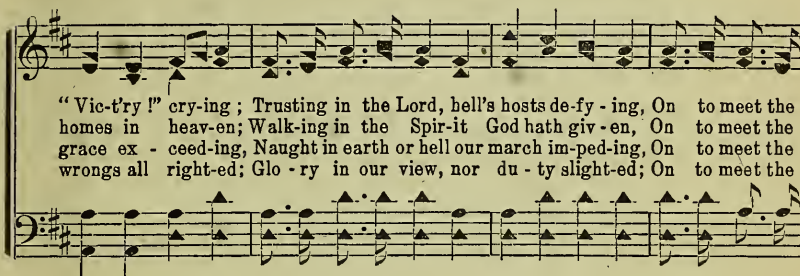
"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death."—REV. 12: 11.

C. P. J.

CHARLES P. JONES.

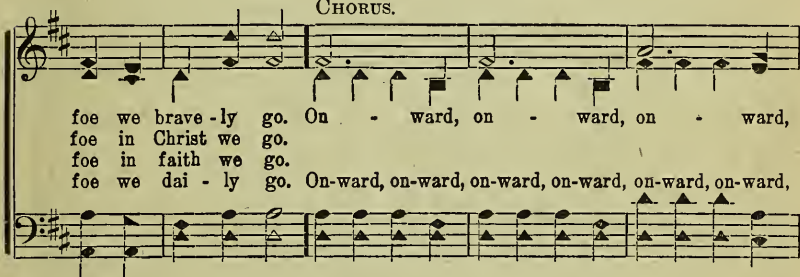


1. Ev - er, ev - er on - ward, ban - ners fly - ing, Press - ing to the con - flict,
 2. Ev - er, ev - er on - ward, sins for - giv - en, Pil - grims in the earth, our
 3. Ev - er, ev - er on - ward, Je - sus lead - ing, Help - ing ev - 'ry soul with
 4. Ev - er, ev - er on - ward, all u - nit - ed; Hap - py in the Lord, our

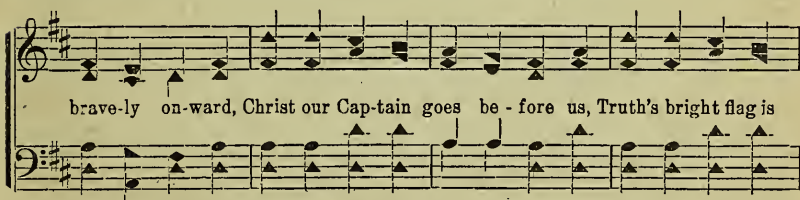


"Vic - t'ry!" cry - ing; Trusting in the Lord, hell's hosts de - fy - ing, On to meet the
 homes in heav - en; Walk - ing in the Spir - it God hath giv - en, On to meet the
 grace ex - ceed - ing, Naught in earth or hell our march im - ped - ing, On to meet the
 wrongs all right - ed; Glo - ry in our view, nor du - ty slight - ed; On to meet the

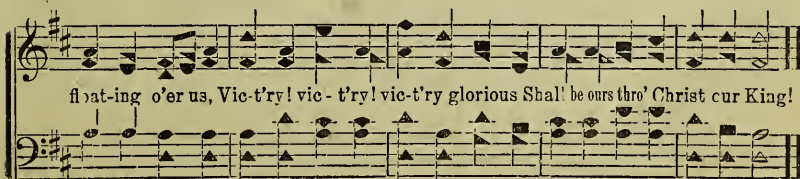
CHORUS.



foe we brave - ly go. On - ward, on - ward, on - ward,
 foe in Christ we go.
 foe in faith we go.
 foe we dai - ly go. On - ward, on - ward, on - ward, on - ward, on - ward, on - ward,



brave - ly on - ward, Christ our Cap - tain goes be - fore us, Truth's bright flag is



float - ing o'er us, Vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry glorious Shall be ours thro' Christ our King!

JAMES ROWE

Copyright 1915, by Will R. Ruebush. Used by per. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. When in maj - es - ty and glo - ry comes the Sav - ior, by and by,
 2. When He comes to take His jew - els from the pre - cious mines of earth,
 3. Hav - ing trust - ed Him to save me, lean - ing now up - on His grace,

I shall be read - y, read - y, I know;
 I shall be read - y, read - y, I know, read - y I know;

When He comes to take His dear ones to their mansions in the sky,
 When the saved begin to greet Him, to ex - tol His boundless worth,
 When the clouds shall part and Jesus show a - gain His matchless face,

I shall be read - y, read - y to go.
 I shall be read - y, read - y to go, read - y to go.

D. S.—I shall be read - y, (I shall be read - y,) read - y to go. (read - y to go.)

CHORUS.

I shall be read - y, read - y, I know, I shall be read - y,
 read - y, this I know, read - y,

I Shall Be Ready. Concluded.

D. S.

read-y to go; When He comes to take His own to be with Him upon the throne,
then to go;

No. 57. I Will Make the Darkness Light.

C. P. J.

Copyright 1916 by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

CHAS. P. JONES.

1. I will make the dark-ness light be - fore thee, What is wrong I'll
2. With an ev - er - last - ing love I'll love thee, Tho' with tri - als
3. Al - tho Sa - tan in His rage would tear thee, And with all his
4. I will make the darkness light be - fore thee, I will make the

f

make it right be - fore thee, All thy bat-tles I will fight be - fore thee,
deep and sore I'll prove thee, But there's nothing that can hurt or move thee,
winning arts would snare thee, Even down to thine old age I'll bear thee,
crooked straight before thee, I will spread my wings protecting o'er thee,

D. S.—mansion in the sky I'll deed thee,

FINE. CHORUS.

And the high place I'll bring down. When thou walkest by the way I'll

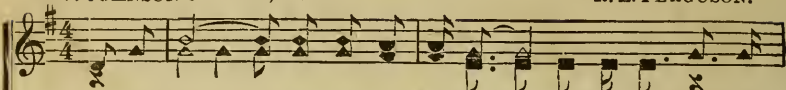
D. S.

lead thee, On the fat-ness of the land I'll feed thee, And a

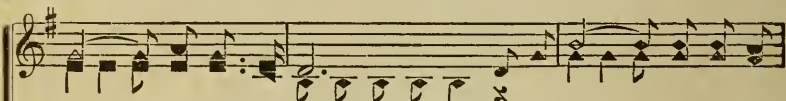
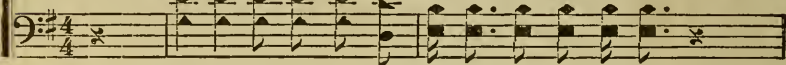
No. 58. When Our Lord Shall Come Again.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

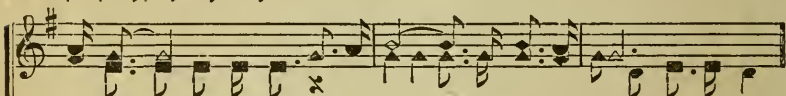
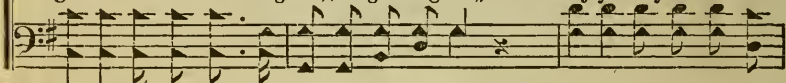
R. L. FERGUSON.



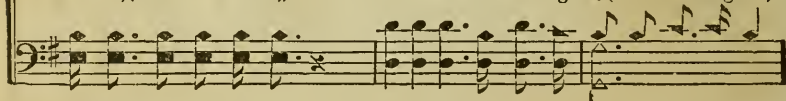
1. When up - on..... the clouds of heav-en, (clouds of heav-en,) Christ shall
2. Will His com - - ing bring re - joic-ing? (bring re - joic-ing?) Or will
3. Will you join..... in la - men - ta-tion? (la - men - ta-tion?) Or the
4. Work and pray..... till Je - sus calls you, (Je - sus calls you,) Help to



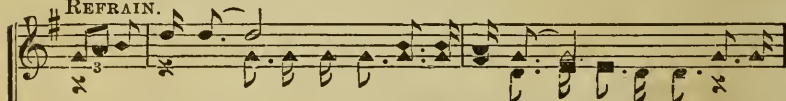
come..... to earth a-gain, (to earth a-gain,) Will the world... be glad to
it bring tears and pain?(bring tears and pain?) Are you read - y to re-
an - gel's glad re-frain?(their glad refrain?) Will you help... His peo - ple
gath - er in the grain, (the golden grain,) Then with joy... you'll meet the



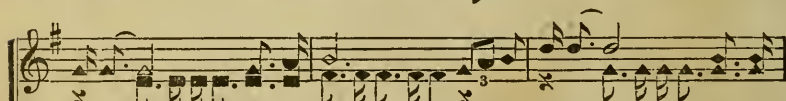
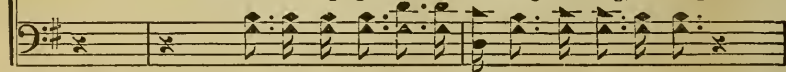
see Him, (glad to see Him,) When our Lord... shall come a-gain? (shall come a-gain?)
ceive Him, (to re-ceive Him,) When our Lord... shall come a-gain? (shall come a-gain?)
crown Him, (help to crown Him,) When our Lord... shall come a-gain? (shall come a-gain?)
Saviour, (meet the Saviour,) When our Lord... shall come a-gain? (shall come a-gain.)



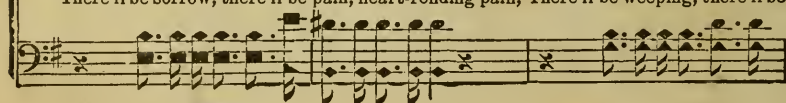
REFRAIN.



There'll be sing - ing.... there'll be shout-ing.... There'll be
There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, shouting, shouting,



sor-row, ... there'll be pain; There'll be weep-ing, there'll be
There'll be sorrow, there'll be pain, heart-rending pain, There'll be weeping, there'll be



When Our Lord Shall Come. Concluded.

praying, . . . When our Lord shall come a - gain.
 praying, there'll be praying, When our Lord shall come a-gain.

No. 59

Mrs. M. HULIT.

DRAW ME NEARER.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Bless - ed Sav - ior, draw me near - er To Thy wound - ed bleeding side;
 2. Let me know the sweet con - tent - ment That Thy con - stant presence brings;
 3. Draw me near - er, ev - er near - er, Let me see Thee as Thou art;
 4. When in heav - en I shall see Thee, And be - hold Thee face to face,

Ev - er keep the view be - fore me Of the cross where Thou hast died;
 Let me feel the sweet com - mun - ion 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wings.
 Let Thy balm of love and mer - cy Cleanse and fill my hun - gry heart.
 See Thy maj - es - ty and glo - ry Know the ful - ness of Thy grace,

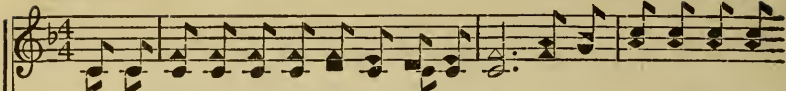
Died that I a poor lost sin - ner, By Thy ran - som might be free, -
 Wash me in the blood of cleans - ing, From all sin now set me free, -
 Let me see Thee in Thy beau - ty, And in - deed from sin be free, -
 Know at last the full com - plete - ness Of Thy sac - ri - fice for me, -

Bless - ed Sav - ior, draw me near - er, Ev - er near - er un - to Thee.

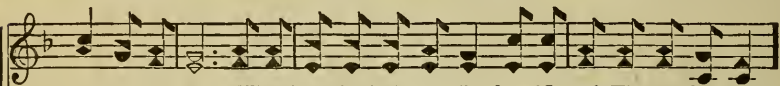
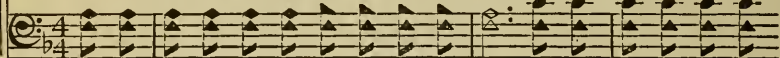
No. 60. MY BURDENS ROLLED AWAY.

M. A. S.

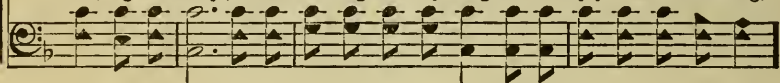
Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELE.



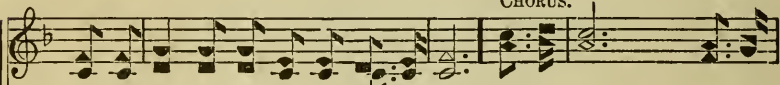
1. I re-mem-ber when my bur-dens rolled a - way, I had car-ried them for
2. I re-mem-ber where my bur-dens rolled a - way, That I feared would never
3. I re-mem-ber why my bur-dens rolled a - way, That had hin-dered me for
4. I am sing-ing since my bur-dens rolled a - way, There's a song with-in my



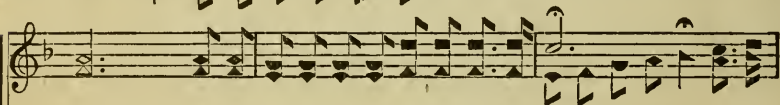
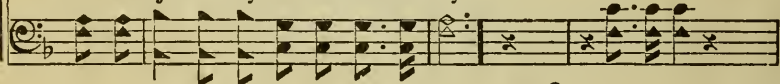
years, night and day ; When I sought tho blessed Lord, and I took Him at His word,
leave, night or day ; Je - sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the cross,
years, night and day ; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je-sus' face,
heart, night and day ; I am liv-ing for my King, and with joy I shout and sing,



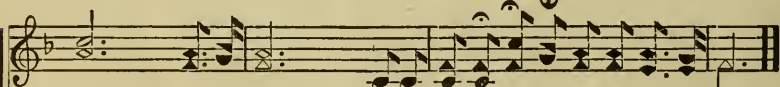
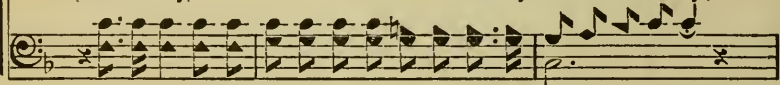
CHORUS.



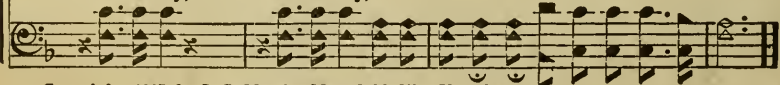
Then at once all my bur-dens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-
I was glad when my bur-dens rolled a - way. }
And I knew that my bur-dens could not stay. } Rolled a'- way,
Hal - le-lu-jah ! all my bur-dens rolled a - way.



way, I am hap - py since my bur-dens rolled away ; Rolled a-
rolled a-way, since my bur-dens rolled away ;



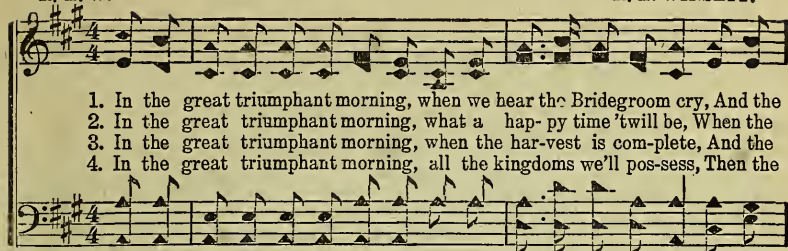
way, rolled a - way, I am hap - py since my bur-dens rolled a-way.
Rolled a-way, rolled a-way,



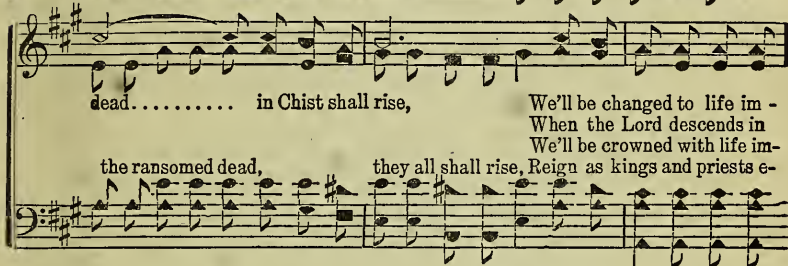
No. 61. In the Great Triumphant Morning.

R. E. W.

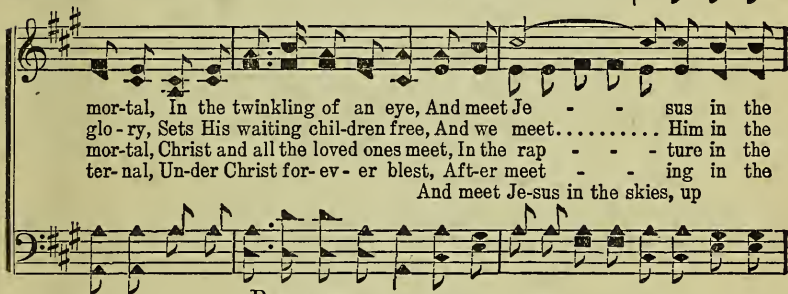
R. E. WINSETT.



1. In the great triumphant morning, when we hear the Bridegroom cry, And the
 2. In the great triumphant morning, what a hap- py time 'twill be, When the
 3. In the great triumphant morning, when the har-vest is com-plete, And the
 4. In the great triumphant morning, all the kingdoms we'll pos-sess, Then the

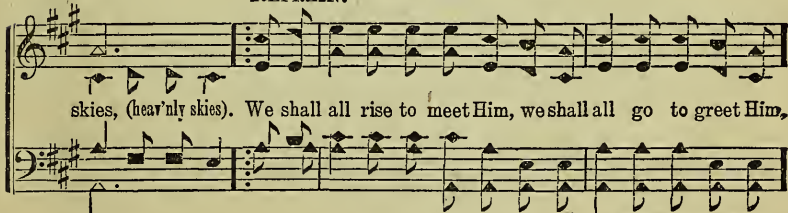


dead..... in Christ shall rise, We'll be changed to life im -
 When the Lord descends in
 We'll be crowned with life im -
 the ransomed dead, they all shall rise, Reign as kings and priests e-

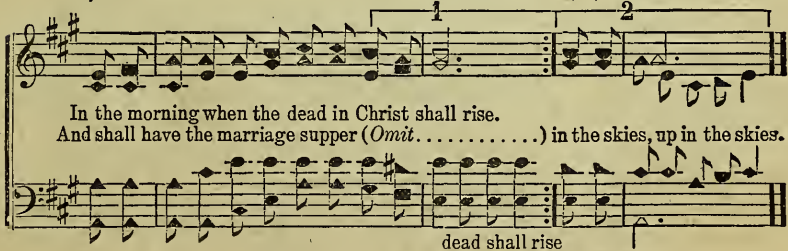


mor-tal, In the twinkling of an eye, And meet Je - - sus in the
 glo-ry, Sets His waiting chil-dren free, And we meet..... Him in the
 mor-tal, Christ and all the loved ones meet, In the rap - - - ture in the
 ter-nal, Un-der Christ for-ev- er blest, After meet - - - ing in the
 And meet Je-sus in the skies, up

REFRAIN.



skies, (heav'nly skies). We shall all rise to meet Him, we shall all go to greet Him,

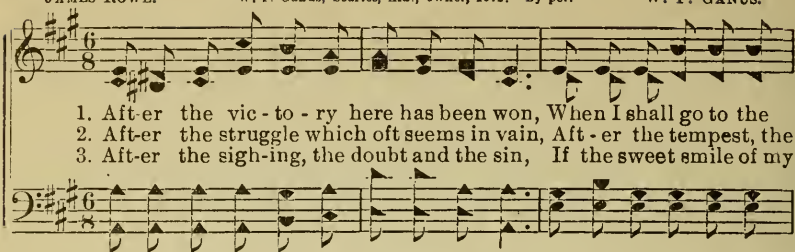


In the morning when the dead in Christ shall rise.
 And shall have the marriage supper (*Omit.....*) in the skies, up in the skies.
 dead shall rise

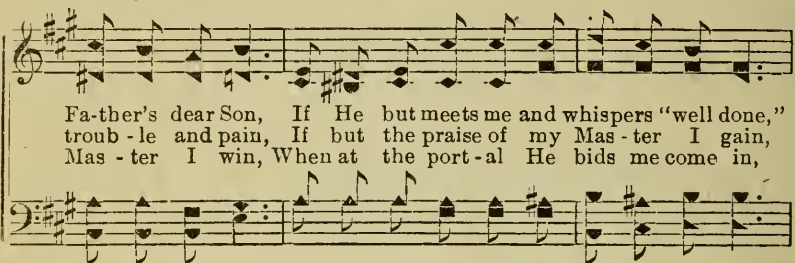
JAMES ROWE.

W. P. Ganus, Searles, Ala., owner, 1912. By per.

W. P. GANUS.

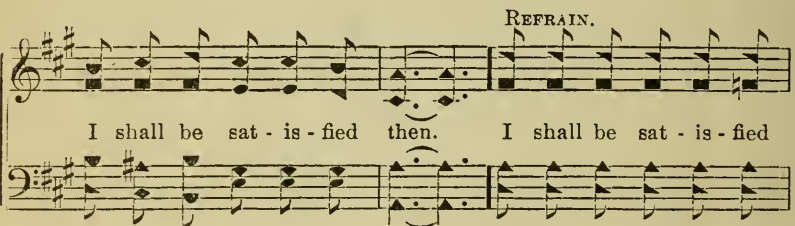


1. Aft-er the vic-to-ry here has been won, When I shall go to the
 2. Aft-er the struggle which oft seems in vain, Aft-er the tempest, the
 3. Aft-er the sigh-ing, the doubt and the sin, If the sweet smile of my

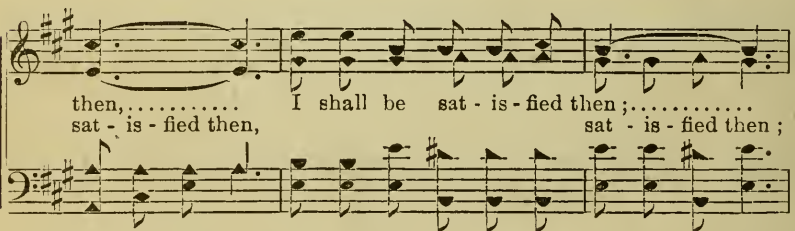


Fa-ther's dear Son, If He but meets me and whispers "well done,"
 trou-b-le and pain, If but the praise of my Mas-ter I gain,
 Mas-ter I win, When at the port-al He bids me come in,

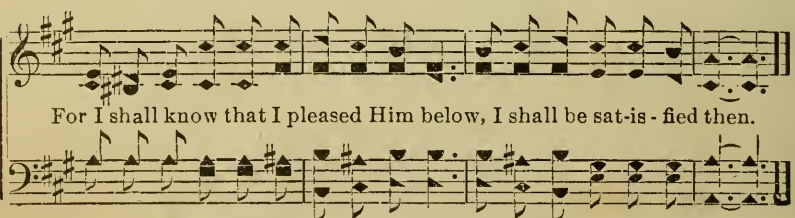
REFRAIN.



I shall be sat-is-fied then. I shall be sat-is-fied



then,..... I shall be sat-is-fied then;.....
 sat-is-fied then, sat-is-fied then;




For I shall know that I pleased Him below, I shall be sat-is-fied then.


J. E. F.

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J. E. FRENCH.

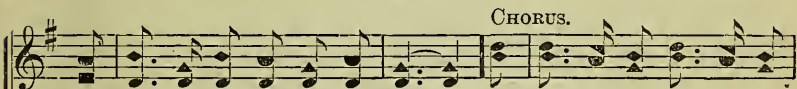


1. We find ma-ny peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so
 2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout, Some don't un-der-
 3. We've heard the sweet music, the heav-en-ly chord, From glo-ry land
 4. We're looking for Je-sus with glo-ry to come, 'Tis Je-sus who




hap-py and free; We've crossed o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land,
 stand us, I see; We're filled with the Spir-it, there is- n't a doubt,
 o-ver the sea; A soul-thrill-ing message from Je-sus, our Lord,
 died on the tree; A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry us home,

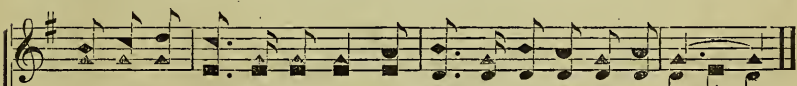
CHORUS.



1-3. And this is like heaven to me. Oh, this is like heav-en to
 4. Oh, that will be heav-en to me. Oh, that will be heav-en to



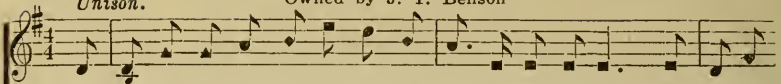
me (to me), Yes, this is like heav-en to me (to me); I've crossed over
 me (to me), Yes, that will be heav-en to me (to me); A cloud of bright




Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heaven to me (to me).
 an-gels to car-ry me home, Yes, that will be heaven to me (to me).

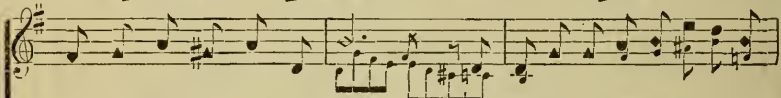
T. H.
Unison.COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.
Owned by J. T. Benson

Thoro Harris.

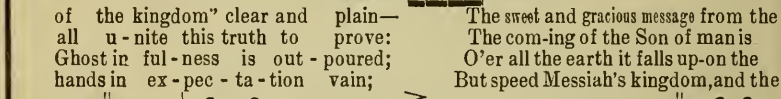
- 
1. O Chris-tian, in these lat-ter days have you the tidings heard— This "gos-pel
 2. The signs are all a-round us: in the earth, the sea and sky, The to-kens
 3. In co-pious show'rs the lat-ter rain is fall - ing all a-round, The Ho - ly
 4. If you this truth be-lieve, O do not i - dle time a-way, Nor fold your



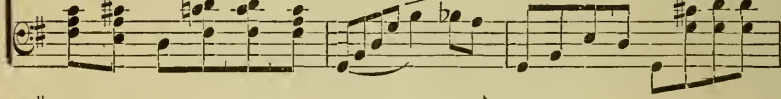
of the kingdom" clear and plain— The sweet and gracious message from the
all u-nite this truth to prove: The com-ing of the Son of man is
Ghost in ful-ness is out-poured; O'er all the earth it falls up-on the
hands in ex-pec-ta-tion vain; But speed Messiah's kingdom, and the



sure pro-phet-ic word, That the bless-ed Christ is com-ing soon a-gain?
draw-ing ver-y nigh; O my broth-er, His ap-pear-ing do you love?
dry and parch-ed ground, This re-fresh-ing from the pres-ence of the Lord.
glad mil-len-nial day When our Je-sus o-ver all the earth shall reign.

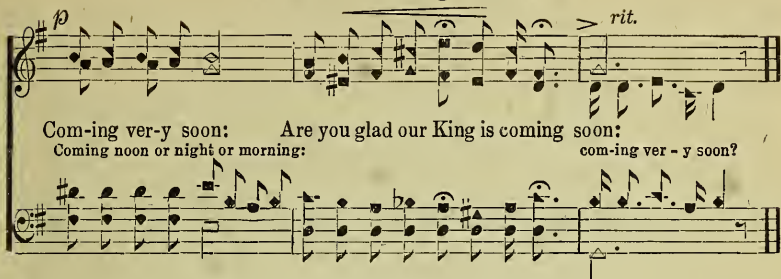
CHORUS. *Harmony.*


He is com-ing soon, Coming ver-y soon; Tho' the hour we
Heed the warn-ing! Com-ing noon, or night, or morn-ing;



may not know, He'll come within this gen-er-a-tion; He is com-ing soon,
Heed the warn-ing!

He is Coming Soon.



Com-ing ver-y soon: Are you glad our King is coming soon:
Coming noon or night or morning: com-ing ver - y soon?

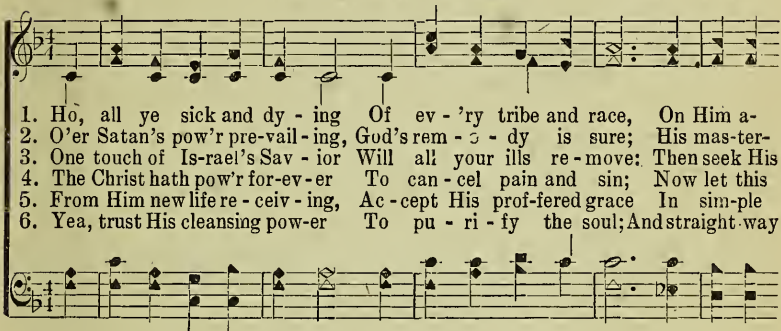
65

He Never Lost a Case.

T. H.


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Thoro Harris.

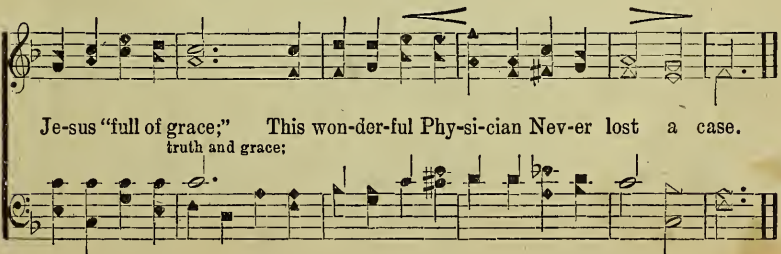


1. Ho, all ye sick and dy - ing Of ev - 'ry tribe and race, On Him a-
2. O'er Satan's pow'r pre-vail-ing, God's rem - e - dy is sure; His mas-ter-
3. One touch of Is-rael's Sav - ior Will all your ills re-move: Then seek His
4. The Christ hath pow'r for-ev-er To can-cel pain and sin; Now let this
5. From Him new life re - ceiv - ing, Ac-cept His prof-ered grace In sim-ple
6. Yea, trust His cleansing pow-er To pu - ri - fy the soul; And straight-way

CHORUS.



lone re - ly-ing Who nev - er lost a case—
skill un - fail-ing Your dread dis-ease can cure.
gra-cious fa-vor Whose on - ly fee is love. Come in your sad con-dition To
great Re-liev-er His heal-ing work be - gin.
faith, be-liev-ing He nev - er lost a case.
from this hour Be ev - 'ry whit made whole!



Je-sus "full of grace;" This won-der-ful Phy-si-cian Nev-er lost a case.
truth and grace;

1. There's a land . . of fade-less beau-ty, (fadeless beau-ty,) Where the
 2. There's a land . . of changeless glo - ry, (changeless glo - ry,) Where my
 3. There's a land . . of cloud-less splendor, (cloudless splendor,) Where is
 4. There's a land, . . we call it heav-en, (call it heav-en,) Where the

friends I loved have gone, (I loved have gone,) Where in all . . . the
 Sav - iour has His throne; (His glorious throne;) Where in all . . . the
 heard no moan or sigh: (no moan or sigh:) Joy and glad - less
 wear - y find sweet rest, (a per - fect rest,) Where I'll spend . . the

long for - ev - er (long for - ev - er) We shall know . as we are known.
 fu - ture a - ges, (fu - ture a - ges,) I will make his goodness known.
 dwell for - ev - er, (dwell for - ev - er,) In God's pal - a - ces on high.
 years e - ter - nal, (years e - ter - nal,) With the pu - ri - fied and blest.

REFRAIN.

Land of light . . . and land of beau-ty, . . How I
 Land of light and love and land of fade-less beau-ty,

long . . . thy courts to see!
 How I long thy courts to see!
 By and by . . . I'll cross thy
 By and by I'll cross thy
 How I long thy fair and gold-en courts to see!

A Land of Beauty.

por - tals Ev - er - more . . . at home to be.
 bright and shin - ing por - tals, Ev - er more . . . at home to be, at home to be.

Ev - er - more in heav'n at home to • be.

No. 67.

Christ Will Walk With Me.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Christ will walk with me in "the Beau-ti-ful Way" That leads to the home above,
2. I have toils and cares, but my heart he will cheer, And keep me in perfect peace;
3. He my feet will guide ev-'ry step of the way, He will not His child forsake;
- 4 'Tis a wondrous life, full of glad-ness to me, My soul, it is sat-is-fied;

And be-stow on me ev-'ry pass-ing day All the fullness of His great love.
 And the joy I feel, with my Lord so near, Is a joy that will never cease.
 I can safe-ly rest on His word alway, 'Tis a promise that will not break.
 Thro' the years of time and e - ter - ni - ty Je-sus nev-er will leave my side.

(O yes!)

REFRAIN.

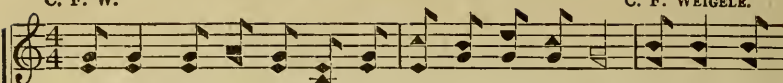
My Saviour will walk with me, Will walk all the way with me,
 My Sav-iour will walk the way with me, with me.

And we'll journey on till, the vic-t'ry won, In glo-ry His face I see.

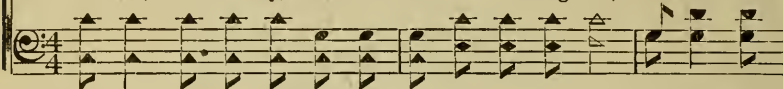
No. 68. I'M ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

C. F. W.

C. F. WEIGELE.



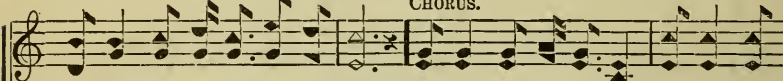
1. I've found the Sav-iour, and I'm hap-py now in Him, I'm on the
2. I've left the wil-der-ness, I'm on the oth-er side, I'm on the
3. The pass-ing days bring man-y cares for me, I know, I'm on the
4. Broth-er, so wear-y, hear the Sav-iour call-ing thee, Come on the



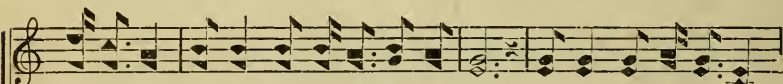
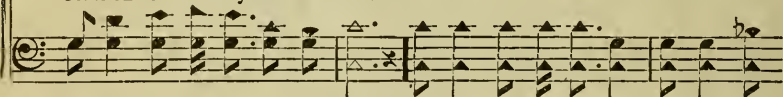
sun-ny side of life; He gives me vic-t'ry, I have peace and joy with-in,
 sun-ny side of life; Till Je-sus calls me home, in Ca-naan I'll a-bide,
 sun-ny side of life; I praise the Lord, He keeps me whit-er than the snow,
 sun-ny side of life; He will de-liv-er, He will keep thee ev-'ry day,



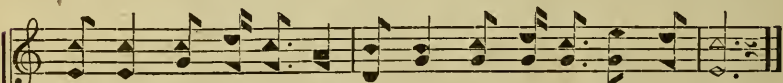
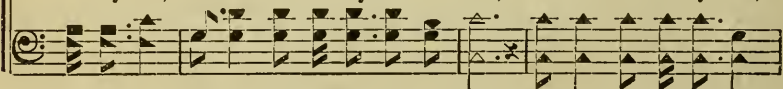
CHORUS.



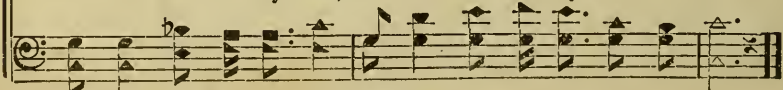
I'm on the sun-ny side of life.
 I'm on the sun-ny side of life.
 I'm on the sun-ny side of life. } I'm on the sun-ny side, I'm on the
 Come on the sun-ny side of life.



sun-ny side, I'm on the sun-ny side of life; I'm on the sun-ny side,



I'm on the sun-ny side, I'm on the sun-ny side of life.



1. In sha - dy, green pas - tures, so rich and so sweet, God
 2. Some-times on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God
 3. Tho' sor - rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God
 4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God

leads His dear children a - long; Where the water's cool flow bathes the
 leads His dear children a - long; Some - times in the val-ley in the
 leads His dear children a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de-
 leads His dear children a - long; A - way up in glo - ry, e-

wea - ry ones' feet, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long.
 dark - est of night, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long.
 feat all our foes, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long.
 ter - ni - ty's day, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long.

CHORUS.

Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood, Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the Blood;

Rit.

Some thro' great sorrow, but God gives a song, In the night season and all the day long.

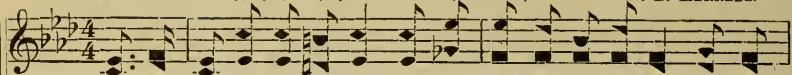
No. 70.

Looking at the Cross.

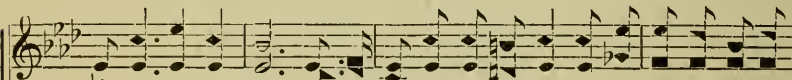
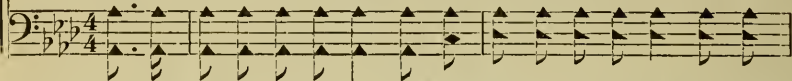
N. B. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

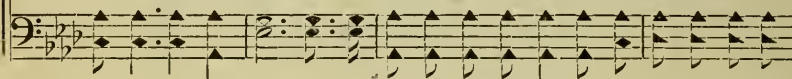
N. B. HERRELL.



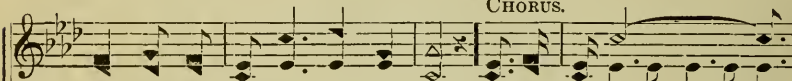
1. Love di - vine now reaches me, From my sins I am set free, While I'm
2. Lord, I come this sec - ond time, For thy cleans - ing touch di - vine, While I'm
3. Doubt gives way to shouts of praise, As in faith my hands I raise, While I'm
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry, all the day, Glo - ry, glo - ry all the way, While I'm



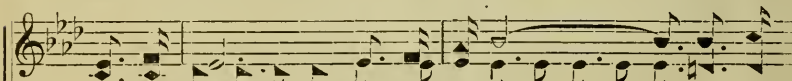
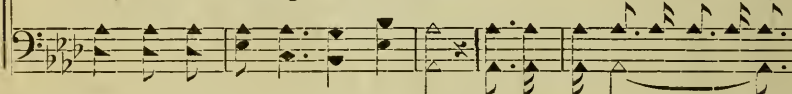
look - ing at the cross ; Joy and peace now fill my soul, Je - sus has complete con -
 look - ing at the cross ; Faith takes hold the promise sure, And His blood doth make me
 look - ing at the cross ; Je - sus sanc - ti - fies the whole, Perfect love now fills my
 look - ing at the cross ; Ful - ly, free - ly jus - ti - fied, Tru - ly, whol - ly sanc - ti -



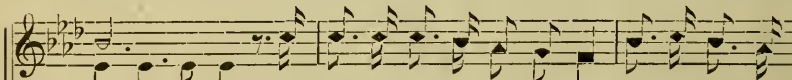
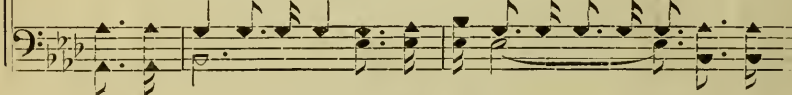
CHORUS.



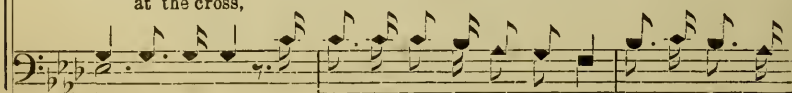
trol, While I'm look - ing at the cross. While I'm look - ing
 pure, While I'm look - ing at the cross.
 soul, While I'm look - ing at the cross.
 fied, While I'm look - ing at the cross.



at the cross, While I'm look - ing, at the
 at the cross look - ing, look - ing.



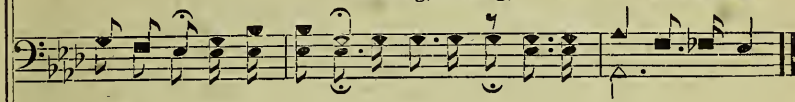
cross, The blood, the blood now makes me whole, Glo - ry, glo - ry
 at the cross,



Looking at the Cross. Concluded.



fills my soul while I'm look-ing, at the cross,
look-ing, look-ing, at the cross.



No. 71.

Just What I Need.

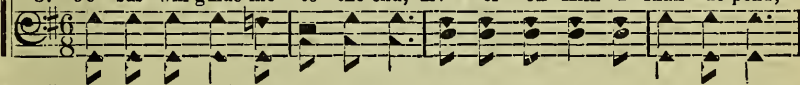
Ownad by, R. E. Winsett. East Chattanooga, Tenn.

JAMES ROWE.

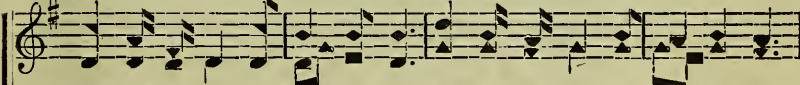
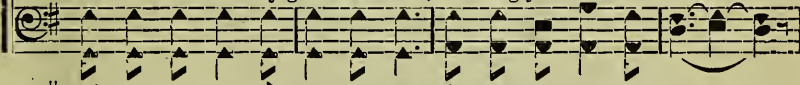
J. M. HENSON.



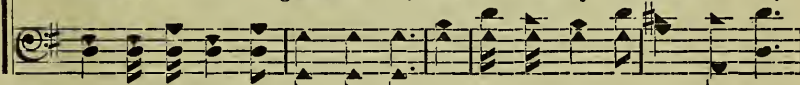
1. Je - sus is life and light to me, Keep-ing me hap-py, pure and free;
2. How can I praise Him as I ought, Je - sus who such de-light has brought;
3. Je - sus will guide me to the end, Ev - er on Him I shall de-pend;



Close to my trust-ing soul is He, Giv-ing just what I need.
Keep-ing me ev-er in His tho't, Giv-ing just what I need.
Faith-ful will be my gra-cious friend, Giv-ing just what I need.



Just what I need He gives to me, Clos-er each day He lives to me;

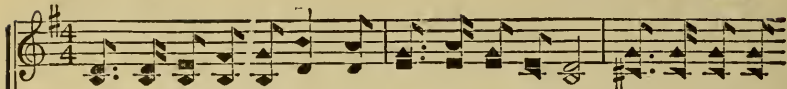


Praise His dear name, He saved me from shame, Giv-ing just what I need.

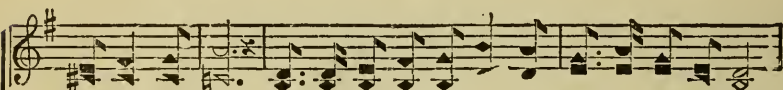
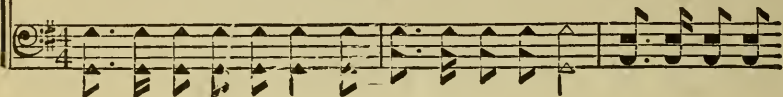


Mrs. M. A. S.

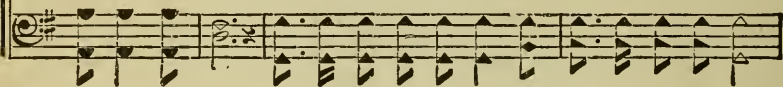
Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELE.



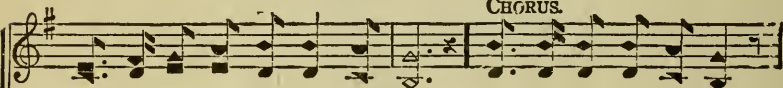
1. Do you love the Sav - ior who's done so much for you? Con - se - crate your
 2. Are your tal - ents hid - den? O bring them to the light, Con - se - crate your
 3. Would you ne'er be i - dle? this ver - y day be - gin, Con - se - crate your



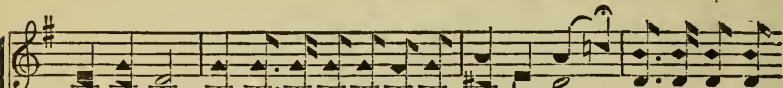
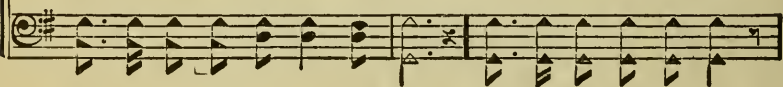
tal - ents to Him; Bring them to the Mas - ter and see what He will do,
 tal - ents to Him; He will give the se - cret of mak - ing tal - ents bright,
 tal - ents to Him; Would you seek the stray - ing, some pre - cious souls to win?



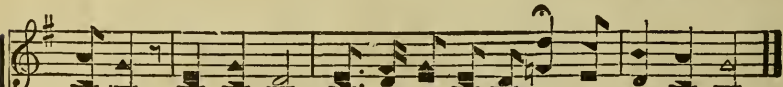
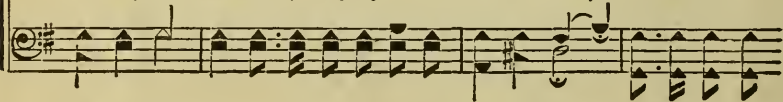
CHORUS.



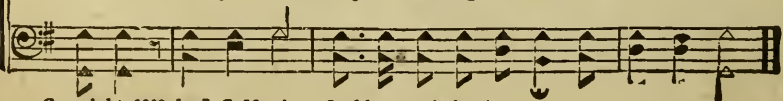
Con - se - crate your tal - ents to Him. Con - se - crat - ed tal - ents,



how they shine, Touched by the glory of the love di - vine; Con - se - crat - ed



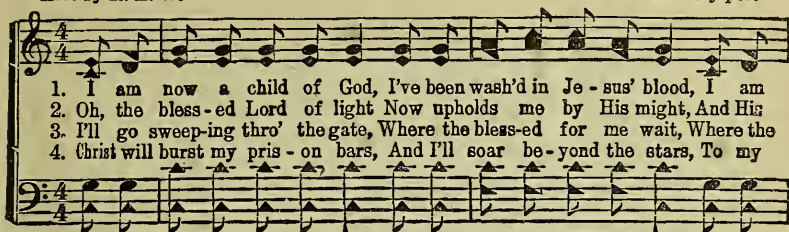
tal - ents, do you know, Help in mak - ing heav - en or earth be - low?



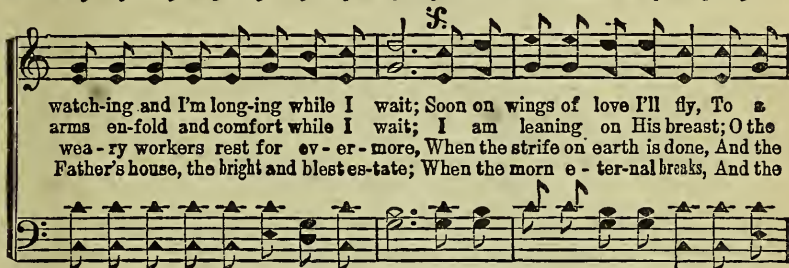
No. 73. Sweeping Through the Gates.

Arr. by R. E. W.

J. L. MOORE. By per.



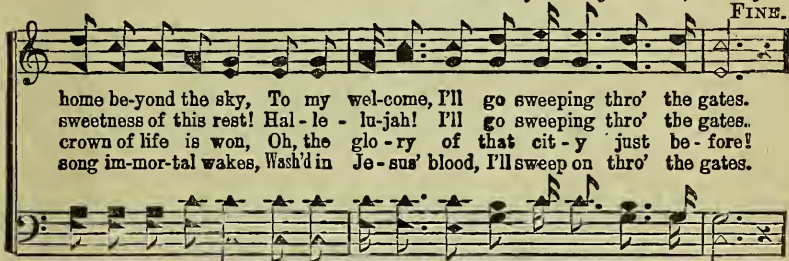
1. I am now a child of God, I've been wash'd in Je-sus' blood, I am
 2. Oh, the bless-ed Lord of light Now upholds me by His might, And His
 3. I'll go sweep-ing thro' the gate, Where the bless-ed for me wait, Where the
 4. Christ will burst my pris-on bars, And I'll soar be-yond the stars, To my



watch-ing and I'm long-ing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I'll fly, To a
 arms en-fold and comfort while I wait; I am leaning on His breast; O the
 wea-ry workers rest for ev-er-more, When the strife on earth is done, And the
 Father's house, the bright and blest-es-tate; When the morn-e-ter-nal breaks, And the

D. S.—In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Saved from

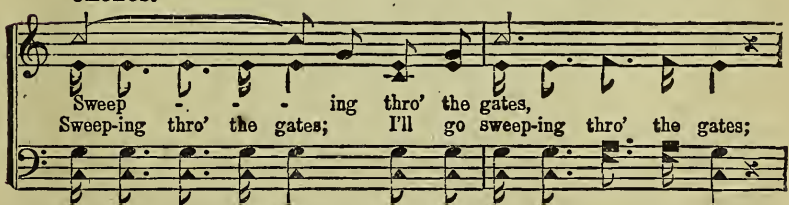
FINE.



home be-yond the sky, To my wel-come, I'll go sweeping thro' the gates.
 sweetness of this rest! Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll go sweeping thro' the gates.
 crown of life is won, Oh, the glo-ry of that cit-y just be-fore!
 song im-mor-tal wakes, Wash'd in Je-sus' blood, I'll sweep on thro' the gates.

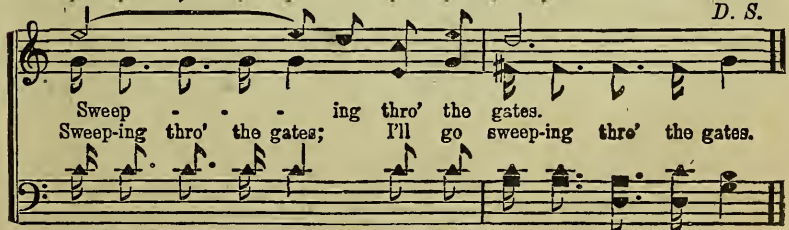
ev'ry stain I am, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll go sweeping thro' the gates.

CHORUS.



Sweep - - - ing thro' the gates,
 Sweep-ing thro' the gates; I'll go sweep-ing thro' the gates;

D. S.



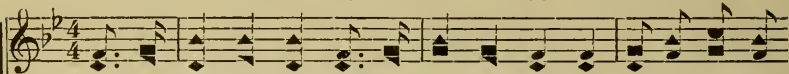
Sweep - - - ing thro' the gates.
 Sweep-ing thro' the gates; I'll go sweep-ing thro' the gates.

No. 74. Just Over in the Glory-Land.

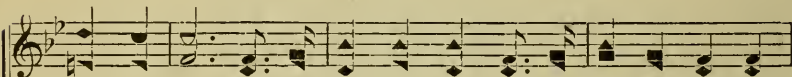
JAS. W. ACUFF.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean and Acuff. Used by per.

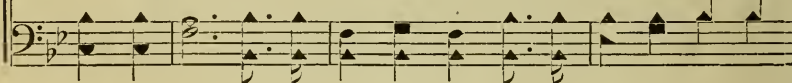
EMMETT S. DEAN.



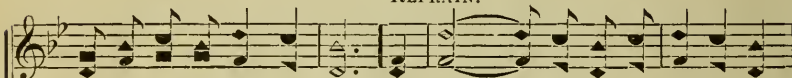
1. I've a home pre-pared where the saints a-bide, Just o-ver in the
2. I am on my way to those mansions fair, Just o-ver in the
3. What a joy-ful tho't, that my Lord I'll see, Just o-ver in the
4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o-ver in the



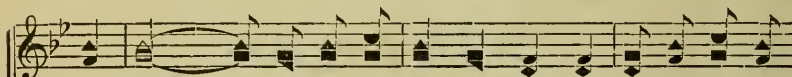
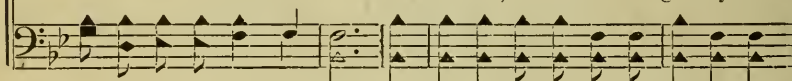
glo - ry-land; And I long to be by my Sav-ior's side, Just
glo - ry-land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo - ry share, Just
glo - ry-land; And with kin-dred saved, there for-ev - er be, Just
glo - ry-land; Glad ho-san-nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just



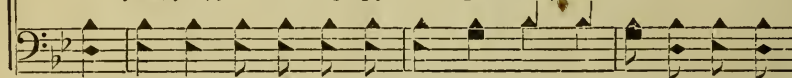
REFRAIN.



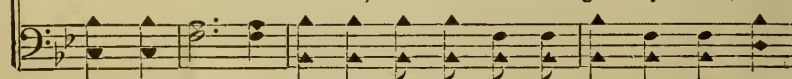
o-ver in the glo - ry-land. Just o - ver in the glo-ry-land,
Just o-ver, o-ver in the glo-ry-land,



I'll join..... the hap-py an-gel band, Just o-ver in the
I'll join, yes, join the hap-py an-gel band,



glo - ry-land; Just o - ver in the glo - ry-land, There
Just o-ver, o-ver in the glo - ry-land, There



Just Over in the Glory-Land. Concluded.

with .. the mighty host I'll stand, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
with, yes, with the mighty host I'll stand,

No. 75. Feasting With My Lord.

JOHN S. BROWN.

L. O. BROWN.

1. Since my soul is saved and sanc-ti-fied, Feasting, I'm feasting,
2. Feed-ing on the hon-ey and the wine, Feasting, I'm feasting,
3. Day by day we have a new sup-ply, Feasting, I'm feasting,
4. Man-y times we have an ex-tra spread, Feasting, I'm feasting,
5. Oft-en there are on-ly just we two, Feasting, I'm feasting,
6. If perchance the cupboard's scarce of bread, Feasting, I'm feasting,

In this land of Ca-naan I'll a-bide, Feasting with my Lord.
Gath-er-ing the clusters from the vine, Feasting with my Lord.
And the food is nev-er stale nor dry, Feasting with my Lord.
When to deep-er truths I have been led, Feasting with my Lord.
Then He tells me what He'd have me do, Feasting with my Lord.
On the hid-den man-na I am fed, Feasting with my Lord.

CHORUS.

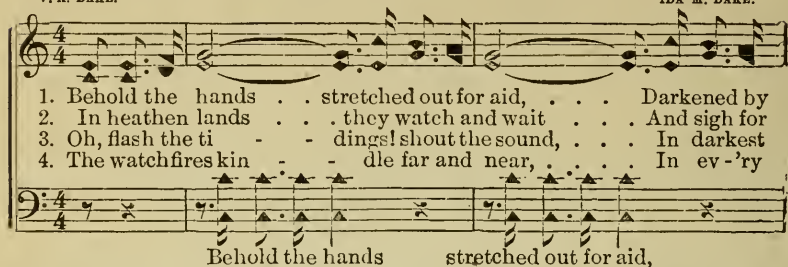
Feast-ing, I am feast-ing, Feast-ing with my Lord; I'm

feast-ing, I am feast-ing On the liv-ing Word.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—Isa. 60 : 5.

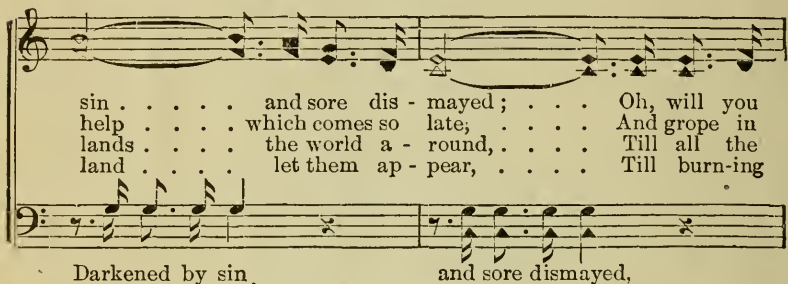
V. A. DAKE.

IDA M. DAKE.



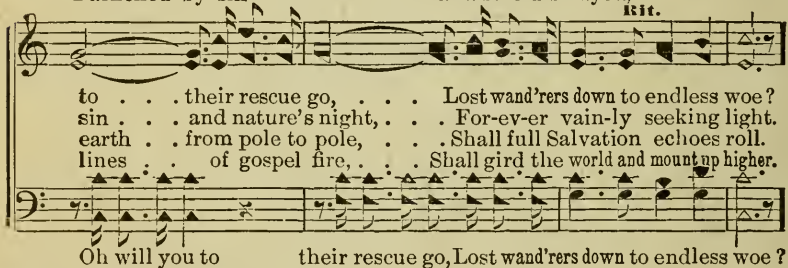
1. Behold the hands . . . stretched out for aid, . . . Darkened by
 2. In heathen lands . . . they watch and wait . . . And sigh for
 3. Oh, flash the ti - dings! shout the sound, . . . In darkest
 4. The watchfires kin - dle far and near, . . . In ev-'ry

Behold the hands stretched out for aid,



sin . . . and sore dis - mayed; . . . Oh, will you
 help . . . which comes so late; . . . And grope in
 lands . . . the world a - round, . . . Till all the
 land . . . let them ap - pear, . . . Till burn-ing

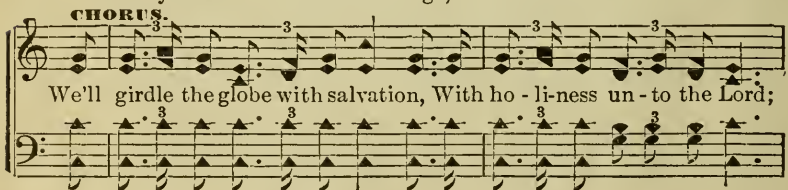
Darkened by sin and sore dismayed,



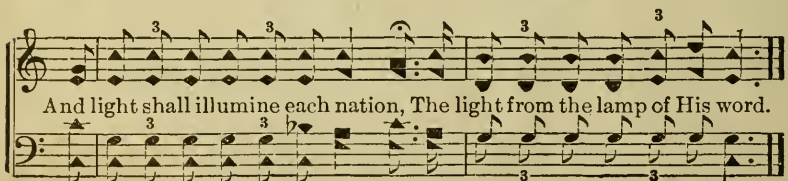
to . . . their rescue go, . . . Lost wand'ers down to endless woe?
 sin . . . and nature's night, . . . For-ev-er vain-ly seeking light.
 earth . . . from pole to pole, . . . Shall full Salvation echoes roll.
 lines . . . of gospel fire, . . . Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Oh will you to their rescue go, Lost wand'ers down to endless woe?

CHORUS.



We'll girdle the globe with salvation, With ho - li-ness un-to the Lord;



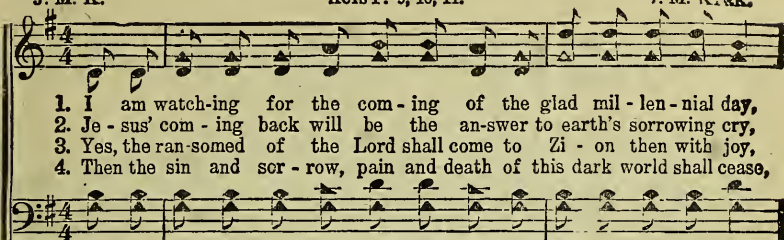
And light shall illumine each nation, The light from the lamp of His word.

No. 77 OUR LORD'S RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.

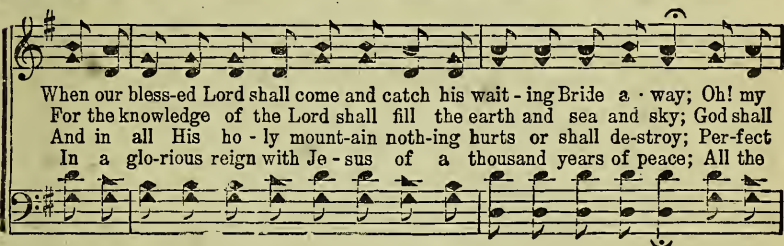
J. M. K.

ACTS 1: 9, 10, 11.

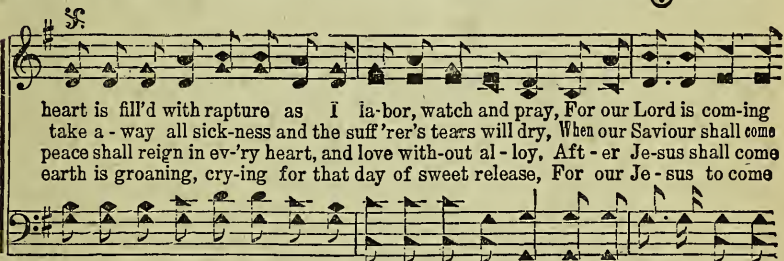
J. M. KIRK.



1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and scr-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,



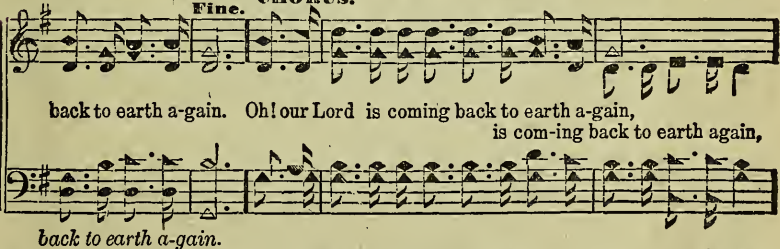
When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch his wait-ing Bride a-way; Oh! my
For the knowl-edge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all His ho-ly mount-ain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glo-rious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace; All the



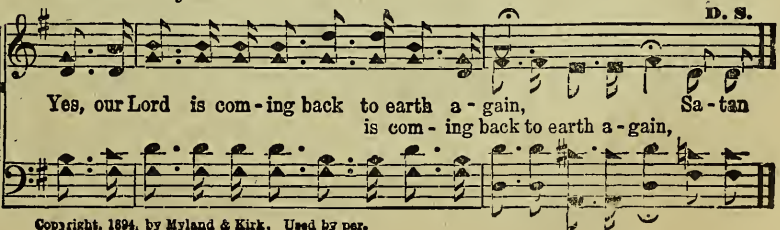
heart is fill'd with rapture as I la-bor, watch and pray, For our Lord is com-ing
take a-way all sick-ness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
peace shall reign in ev'-ry heart, and love with-out al-loy, Aft-er Je-sus shall come
earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet release, For our Je-sus to come

D.S. will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, After Jesus shall come

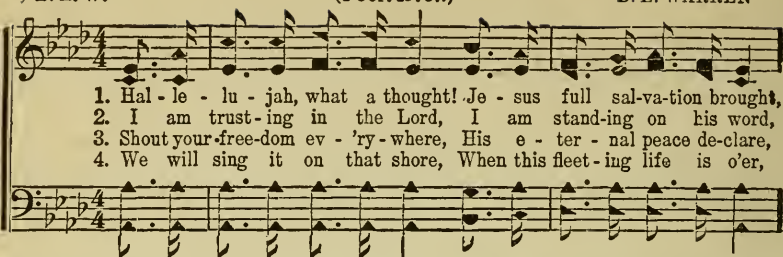
Fine. CHORUS.



back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth again,
back to earth a-gain.



Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain, Sa-tan
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,



1. Hal - le - lu - jah, what a thought! Je - sus full sal - va - tion brought,
 2. I am trust - ing in the Lord, I am stand - ing on his word,
 3. Shout your free - dom ev - 'ry - where, His e - ter - nal peace de - clare,
 4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleet - ing life is o'er,

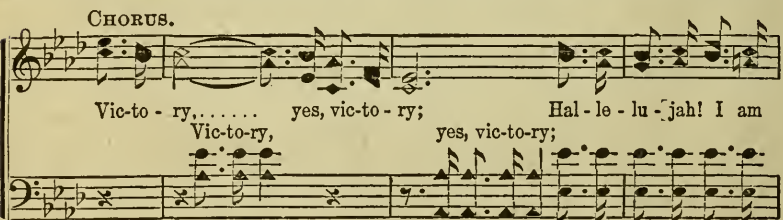


Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry. Let the pow'rs of sin as - sail,
 Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry. I have peace and joy with - in,
 Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry. Let us sing it here be - low,
 Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry. Sing it here, ye ransomed throng,

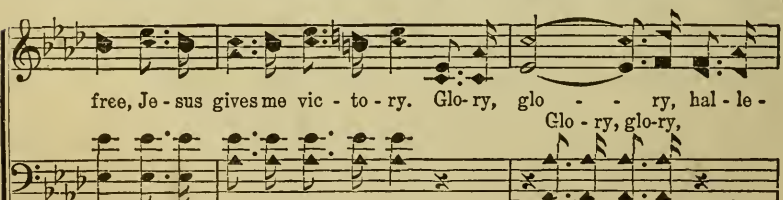


Heaven's grace can nev - er fail, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.
 Since my life is free from sin; Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.
 In the face of ev - 'ry foe, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.
 Start the ev - er - last - ing song:—Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

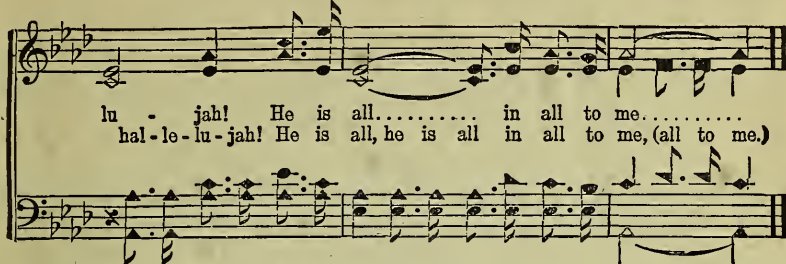


Vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! I am
 Vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry;



free, Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry. Glo - ry, glo - - - ry, hal - le -
 Glo - ry, glo - ry,

Victory. Concluded.



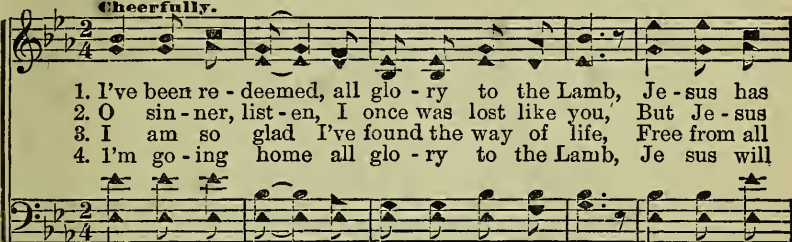
lu - jah! He is all..... in all to me.....
hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, he is all in all to me, (all to me.)

No. 79

I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

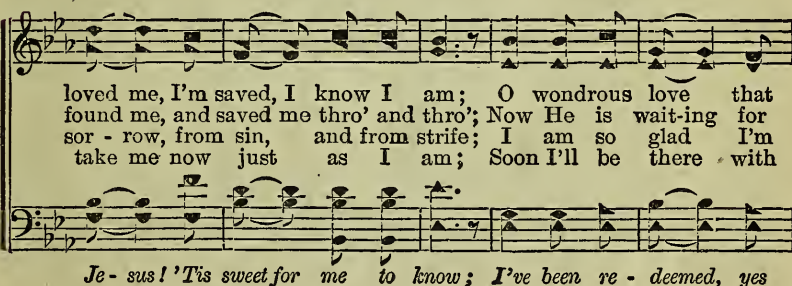
Furnished by E. A. F.
Cheerfully.

Arranged by A. F. I.

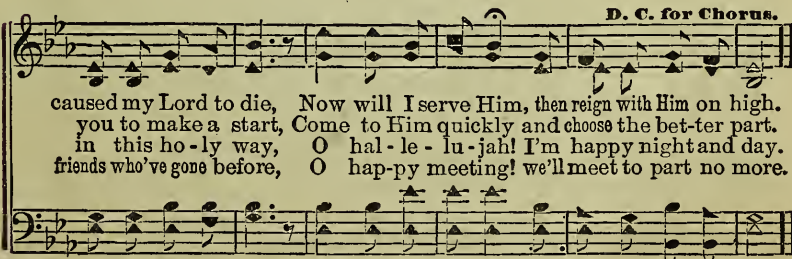


1. I've been re - deemed, all glo - ry to the Lamb, Je - sus has
2. O sin - ner, list - en, I once was lost like you, But Je - sus
3. I am so glad I've found the way of life, Free from all
4. I'm go - ing home all glo - ry to the Lamb, Je sus will

CHO.—I've been re - deemed, yes, I have been re-deemed, Glo - ry to



loved me, I'm saved, I know I am; O wondrous love that
found me, and saved me thro' and thro'; Now He is waiting for
sor - row, from sin, and from strife; I am so glad I'm
take me now just as I am; Soon I'll be there with
Je - sus! 'Tis sweet for me to know; I've been re - deemed, yes



D. C. for Chorus.
caused my Lord to die, Now will I serve Him, then reign with Him on high.
you to make a start, Come to Him quickly and choose the bet-ter part.
in this ho - ly way, O hal - le - lu-jah! I'm happy night and day.
friends who've gone before, O hap-py meeting! we'll meet to part no more.

I have been redeemed, O hal - le - lu-jah! my soul is white as snow.

No. 80 The Abiding Place in Jesus.

This song was born amidst the storms of adversity while upon our knees in the Secret Chamber. May it cause the barren wastes of joyless, fruitless lives to blossom as the rose.

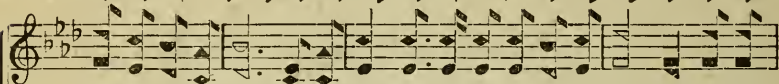
F. M. L.

F. M. LEHMAN.

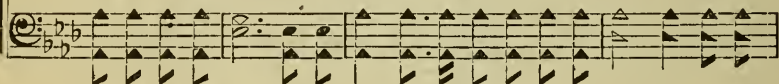
Good for Solo.



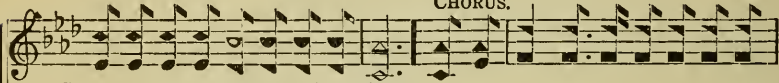
1. Have you reached this a-bid-ing place in Je-sus? Are you graft-ed in the
2. Have you faith that shall nev-er, nev-er fal-ter When your life is threatened
3. Do you love Je-sus best of all each mo-ment? Have you died to all the
4. There's a place in the se-cret of His pres-ence, Where the warring sounds of
5. Here we rest and en-joy His promised ful-ness, Here He keeps us in the



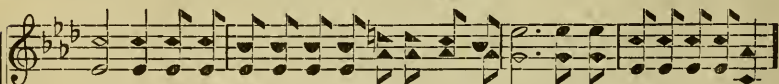
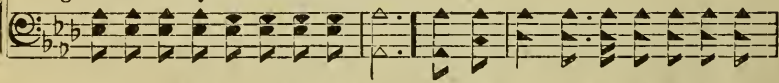
True and Liv-ing Vine? Have you peace that the Devil can-not shat-ter? Is the
with a thousand cares? Have you grace that will win in ev-ry con-flict When the
tri-ling things of time? If you've found this a-bid-ing place in Je-sus, You have
earth can-not an- noy, Where the soul rests se-cure-ly in His keep-ing, And the
hol-low of His hand; And tho'storms sweep the soul in all their fu-ry, He will



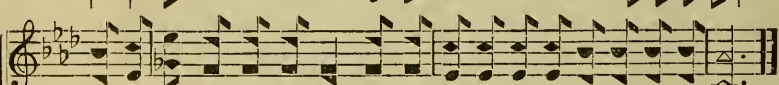
CHORUS.



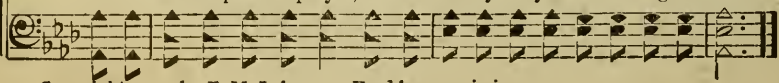
Spir - it your com-pan-ion all the time?
tempt-er comes up-on you un - a-ware?
con - stant vic-t'ry all a - long the line. Have you reached this a-bid-ing place in
charms of earth cannot our peace destroy.
guide us safe-ly to the Har-bor-Land.



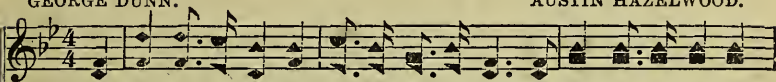
Je-sus? Are you grafted in the True and Living Vine? There is rest from ev'ry care



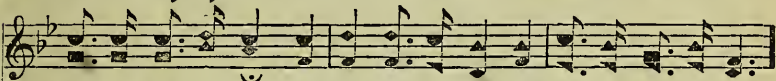
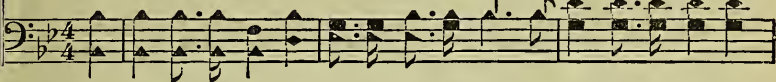
in the se-cret place of prayer, There is vic-t'ry for you all a-long the line.



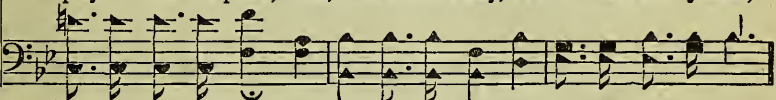
(Dedicated to all who are preparing for the coming of our blessed Saviour.—A. H.)
 GEORGE DUNN. AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



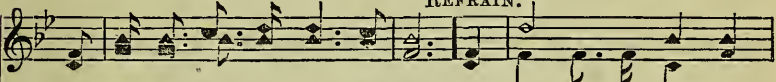
1. Our Saviour will come once more up-on this earth, Ex-alt-ed on high and
2. He's com-ing a-gain with an-gels shining bright, In glo-ry so fair from
3. He's com-ing a-gain to judge the quick and dead, The wick-ed shall flee be-
4. He's com-ing a-gain, we do not know the hour, He told us to watch and



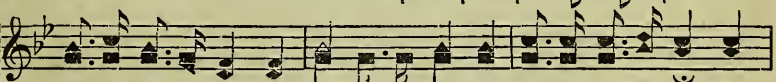
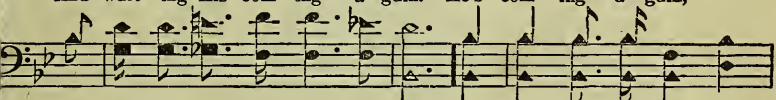
not of low-ly birth; He'll gath-er with Him all those who love His name,
 out the land of light; Tri-umph-ant in pow'r, to earth He will descend,
 fore His face in dread; The righteous will shout and praise His ho-ly name,
 pray to Him for pow'r; That, come when He may, He'll find us read-y then,



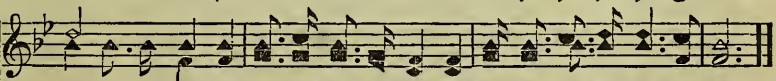
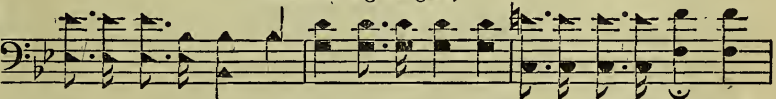
REFRAIN.



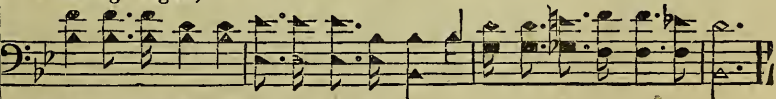
He's com-ing, yes, com-ing a-gain. He's com-ing, I
 He's com-ing, yes, com-ing a-gain.
 He's com-ing, yes, com-ing a-gain.
 And wait-ing His com-ing a-gain. He's com-ing a-gain,



have so oft-en heard, He's com-ing, 'tis written in His word; He's
 He's com-ing a-gain,



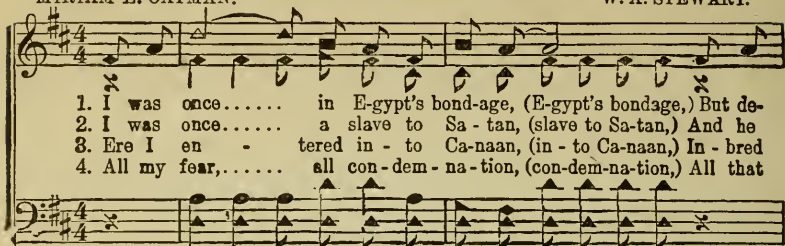
com-ing, we'll sing the glad re-frain, He's coming, yes, coming a-gain.
 com-ing a-gain,



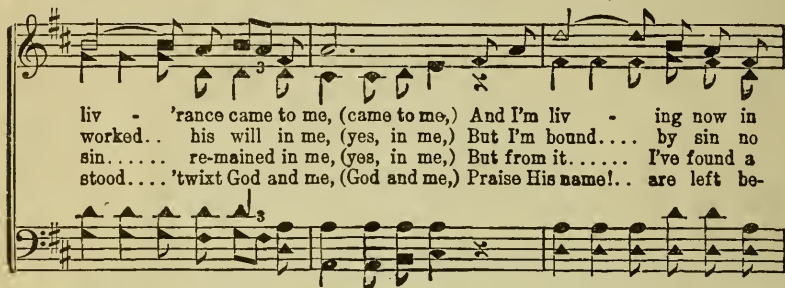
No. 82. The Son Hath Made Me Free.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

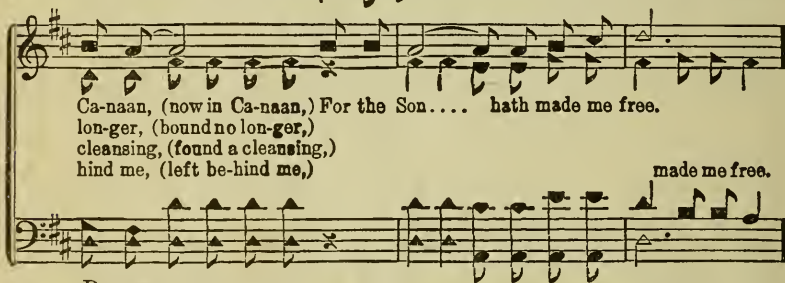
W. A. STEWART.



1. I was once..... in E-gypt's bond-age, (E-gypt's bondage,) But de-
 2. I was once..... a slave to Sa - tan, (slave to Sa-tan,) And he
 3. Ere I en - tered in - to Ca-naan, (in - to Ca-naan,) In - bred
 4. All my fear,..... all con-dem-na-tion, (con-dem-na-tion,) All that

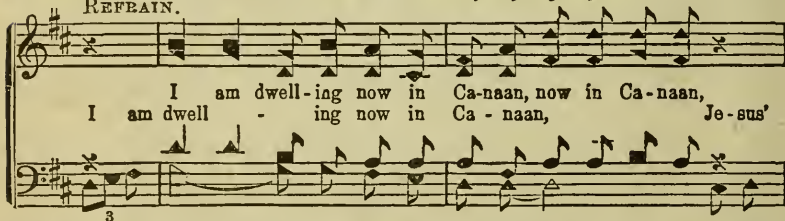


liv - 'rance came to me, (came to me,) And I'm liv - ing now in
 worked.. his will in me, (yes, in me,) But I'm bound.... by sin no
 sin..... re-mained in me, (yes, in me,) But from it..... I've found a
 stood.... 'twixt God and me, (God and me,) Praise His name!.. are left be-

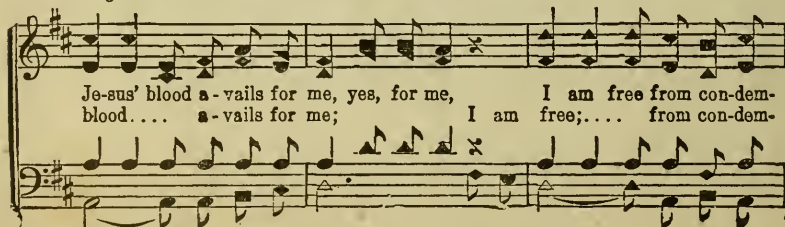


Ca-naan, (now in Ca-naan,) For the Son.... hath made me free.
 lon-ger, (bound no lon-ger,) made me free.
 cleansing, (found a cleansing,) made me free.
 hind me, (left be-hind me,) made me free.

REFRAIN.



I am dwell-ing now in Ca-naan, now in Ca-naan,
 I am dwell - ing now in Ca - naan, Je - sus'



Je-sus' blood a - vails for me, yes, for me, I am free from con-dem-
 blood.... a - vails for me; I am free;.... from con-dem-

THE SON HATH MADE ME FREE. Concluded.

na-tion, con-dem-na-tion, For the Son hath made me free.
na-tion, For the Son..... hath made me free (hath made me free).

5 Worldly pleasures can not charm me, No delight in them I see,
Fashion, folly, pride have left me,
For the Son hath made me free.

6 Evil temper's wicked passions, In my heart no more I see,
All my selfishness has banished,
For the Son hath made me free.

Owned and controlled by R. E. Winsett, East Chattanooga, Tenn.

No. 83.

JOHN iii: 16.

J. MANTON SMITH.

W. H. HARPER.

1. { I love to tell the sto - ry, How Christ, the King of
For sin - ners, He re - ceives them, His blood was shed to

D. C.—You say, "How do I know it?" —John iii: six - teen will
Fine.

Glo - ry, Left heav'n a - bove and came to res - cüe me: }
save them— So Je - sus died for sin - ners just like me. }

show it; That big word "who - so - ev - er" just mean me.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Yes, yes, yes, O yes! Je - sus died to set poor sin - ners free;

2 So now I'll try to please Him,
My life I give to serve Him;
His true and faithful servant I will be;
And when called home to glory,
I'll sing the good old story,
That Jesus died for sinners just like me.

3 Then, brother, won't you love Him?
And, sister, won't you trust Him?
I know He died for you as well as me:
We need our sins forgiven,
That we may go to heaven,
To live with Christ who died for you and me.

1. Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beau-ti-ful land of light, Beautiful home so bright,
 2. Beau-ti-ful thought to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e-ter-ni-ty,
 3. Beau-ti-ful things on high, O-ver in yon-der sky; Thus I shall leave this shore,

Where there shall come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in
 When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly joys to share; Let me cross
 Counting my treasures o'er; Where we shall never die, Carry me by and by, Nev-er to

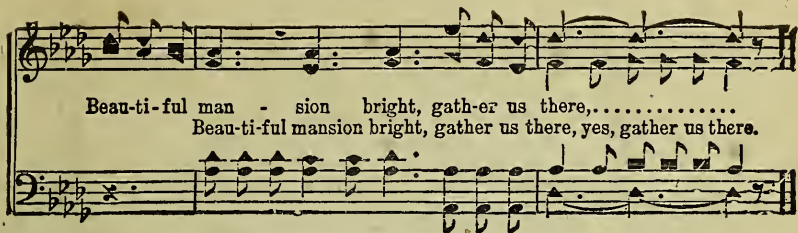
CHORUS.

mansions fair, Gather us there. Beautiful robes,..... Beautiful la,d,..
 o-ver there, This is my pray'r. Beautiful robes of white, Beautiful
 sor-row more, Heavenly store,

..... Beautiful home..... Beautiful band,.....
 land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright, Beau-ti-ful land no night,

Beau-ti-ful crown,..... Shining so fair,.....
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shining, yes, shining so fair,

Beautiful.

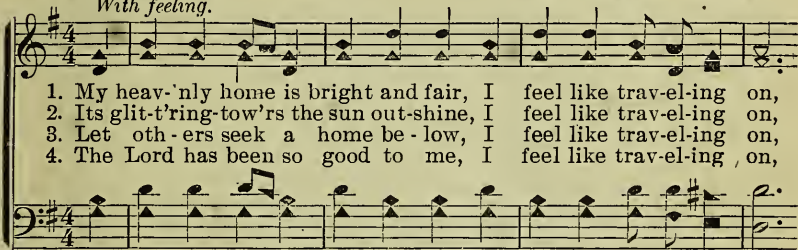


Beau-ti-ful man - sion bright, gath-er us there,.....
 Beau-ti-ful mansion bright, gather us there, yes, gather us there.

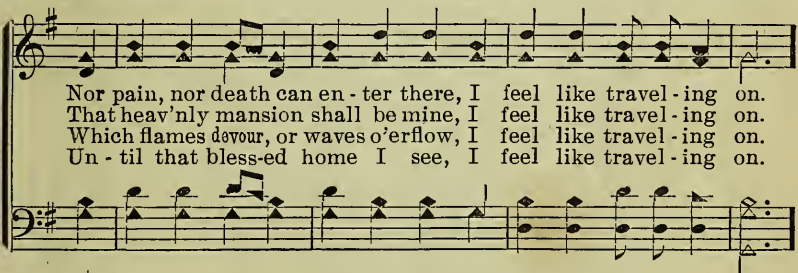
No. 85. I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.
With feeling.

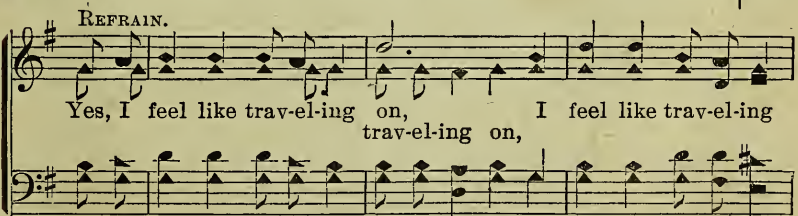
Arr. by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



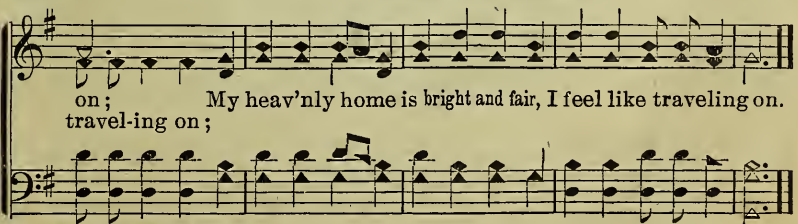
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
2. Its glit-t'ring-tow'rs the sun out-shine, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
4. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like trav-el-ing on,



Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there, I feel like travel-ing on.
 That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, I feel like travel-ing on.
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, I feel like travel-ing on.
 Un-til that bless-ed home I see, I feel like travel-ing on.



REFRAIN.
 Yes, I feel like trav-el-ing on, I feel like trav-el-ing
 trav-el-ing on,



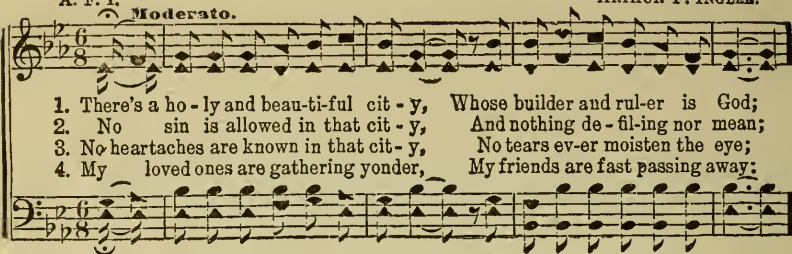
on; My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on.
 travel-ing on;

No. 86 THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN.

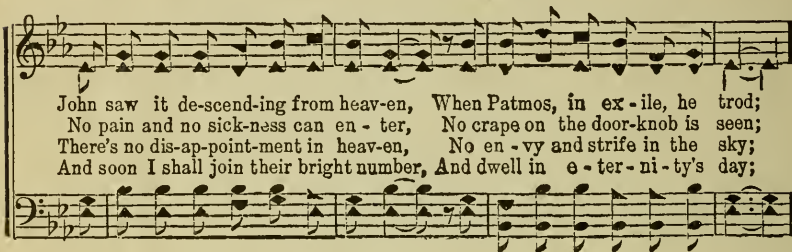
A. F. I.

ARTHUR F. INGLES.

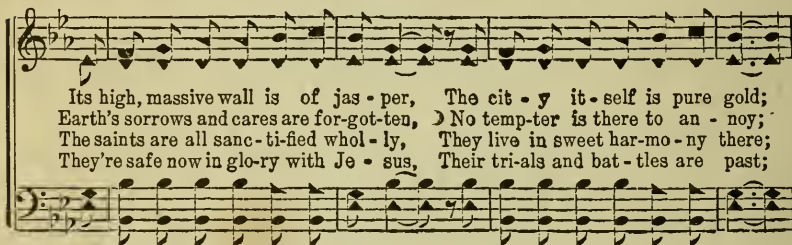
Moderato.



1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose build-er and rul-er is God;
 2. No sin is allowed in that cit-y, And noth-ing de-fil-ing nor mean;
 3. No heart-aches are known in that cit-y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
 4. My loved ones are gather-ing yon-der, My friends are fast pass-ing away;

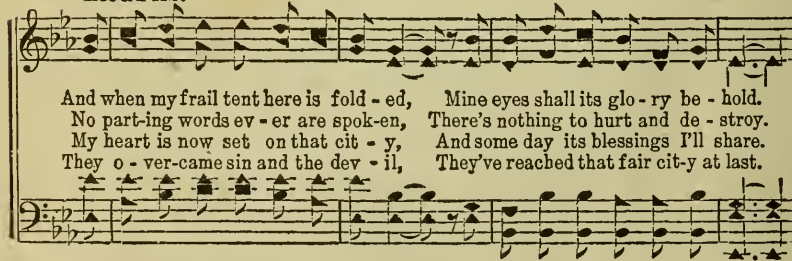


John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex-ile, he trod;
 No pain and no sick-ness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
 There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;
 And soon I shall join their bright num-ber, And dwell in e-ter-ni-ty's day;



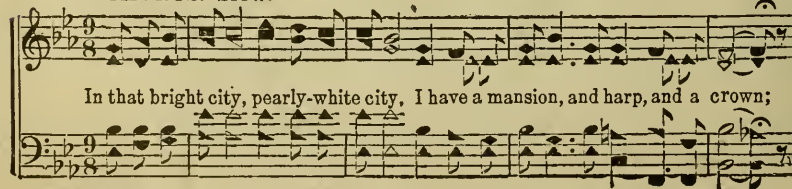
Its high, massive wall is of jas-per, The cit-y it-self is pure gold;
 Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got-ten, No temp-ter is there to an-noy;
 The saints are all sanc-ti-fied whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo-ny there;
 They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;

Rit ad lib.



And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
 No part-ing words ev-er are spok-en, There's noth-ing to hurt and de-stroy.
 My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
 They o-ver-came sin and the dev-il, They've reach-ed that fair cit-y at last.

CHORUS. Slow.



In that bright city, pearly-white city, I have a man-sion, and harp, and a crown;

THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN. Concluded.

Rit. ad lib.

Now I am watching, waiting and longing For the white city that's soon coming down.

No. 87.

God Is Able.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. God is a - ble to save the lost, save the lost, save the lost,
 2. God is a - ble to sanc - ti - fy, sanc - ti - fy, sanc - ti - fy,
 3. God is a - ble to an - swer pray'r, an - swer pray'r, an - swer pray'r,
 4. God is a - ble to keep His Word, keep His Word, keep His Word,
 5. God is a - ble to take us thro', take us thro', take us thro',

God is a - ble to save the lost, Glo - ry to His name.
 God is a - ble to sanc - ti - fy, Glo - ry to His name.
 God is a - ble to an - swer pray'r, Glo - ry to His name.
 God is a - ble to keep His Word, Glo - ry to His name.
 God is a - ble to take us thro', Glo - ry to His name.

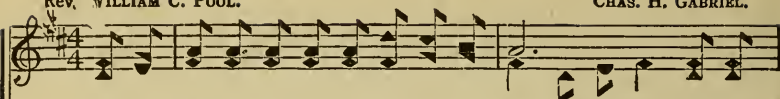
CHORUS.

A - ble to save and to sanc - ti - fy, A - ble to keep and to

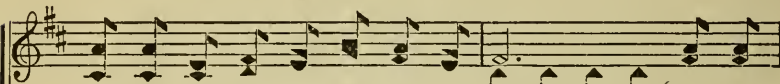
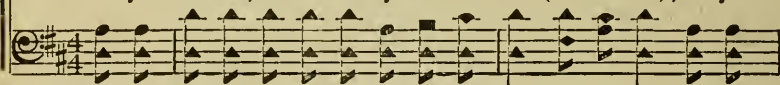
sat - is - fy, A - ble to guide to His home on high, Glo - ry to His name.

Rev. WILLIAM C. POOL.

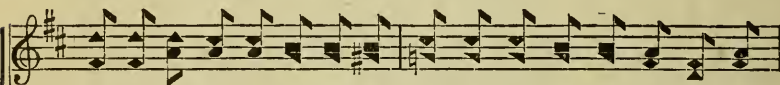
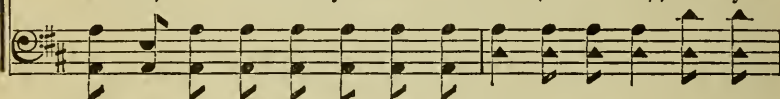
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



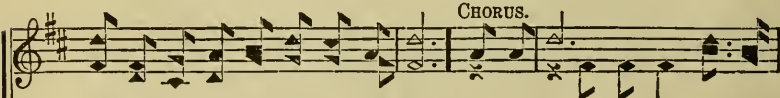
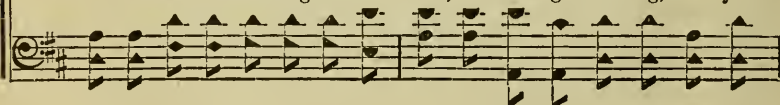
1. Are you free to work for Je - sus? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
2. Are you free to speak for Je - sus? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
3. Are you free to win the lost ones? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
4. Are you free from ev - 'ry bond-age? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
5. Are you free? Oh, Je - sus wants you To be free (To be free); Are you



free to work for Je - sus? Are you free (Are you free)? Har - vest
 free to speak for Je - sus? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
 free to win the lost ones? Are you free (Are you free)? Are you
 free from ev - 'ry bond-age? Are you free (Are you free)? Are the
 free? Oh, Je - sus wants you To be free (To be free); Glad - ly

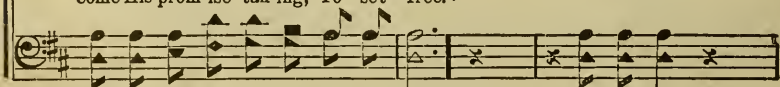


fields are white a-round you, Has the Sav-our's free-dom found you? Has He
 free to tell the sto-ry, How the Lord of earth and glo - ry Came and
 free to lead the straying To the Mas - ter's feet, there lay - ing Heart and
 chains of sin all riv - en? Is there noth - ing un - for - giv - en? Is the
 to the heart that's aching He will come, the bond-age break - ing, If you



CHORUS.

bro - ken chains that bound you, Are you free?
 shed His pres - ence o'er thee? Are you free? Are you free? Are you
 soul, His will o - bey - ing? Are you free?
 path - way clear to heav - en? Are you free? Are you free?
 come His prom - ise tak - ing, To set free.



ARE YOU FREE? Concluded.

free? There is freedom for your bondage; Are you free? Are you
Are you free? Are you free?

free? Are you free? Je-sus came to set the cap-tives free.
Are you free? Are you free?

No. 89. TRUSTING THEE, WHATEVER BETIDE

C. P. J.

JOB. 13: 15.

C. P. JONES.

1. Trusting Thee, what-ev-er be-tide, Ev-'ry pass-ing day, Lord, I know Thy
2. Lord, I yield my all now to Thee, Trusting pard'ning grace; To Thine arms for
3. Full sal-va-tion, that is my plea, Par-don, peace and pow'r; All I need, O

CHORUS.

love will provide; Help me then, I pray.
ref-uge I flee; Show Thy smil-ing face. } Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus is mine,
be Thou to me Ev-'ry pass-ing hour.

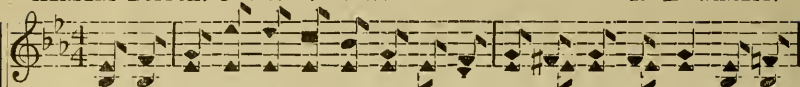
I have heeded His call; What a life of pleasure divine, Christ is all in all.

No. 90. The Best Is Yet To Come.

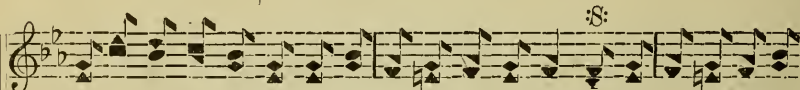
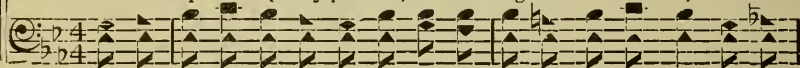
(Owned by R. E. Winsett, East Chattanooga, Tenn.)

HERBERT BUFFUM. 5TH V. R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT.



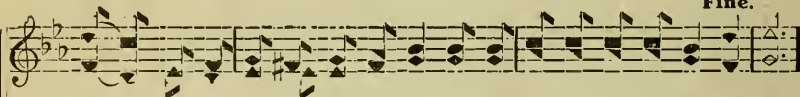
1. I have found the Sav-ior pre-cious, and He's all in all to me, From my
2. When I first felt sweet forgiveness, and my load of sin was gone, As be-
3. Then I tar-ried for the pow-er, of the bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost, As it
4. Thus adown life's checkered pathway, have new blessings come to me, Lift-ing
5. Soon we'll pass the pearly por-tals, to our bright e-ter-nal home, There to



guilt and con-dem-na-tion, He has set my spi-rit free, And the christian race grows
fore my eyes a vis-ion of new life seemed to crown, I was sure that heav'n on
fill long years a-go up-on a wait-ing praying host, Soon the fire came down from
strength'ning and upholding each one richer seemed to be, But I know till I reach
dwell with Christ for-ev-er ne'er a-gain in sin to roam, O the joy and bliss a-

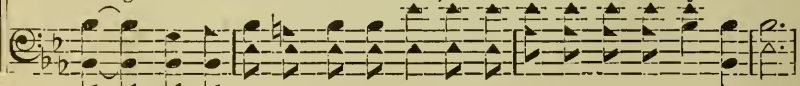


D. S. And tho' good the days have



Fine.

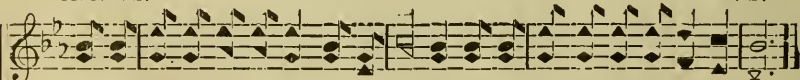
bright-er far than when twas first be-gan, But I knew the best was yet to come.
earth for me had then and there be-gun, Still I knew the best was yet to come.
heav-en and I know the work was done, Still I felt the best was yet to come.
heav-en and my earth-ly race is run, Time will prove the best is yet to come.
wait-ing those who win and o-ver-come, There will find the best was yet to come.



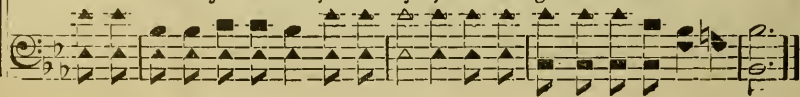
been, Since my heart was saved from sin, Still I know the best is yet to come.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O the best is yet to come, Hal-lelu-jah, There are greater vict'ries to be won.

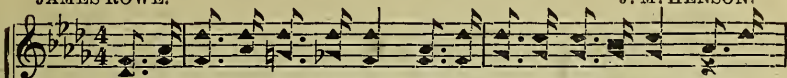


No. 91. We are Going to the King.

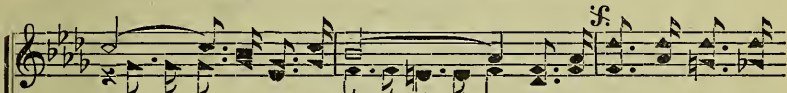
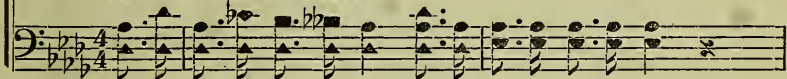
JAMES ROWE.

Owned by R. E. Winsett, E. Chattanooga, Tenn.

J. M. HENSON.

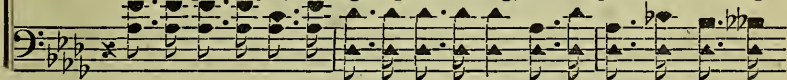


1. Trav-el on and nev - er fear, For the Glo - ry Day is near, We are
2. Heav - y tho' our bur - dens seem, Lights of home still glow and gleam,
3. Fight with faith and courage still, Brave-ly do His ho - ly will,

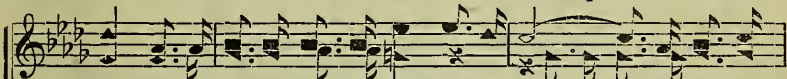


go - - - ing to the King;..... In the light of love re-

We are go-ing, yes, we're go-ing to the King; He will meet us at the



To His prom - ise hold - ing
D. S.—praise with heart and



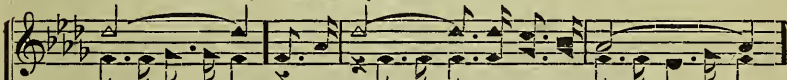
joyce, Sing His praise with heart and voice, We are go - - - ing to the
gate, Where the hap - py an - gels wait,
fast, To be crowned with Him at last,

We are go - ing, yes, we're

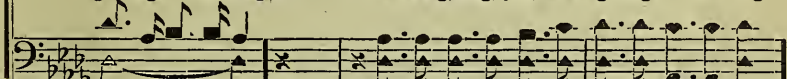


voice, In the light of love re-joyce, We are go - - - ing to our

FINE. REFRAIN.

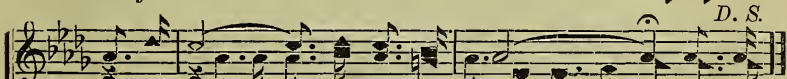


King..... We are go - - - ing to the King!.....
go-ing to the King, We are go-ing, yes, we're go-ing to the King!

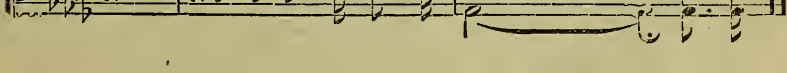
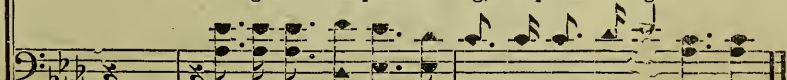


King.....

D. S.

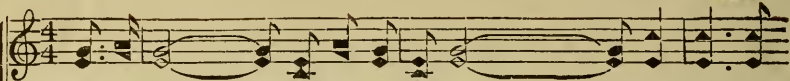


Go - ing home..... His praise to sing!..... Sing His
Go-ing home His praise to sing, His praise to sing!



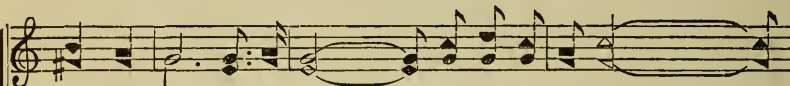
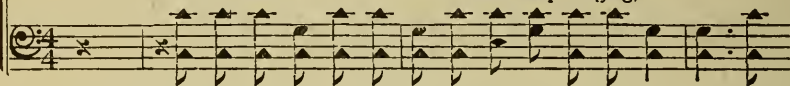
C. W. V.

CHAS. W. VAUGHAN.

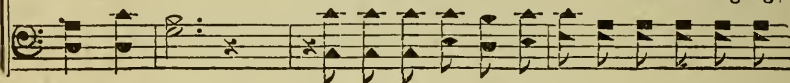


1. All the time..... my heart keeps singing,..... No cause have
 2. Ev - 'ry day..... my heart grows lighter,..... Bless - ings in -
 3. Love has filled..... my heart with gladness,..... Sav - iour, my

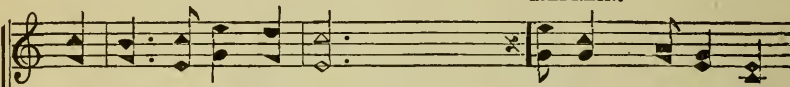
1. All the time heart keeps singing,



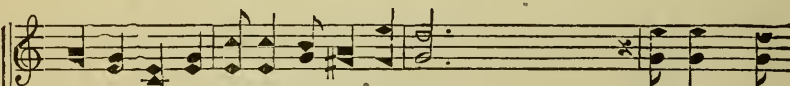
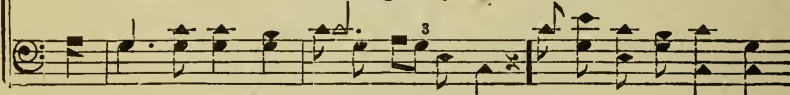
I to pine; To the Lord..... by faith I'm clinging,.....
 deed are mine; And my hope..... of heav-en brighter,.....
 heart is thine; Now I have..... no thought of sadness,.....
 To the Lord faith I'm cling-ing



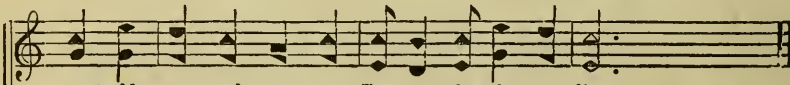
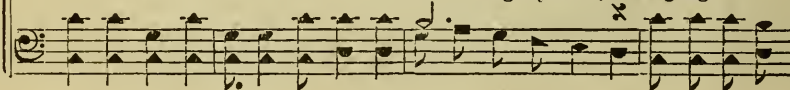
REFRAIN.



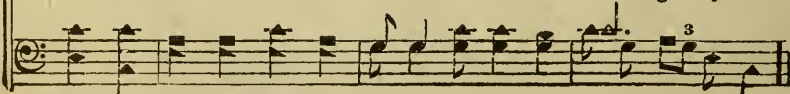
I'm on the glo - ry line. I'm on the line that
 the glo - ry line. I am on



leads to glo - ry, Hope makes it brightly shine; Sing-ing the
 so brightly shine; I'm sing-ing out



sweet old gos - pel sto - ry, I'm on the glo - ry line.
 the glo - ry line.



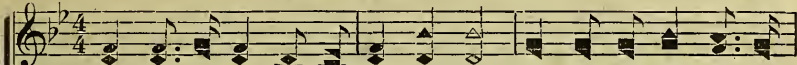
No. 93.

Washed in the Blood.

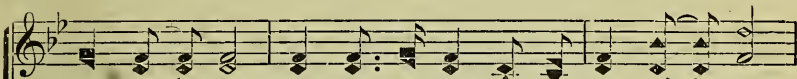
C. P. J.

Copyright, 1900, by C. P. Jones. Used by per.

C. P. JONES.

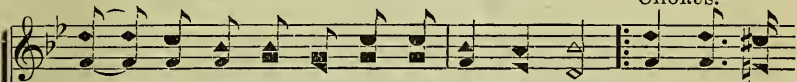


1. Washed in the blood, by the Spir - it sealed, Christ in His word is to
 2. Once I was blind, but be-hold, I see; God from a-bove now hath
 3. O that the world might the Saviour see, That bless-ed Sav-iour who
 4. Washed in the blood! sinner, come to-day; Je - sus so free - ly the

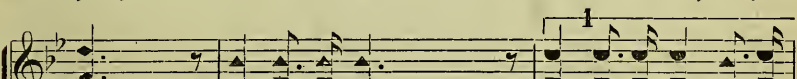


me re - vealed; Glo - ry to God! in my soul doth shine,
 shined in - to me; Cleansed from all sin, in His word I be - hold
 saved poor me! O how the lost ones would come shouting home,
 debt will pay; Come to His arms, to His arms of grace,


CHORUS.



God, my sal - va - tion, and His life is mine!
 Wealth which can nev - er be compared to gold. Washed in the
 Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er - more to roam!
 Come, now in meekness seek the Sav-iour's face.



1
 blood, washed in the blood! Washed in the blood, in the
 O glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah!

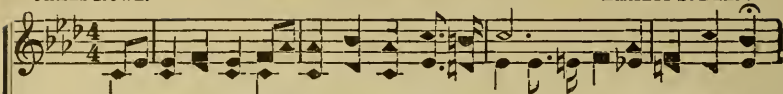


2
 soul-cleansing blood! Sealed in the Spir-it true, and washed in the blood!
 O glo-ry!

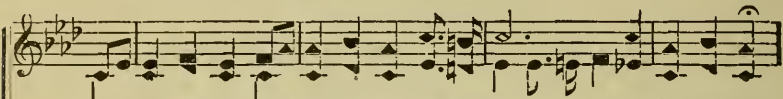
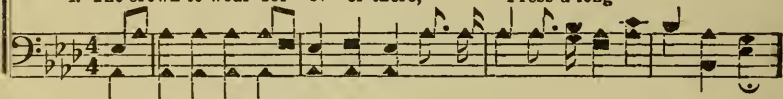
No. 94. Press Along to Glory-Land.

JAMES ROWE.

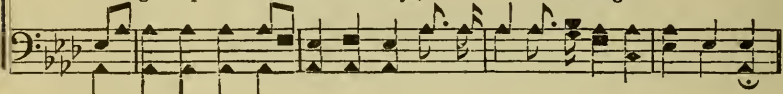
EMMETT S. DEAN.



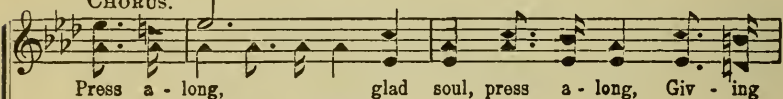
1. O ransomed souls, with joyous song Press a-long to Glo - ry-land;
2. The foe may rave, but Christ will save,
3. To join once more those gone be - fore,
4. The crown to wear for - ev - er there, Press a-long



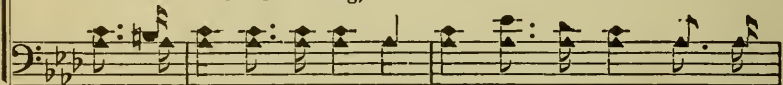
Ex - tolling grace that saves the race, Press a-long to Glo - ry-land.
The storm may sweep, but He will keep,
With saints to sing be - fore the King,
To sing His praise thro' countless days, Press a-long



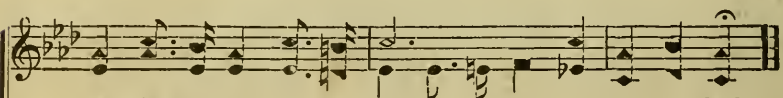
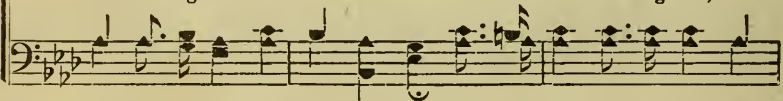
CHORUS.



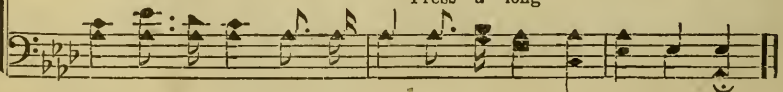
Press a - long, Press a - long, glad soul, press a - long, Giv - ing

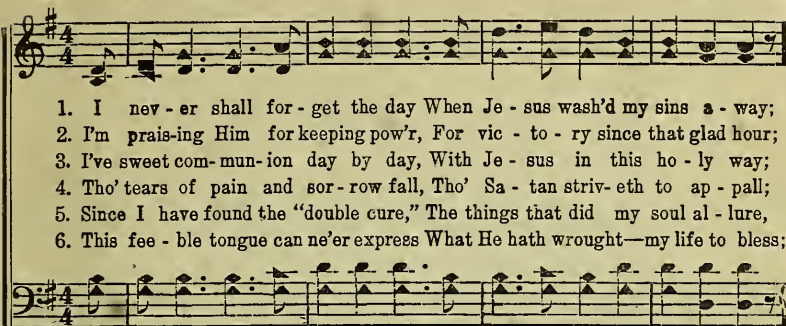


out Giv - ing out the mes - sage grand; Let - ting love, God's Let - ting love,

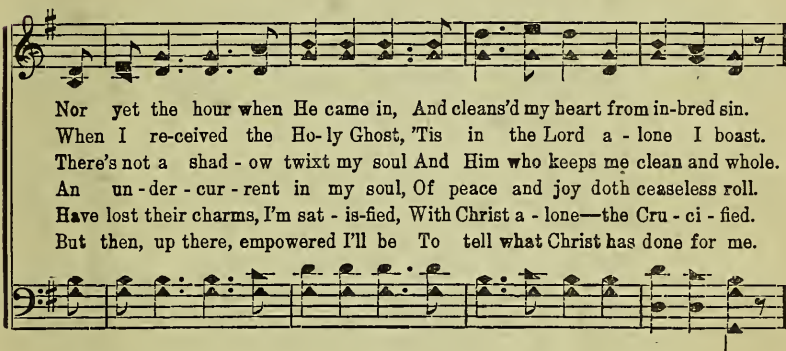


love, be your song, Press a - long Press a - long to Gle - ry - land.



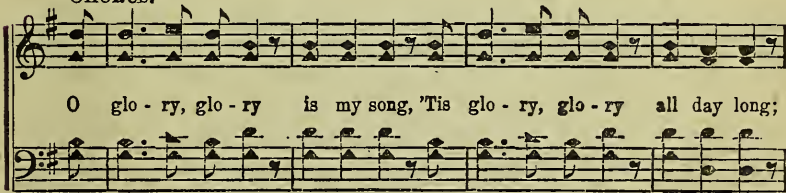


1. I nev - er shall for - get the day When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way;
 2. I'm prais-ing Him for keeping pow'r, For vic - to - ry since that glad hour;
 3. I've sweet com-mun-ion day by day, With Je - sus in this ho - ly way;
 4. Tho' tears of pain and sor-row fall, Tho' Sa - tan striv-eth to ap - pall;
 5. Since I have found the "double cure," The things that did my soul al - lure,
 6. This fee - ble tongue can ne'er express What He hath wrought—my life to bless;

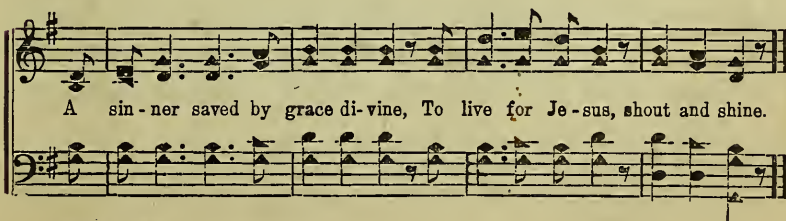


Nor yet the hour when He came in, And cleans'd my heart from in-bred sin.
 When I re-ceived the Ho-ly Ghost, 'Tis in the Lord a - lone I boast.
 There's not a shad - ow twixt my soul And Him who keeps me clean and whole.
 An un - der - cur - rent in my soul, Of peace and joy doth ceaseless roll.
 Have lost their charms, I'm sat - is-fied, With Christ a - lone—the Cru - ci - fied.
 But then, up there, empowered I'll be To tell what Christ has done for me.

CHORUS.



O glo - ry, glo - ry is my song, 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all day long;

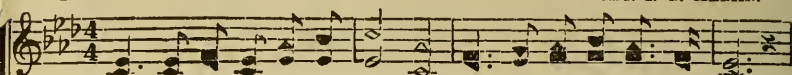


A sin - ner saved by grace di - vine, To live for Je - sus, shout and shine.

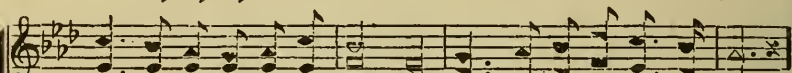
I. G. M.

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

Arr. I. G. MARTIN.

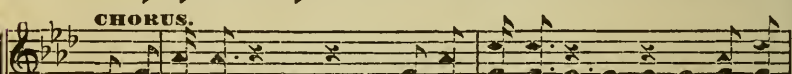


1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in-side the Eastern Gate,
 2. If you has-ten off to glo-ry, Lin-ger near the Eastern Gate,
 3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
 4. O the joys of that glad meeting With the saints who for us wait,

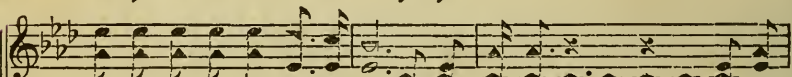


Then be read-y, faith-ful pil-grim, Lest with you it be too late.
 For I'm coming in the morn-ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
 He'll be with us at the meet-ing, Just in-side the East-ern Gate.
 What a blessed, hap-py meet-ing, Just inside the the Eastern Gate.

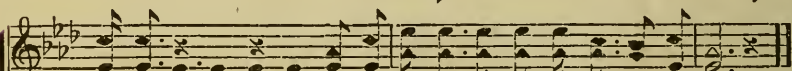
CHORUS.



I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you Just in-
 in the morning, in the morning,



side the Eastern Gate o-ver there; I will meet you I will
 in the morning,

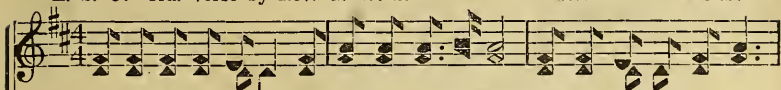


meet you I will meet you in the morning o-ver there.
 in the morning,

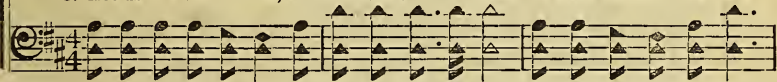
To Rev. G. W. Schurman. Pastor of Pentecostal Church, Lynn, Mass.

E. S. U. 3rd. verse by Rev. G. W. S.

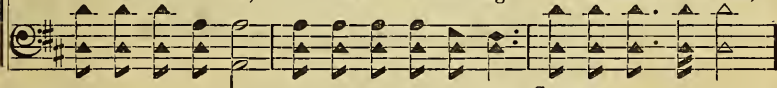
Pastor E. S. UFFORD.



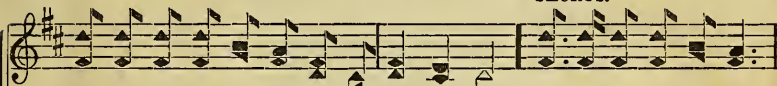
1. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it taught me how to pray, Je - sus heard and answered,
2. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it teach-es me to sing Mo - ses' song of vic - t'ry
3. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, of ho - li-ness it speaks, Gracious gift of Je - sus
4. I be-lieve the Bi-ble, it teach-es me to run In this roy-al high-way
5. Let us live the Bi-ble, and then the world will see We have been with Je - sus



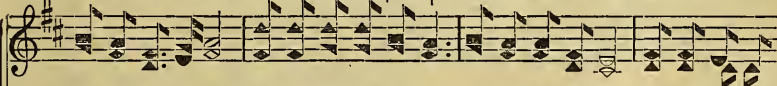
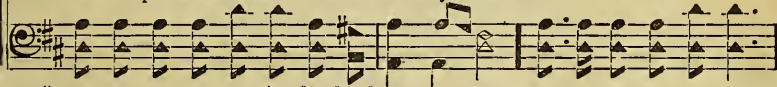
took my sins a - way; Gave me peace and par-don, wrote my name a - bove,
 o'er the ty-rant king; Or with Paul and Si-las, mid-night brings re-lease,
 to the one who seeks; Tells of keep-ing pow-er 'neath the cleansing flood,
 till the prize is won; Shows the crown a-wait-ing, if I win the race,
 more like Him to be; With His word a - bid - ing in our hearts made new,



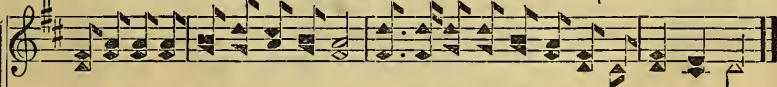
CHORUS.



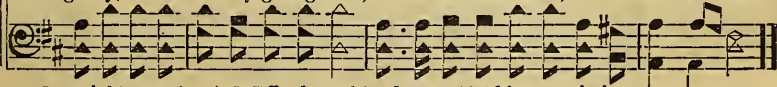
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His won-drous love.
 Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His per-fect peace.
 Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for the pre-cious blood. I be-lieve the Bi - ble,
 Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! for His sav - ing grace.
 That will prove the blessed Book is al - ways true.



O it is di-vine! Heaven's golden sun-light in its pa-ges shine; Lights my way to



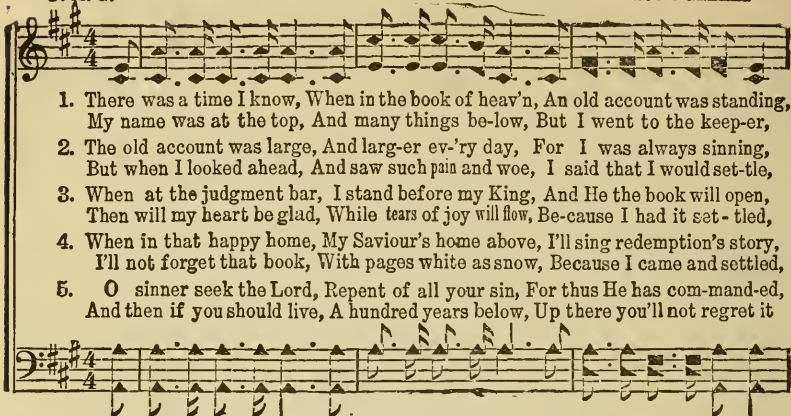
glo-ry, and I'm sure-ly go-ing thro'; I be-lieve the Bi-ble, for 'tis ev - er true.



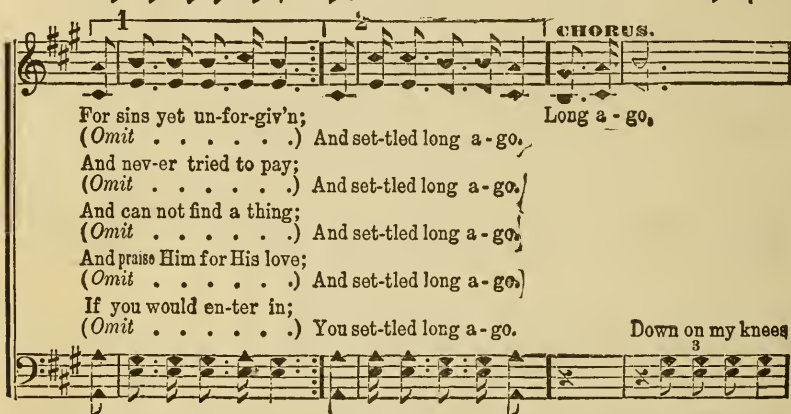
No. 98. THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

F. M. G.

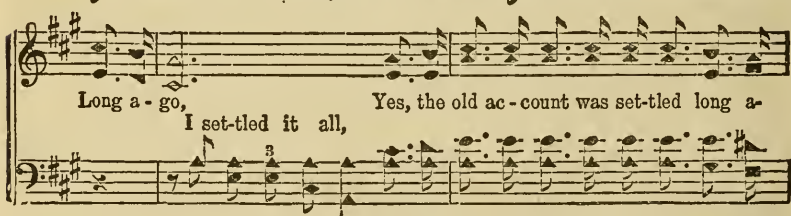
F. M. GRAHAM



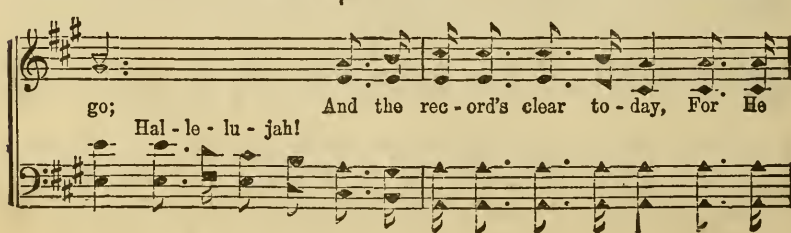
1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,
My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,
But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Be-cause I had it set- tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has com-mand-ed,
And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it



1 CHORUS.
For sins yet un-for-giv'n; Long a - go,
(Omit) And set-tled long a - go,
And nev-er tried to pay;
(Omit) And set-tled long a - go,
And can not find a thing;
(Omit) And set-tled long a - go,
And praise Him for His love;
(Omit) And set-tled long a - go,
If you would en-ter in;
(Omit) You set-tled long a - go. Down on my knees

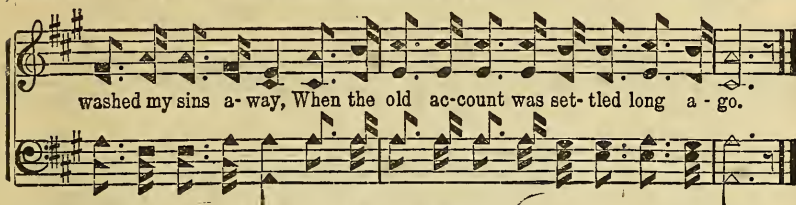


Long a - go, Yes, the old ac - count was set-tled long a -
I set-tled it all,



go; Hal - le - lu - jah! And the rec - ord's clear to - day, For He

THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO. Concluded.



washed my sins a-way, When the old ac-count was set-tled long a-go.

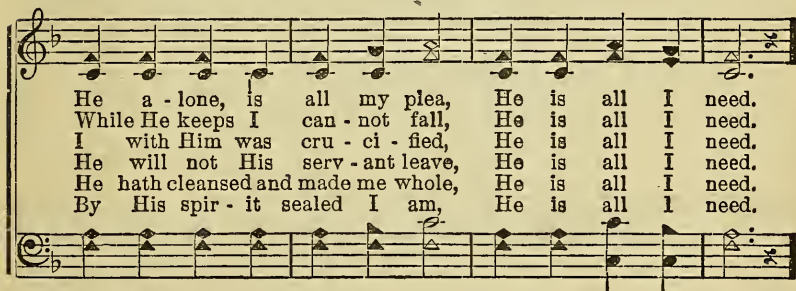
No. 99.

ALL I NEED.

"Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." I COR. 1: 30. CHAS. P. JONES.

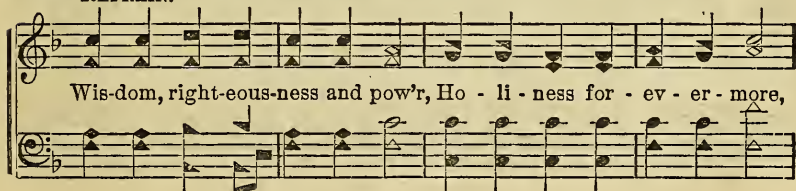


1. Je - sus Christ is made to me, All I need, all I need,
 2. Je - sus is my all in all, All I need, all I need,
 3. He redeemed me when He died, All I need, all I need,
 4. To my Sav-iour will I cleave, All I need, all I need,
 5. He's the treas-ure of my soul, All I need, all I need,
 6. Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb, All I need, all I need,

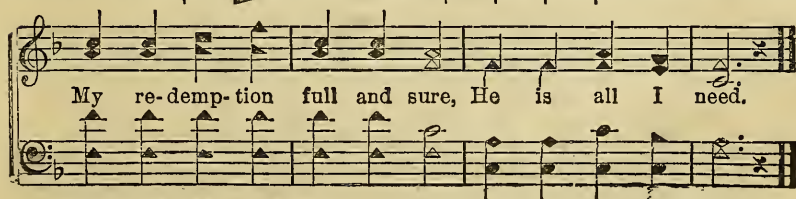


He a-lone, is all my plea, He is all I need.
 While He keeps I can-not fall, He is all I need.
 I with Him was cru-ci-fied, He is all I need.
 He will not His serv-ant leave, He is all I need.
 He hath cleansed and made me whole, He is all I need.
 By His spir-it sealed I am, He is all I need.

REFRAIN.



Wis-dom, right-eous-ness and pow'r, Ho-li-ness for-ev-er-more,



My re-demp-tion full and sure, He is all I need.

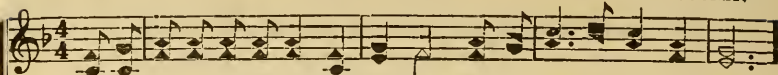
No. 100.

Nothing Like Jesus.

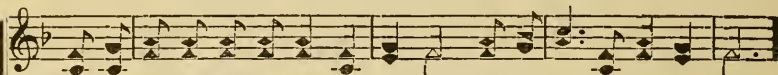
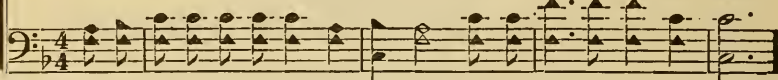
"Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none I desire on earth beside thee."—Ps. 73.

C. P. J.

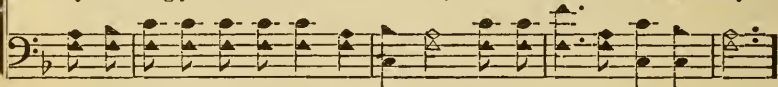
CHAS. P. JONES.



1. There is noth-ing in the world like Je - sus, He's the treas-ure of my soul;
2. There is noth-ing in the world like Je - sus, He sup-plies my ev - 'ry need;
3. Ev - 'ry tri - al of my life I tell Him, And He un - derstands it well;
4. O there's no one in the world like Je - sus, Sym - pa - thet - ic, kind and true;
5. Have you troubles in your life, my broth-er? Does your heart ache day by day?



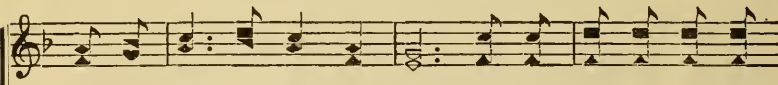
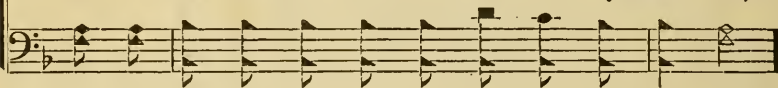
When I'm troubled He dis - pels my sor-rows, When I'm sick He makes me whole.
And when oth-ers, whom I trust, be - tray me, He re-mains a friend in - deed.
He sus-tains me with His con - so - la - tion, Ev - 'ry fear His words dis - pel.
If it was not that I know and trust Him, I know not what I should do.
If you'll bring your burdens all to Je - sus, He will bear them all a - way.



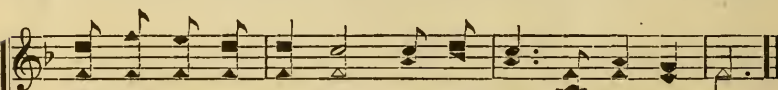
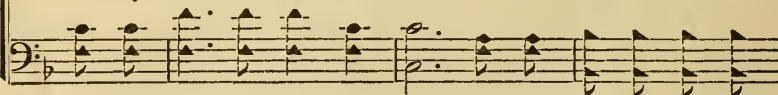
CHORUS.



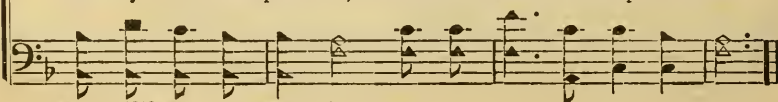
O I love to tell the mer - its of my Sav - iour,



Ev - 'ry soul I can to win; O I love to tell the



sto - ry of His pow - er, How He saves and keeps from sin.



Special Selections.

No. 101. Walking and Talking.

J. P. S.

Copyright 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

Unison.

1. Why need I fear with Christ so near? I'm walking with the Lord; Thru
2. The way is bright, for He's the light; I'm walking with the Lord; His
3. When life is done and vict'ry's won; I'll walk home with my Lord; When

night and day He lights my way, I'm talk-ing with my Lord.
voice I hear to guide and cheer; I'm walk-ing with my Lord.
He shall come and say, "well done;" I'll walk home with my Lord.

CHORUS.

I'm walk-ing with the Lord; I'm talk-ing with the Lord,
I'm walk - ing with the Lord, I'm talk - ing with the Lord;

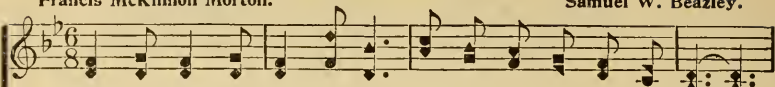
Why need I fear when He's so near? I'm walk-ing with my Lord. *rit.*

No. 102 Love is the Theme of My Song.

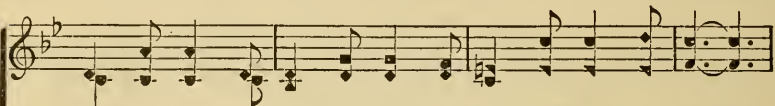
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Francis McKinnon Morton.

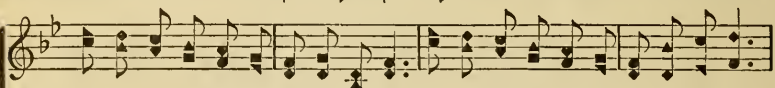
Samuel W. Beazley.



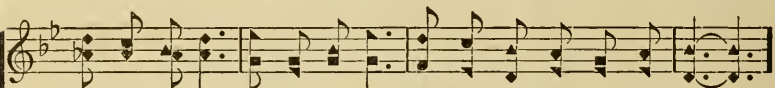
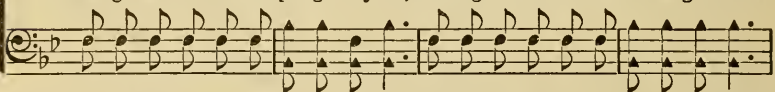
1. When I sing my Sav-ior's praise, Love is the theme of my song,
2. When life's cares op-press me most, Love is the theme of my song,
3. When I meet my task with joy, Love is the theme of my song,



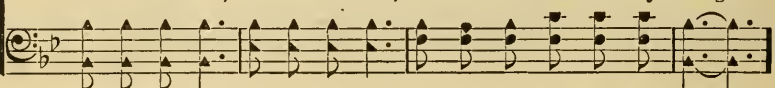
For His love is o-ver me, And noth-ing can go wrong.
 For it gives me bless-ed peace, And hope and cour-age strong;
 For His love so kind and free, Is with me all a-long,



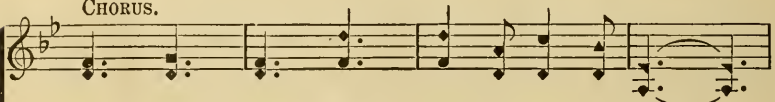
Ten-der-ly Je-sus is watch-ing a-bove, Guiding and keeping me safe in His love:
 Then in the darkness I know I am blest, Since in His love He sends all that is best:
 Blessing the fount and the spring of my life, Healing its sorrows and crowning its strife:



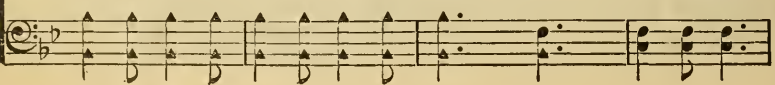
Won-der-ful love, In-fi-nite love, Love is the theme of my song!



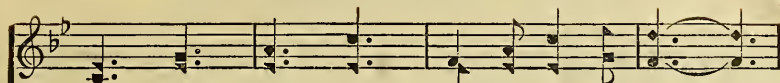
CHORUS.



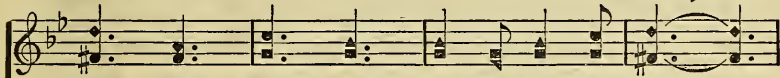
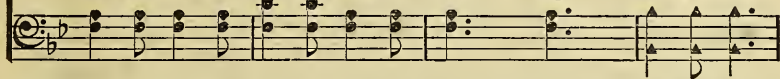
Je-sus loves me, this is all my song!...
 Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, this is all my song!



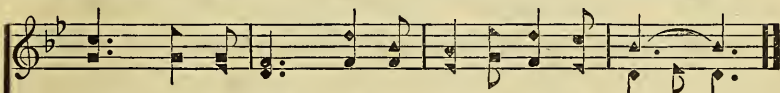
Love is the Theme of My Song.



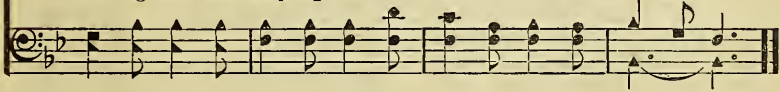
Je - sus loves me, Noth - ing can go wrong;
 Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Noth - ing can go wrong;



Je - sus watch - es from His home a - bove, . .
 Je - sus watches, Je - sus watches from His home a - bove,



Guides me and keeps me for - ev - er in His love. . .
 Guid - ing me and keep - ing me His love.



No. 103

Halsted.

P. Doddridge.

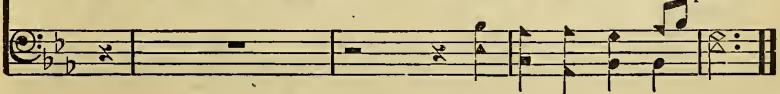
Francis Foster.



1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace:
3. Thro' each per - plex - ing path of life Our wand'ring foot - steps guide;
4. O spread Thy shelt'ring wings a - round, Till all our wand'rings cease,



Who thro' this wear - y pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led:
 God of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race.
 Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
 And at our Fa - ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace!

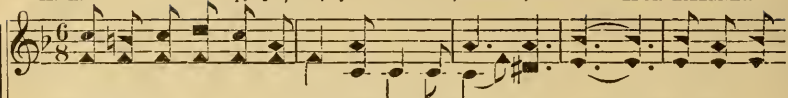


No. 104.

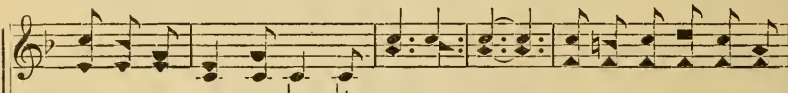
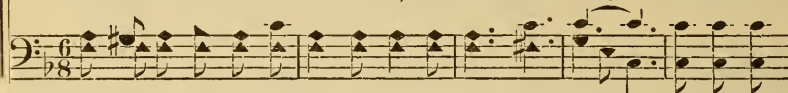
The King of Peace.

H. L.

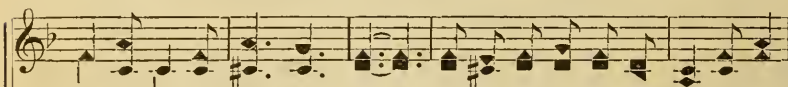
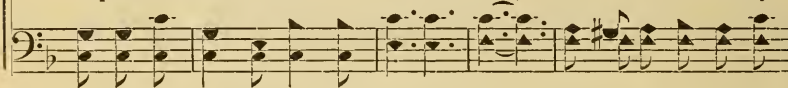
Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn. HALDOR LILLENAS.



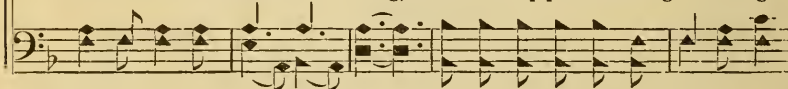
1. Hail to the glo - ri - ous Po - ten - tate, The King of Peace, Mon - arch di -
 2. Glo - ry to God in the high - est rings The an - gel's song, Peace up - on
 3. When on the storm beaten Gal - i - lee, His "Peace be still," Still'd the wild



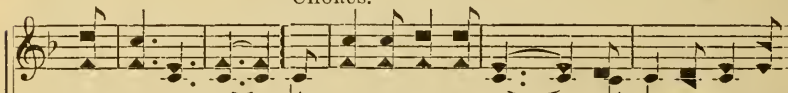
vine and His bless - ed reign Shall nev - er cease; Je - sus, the fair - est in
 earth and good will to men thro' a - ges long; His name is Je - sus be -
 temp - est and calmed the sea At His blest will; So He can still ev - 'ry



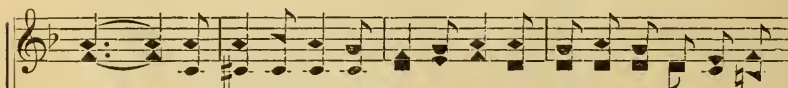
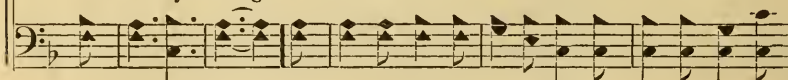
earth or heav'n we now a - dore, Sing we His prais - es with loud ac - claim
 cause He saves from ev - 'ry sin, He speaketh peace to the trou - bled heart
 storm - toss'd soul and com - fort bring, He will sup - port and will guide a - right



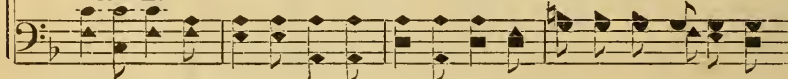
CHORUS.



For - ev - er more. The King of Peace is He..... who gave His life for
 When He comes in.
 In ev - 'ry thing. is He



me..... His glorious reign shall nev - er cease, For He is the won - der - ful
 for me



The King of Peace. Concluded.



Prince of Peace, O spread abroad His fame, ... O glo - ri - fy His name, ...
His fame, His name.

He who was dead but now liv - eth a - gain Is the King of Peace.

No. 105.

Take My Life.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

REV. DR. MALAN.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa -
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no

Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the
ful for Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways,
ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a
long - er mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own! It shall

im - pulse of Thy love; At the im - pulse of Thy love.
on - ly, for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
mite would I with - hold; Not a mite would I with - hold.
be Thy roy - al throne; It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

J. P. S.

Copyright, 1911, by Robert H. Coleman. Used by per. J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

1. I've found a friend who is all to me,... His
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm... Se-
 3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
 love He said to me,..... Come un - to me and I'll

lift - ed me,... And what His grace can do for you....
 might - y arm;... I know He'll guide me all the way....
 lead you home,.. To live with me e - ter - nal - ly."....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r divine, Saved..... to new life sublime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*
 Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm saved, saved, saved!

No. 107. Give Us a New Touch of Fire.

Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. We are gathered, blessed Je - sus, in Thy name, Give us a new touch of fire
 2. We are long-ing to be like Thee more and more, Give us a new touch of fire
 3. That our serv-ice for Thee bet-ter may be-come, Give us a new touch of fire

to - day; In our hearts increase the Pen - te - cos-tal flame, Give us a
 to - day; Till our cup of glad-ness shall be run-ning o'er, Give us a
 to - day; On our jour-ney to the bet-ter, brighter home, Give us a

CHORUS.

new touch of fire to - day;.... Give us a new touch of fire to - day, to-day,

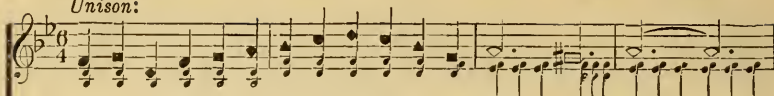
Give us a new touch of fire, we pray;.... Draw us near - er, clos - er still,
 we pray;

To the cen - ter of Thy will, Give us a new touch of fire to - day.....
 to - day.

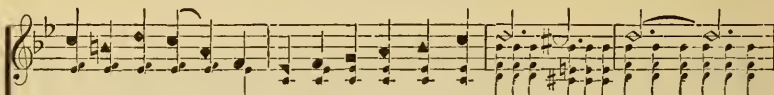
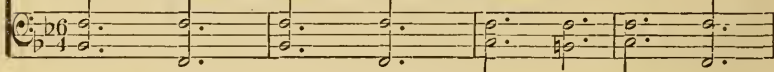
Mabel J. Rosemon.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

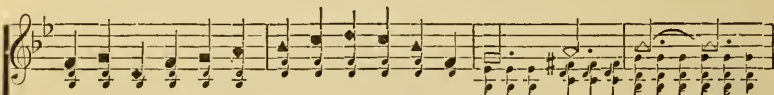
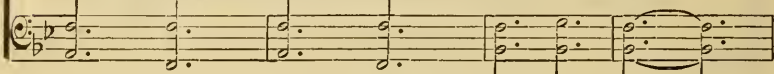
Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison:

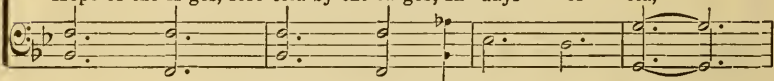
1. Raise we our voi-ces, the whole world rejoices, In Christ, the King.....
2. Tell we the sto-ry, the news of His glo-ry, O'er land and sea.....
3. Ru - ler e-ter-nal, ma-jes-tic, su-per-nal, Is Christ, the Lord;.....



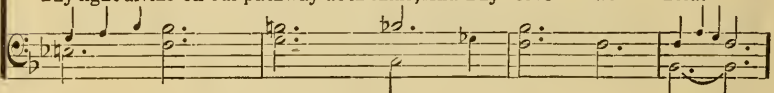
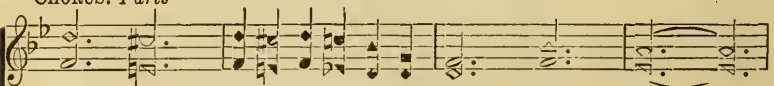
Tell we the love of the Sav-ior a-bove In the songs we sing;.....
 Val-ley and hill re - ech - o-ing still, With his joy so free;.....
 Rev'rently bow, while we worship Him now, As with one ac - cord;.....



An-gels a-dore Him, ac-knowledge be-fore Him His match-less worth,
 Rev'rence commanding, beyond understanding, His won-drous ways;
 Hope of the A-ges, fore-told by the sa-ges, In days of old,



Je-sus is King, and his prais-es shall ring, O - ver all the earth.
 He rules a-lone, and His pow'r we will own, As we sing his praise.
 Thy light divine on our pathway doth shine, And Thy love we hold.

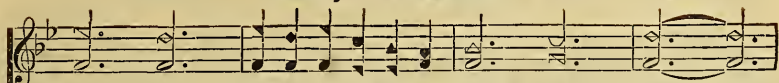
**CHORUS. Parts**

Glo - ry glo-ry and hon-or to Christ the King!....

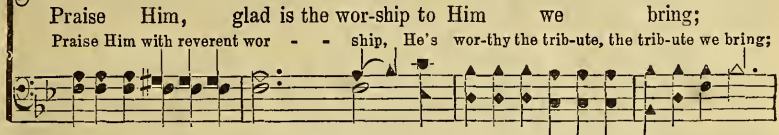

Give to Him glo-ry and hon - or, Give glo - ry and hon-or to Je-sus the King!





Glory and Honor.



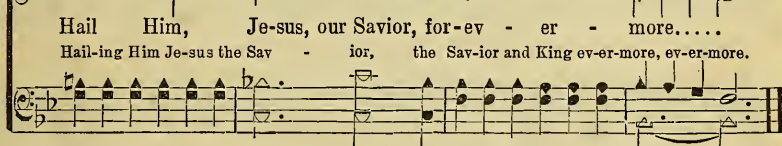
Praise Him, glad is the wor-ship to Him we bring;
Praise Him with reverent wor - - ship, He's wor-thy the trib-ute, the trib-ute we bring;

Glo - ry! An-gels in heav-en His name a - dore;....
An-gels in heav-en-ly glo - ry Bow down at His feet while His name they adore;

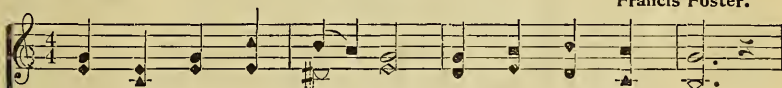
Hail Him, Je-sus, our Savior, for-ev - er - more.....
Hail-ing Him Je-sus the Sav - ior, the Sav-ior and King ev-er-more, ev-er-more.



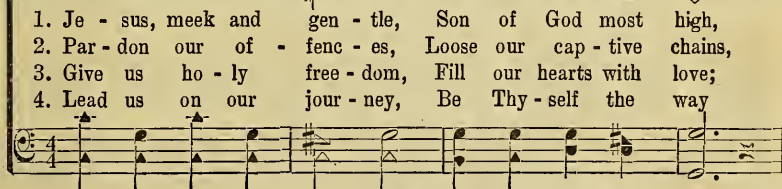
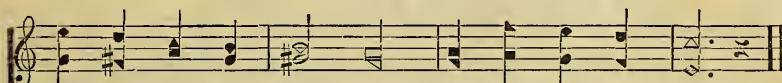
No. 109

Kenmore. 6, 5.

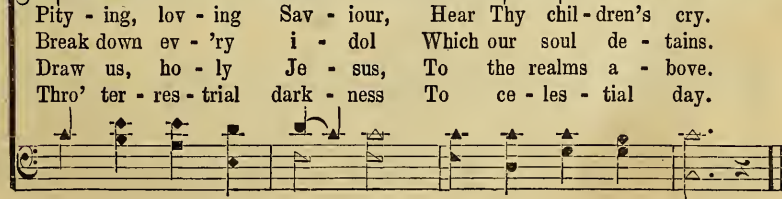
Francis Foster.



1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,
2. Par - don our of - fenc - es, Loose our cap - tive chains,
3. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love;
4. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy - self the way

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.
Break down ev - 'ry i - dol Which our soul de - tains.
Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.
Thro' ter - res - trial dark - ness To ce - les - tial day.

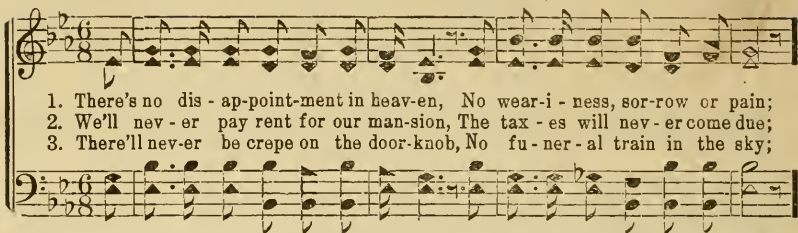


No. 110. No Disappointment In Heaven.

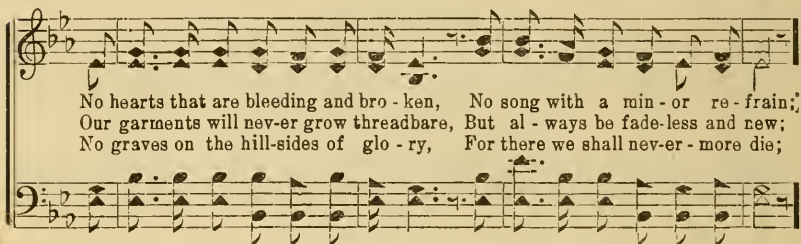
Copyright, 1914, by F. M. Lehman. Used by per, F. M. LEHMAN.

F. M. L.

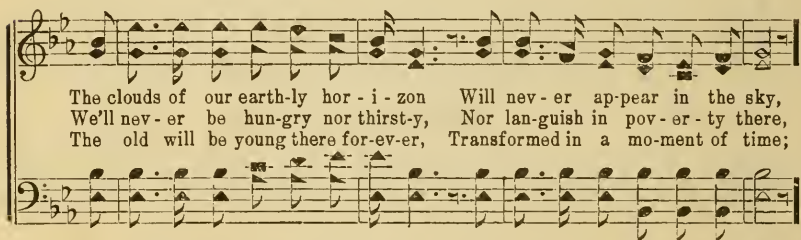
Har. by MISS CLAUDIA LEHMAN.



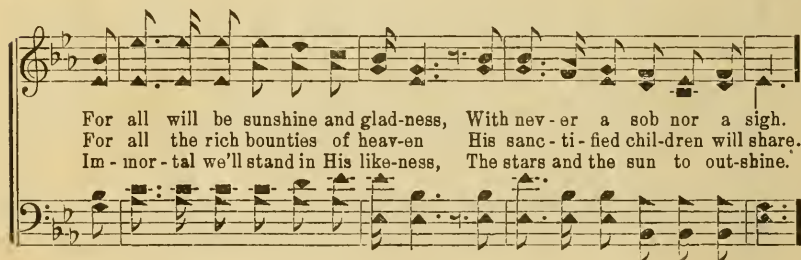
1. There's no dis - ap-point-ment in heav-en, No wear-i - ness, sor-row or pain;
 2. We'll nev - er pay rent for our man-sion, The tax - es will nev - er come due;
 3. There'll nev - er be crepe on the door-knob, No fu - ner - al train in the sky;



No hearts that are bleeding and bro - ken, No song with a ruin - or re - frain;
 Our garments will nev - er grow threadbare, But al - ways be fade-less and new;
 No graves on the hill-sides of glo - ry, For there we shall nev - er - more die;

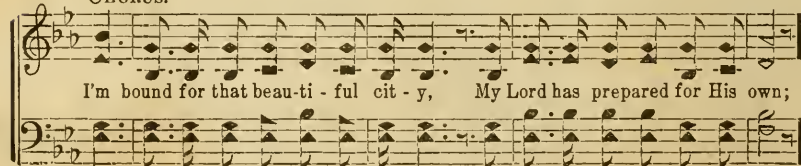


The clouds of our earth-ly hor - i - zon Will nev - er ap - pear in the sky,
 We'll nev - er be hun - gry nor thirst-y, Nor lan - guish in pov - er - ty there,
 The old will be young there for-ev-er, Transformed in a mo-moment of time;



For all will be sunshine and glad-ness, With nev - er a sob nor a sigh.
 For all the rich bounties of heav-en His sanc - ti - fied chil-dren will share.
 Im - mor - tal we'll stand in His like-ness, The stars and the sun to out-shine.

CHORUS.



I'm bound for that beau-ti - ful cit - y, My Lord has prepared for His own;

No Disappointment In Heaven. Concluded.

Where all the redeemed of all a - ges Sing "glo-ry" around the white throne;

Sometimes I grow homesick for heaven, And the glo-ries I there shall be-hold:

What a joy that will be when my Sav-iour I see, In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold!

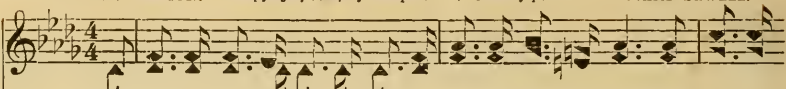
No. 111. Hallelujah to the Lamb.

Har. R. E. W.

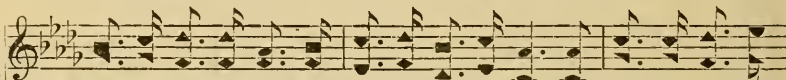
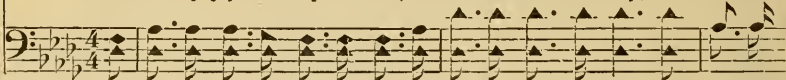
1. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb,
 2. Je - sus keeps me by His pow'r, Je - sus keeps me by His pow'r,
 3. Je - sus comes and lives in me, Je - sus comes and lives in me,
 4. Je - sus now bap - tiz - es me, Je - sus now bap - tiz - es me,

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Prais - es to the great I Am.
 Je - sus keeps me by His pow'r, And He saves me ev - 'ry hour.
 Je - sus comes and lives in me, And He sets me ful - ly free.
 Je - sus now bap - tiz - es me, His a - lone I'll ev - er be.

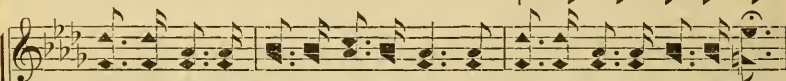
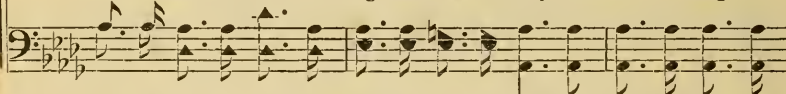
First verse may be repeated as chorus.



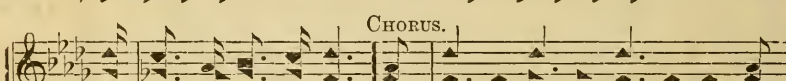
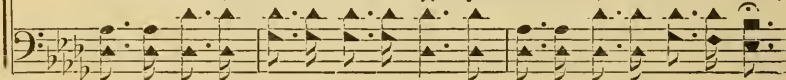
1. My pil-grim staff I take with joy, I'm on the homeward way; The pil-grim
 2. Un-count-ed hosts thro' ages past, Have trod the homeward way; I, too, shall
 3. A-bove each cloud and shadow'd place, Along the homeward way; I see the
 4. Tho' earth-ly joys and hopes al-lure, Outside the homeward way; With Christ a



songs my lips em-ploy, I'm on the homeward way; It mat-ters not what
 reach the goal at last, I'm on the homeward way; My Lord is mine, I
 shin-ing of His face, Who points the homeward way; In sun-lit paths I
 lone I walk se-cure A-long the homeward way; Tho' oft-en rough the

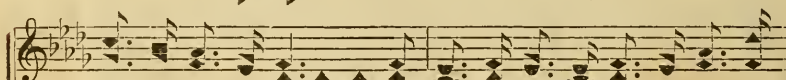


ills op-pose, My Guide I must o-bey, The path He knows, the path He chose,
 know His name, I fol-low as did they, To-day the same, His grace I claim,
 sometimes go, My Shepherd says I may, I wait to know what He will show,
 road leads home, To heaven's eternal day, Why should I roam, when He cries "come,"

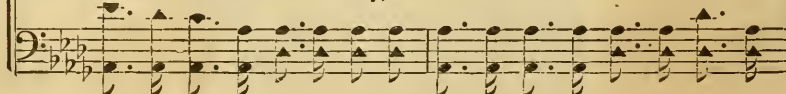


CHORUS.

- 1-3. I'm on the homeward way. The home-ward way, I'm
 4. And home-ward leads the way? I'm on the home-ward, homeward way,



on my home-ward way, No more I fear the long-est night nor
 home-ward way,



The Homeward Way. Concluded.

dread the darkest day ; The home - ward way, I'm on my homeward
I'm on the homeward, homeward way,

way, No ill's be-tide, when Christ is guide on the homeward way.
homeward way,

No. 113. A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B.

Used by permission.

C. J. BUTLER.

1. I was once far a-way from the Sav - ior, And as vile as a sin - ner could be ;
2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I see,
3. And then in that dark, lonely hour, A voice sweetly whispered to me,
4. I listened, and lo ! 'twas the Sav - ior That was speaking so kindly to me,
5. I then ful - ly trust - ed in Je - sus ; And oh, what a joy came to me,
6. No long - er in darkness I'm walking, For the light is now shining on me,
7. And when life's journey is o - ver, And I the dear Savior shall see,

I wondered if Christ the Re - deem - er, Could save a poor sinner like me.
And the tho't filled my heart with sadness, There's no help for a sinner like me.
Saying Christ the Re - deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sinner like me.
I cried, I'm the chief of sin - ners, O save a poor sinner like me.
My heart was filled with His prais - es, For sav - ing a sinner like me.
And now un - to oth - ers I'm tell - ing How He saved a poor sinner like me.
I'll praise Him for - ev - er and ev - er For sav - ing a sinner like me.

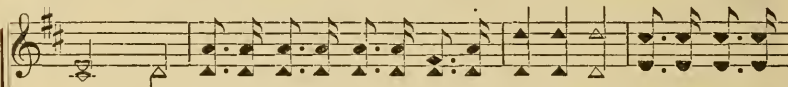
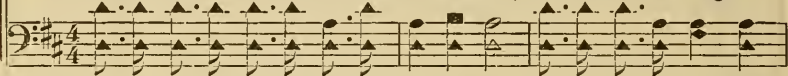
Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

RICHARD HAINSWORTH.

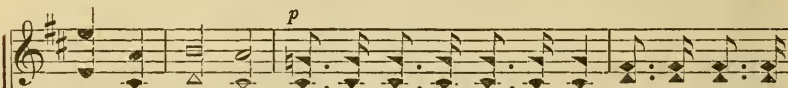
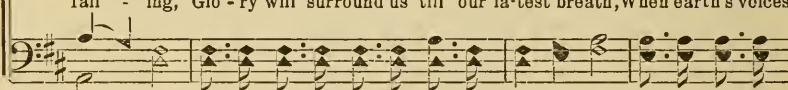
HALDOR LILLENAS.



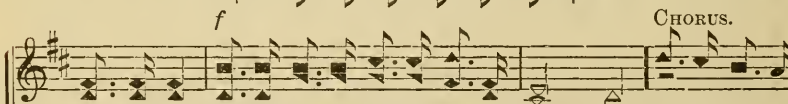
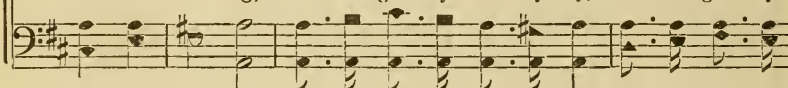
1. Grace there is suf - fi - cient for each try - ing hour, In the might - y pow'r of
2. Grace there is suf - fi - cient when earth's sorrows come, Jesus will for - sake us
3. Grace will be suf - fi - cient in the hour of death, When the shades of night are



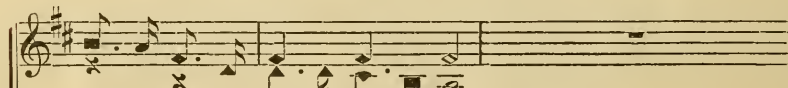
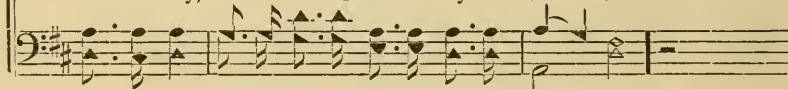
Je - sus ; Glo - ry is out - pour'd like to a might - y show'r, When from sin and
nev - er ; Glo - ry He will give in yon - der heav'nly home, When we dwell with
fall - ing, Glo - ry will surround us till our la - test breath, When earth's voices



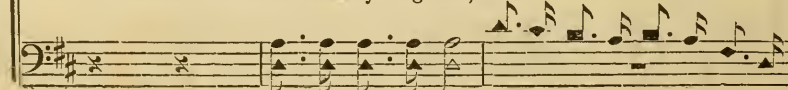
guilt He frees us, As we glad - ly march a - long, We can tri - umph
Him for - ev - er Like a sheph - erd, ten - der, true, Lead - ing us to
cease their call - ing; Grace and glo - ry ev - 'ry day, Grace and glo - ry



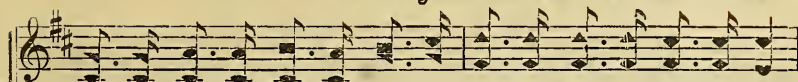
o - ver wrong We will sing the vic - tor's song for - ev - er.
pastures new, He will safe - ly guide us thro' to heav - en. Grace there is suf -
all the way, Till our ar - mour down we lay in heav - en.



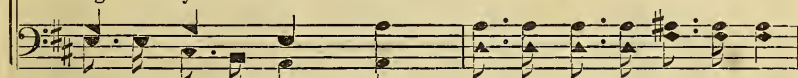
fi - cient for each try - ing hour, Glo - ry is out - pour'd like to a
For each try - ing hour,



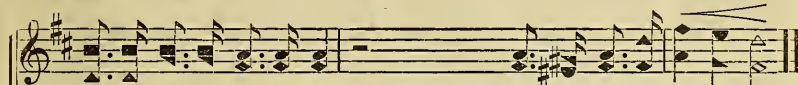
Grace and Glory. Concluded.



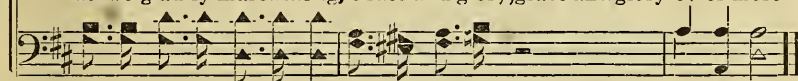
Like a might-y show'r from heaven, Grace and glo-ry is our song,
might - y show'r and



Like a might-y show'r and

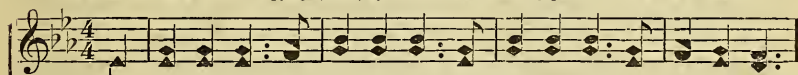


as we glad-ly march along, Grace and glory, grace and glory ey-er more.

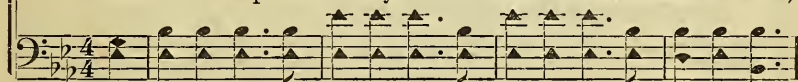


No. 115. For Jesus Is My Friend.

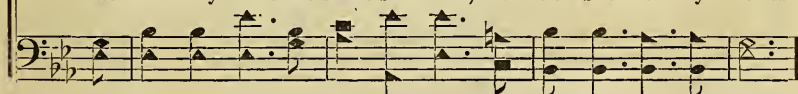
CHARLES M. SHELDON. Copyright, 1903, by I. G. Martin. Used by per. T. E. KILLGROVE.



1. Lift up, my heart, a song of praise; To him who guides me all my days;
2. Thro' cloud and sun my song shall be Exultant, trusting, strong and free;
3. Sor-row may com- pass me a-bout, Loss-es as-sail my soul with doubt,
4. Death can-not sep-a-rate my soul From him who saves and makes me whole;



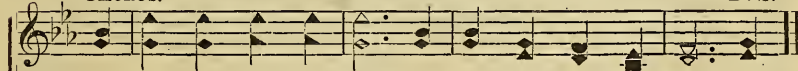
I will not fear the un-known ways, For Je-sus is my Friend.
No last-ing harm can come to me, For Je-sus is my Friend.
But faith will still tri-umph-ant shout, For Je-sus is my Friend.
Back from my tomb the stone shall roll, For Je-sus is my Friend.



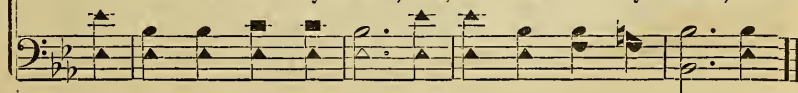
D. S.—will not fear the un-known ways, For Je-sus is my Friend.

CHORUS.

D. S.



For Je-sus is my Friend, Yes, Je-sus is my Friend; I



MRS. C. H. M.

Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn,

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. When the war is o-ver at the close of day, When the smoke of bat-tle
 2. Long has been the struggle 'gainst the hosts of sin, Might-y is the con-flict,
 3. Just a few more battles and the war will cease; Then the glorious reign-ing

shall have cleared a-way, When the foe is vanquished and the vic-t'ry won,
 but our Christ will win; On-ward, Christian soldiers, to the end en-dure,
 of the Prince of Peace. Here the ar-mor wear-ing till in death laid down,

CHORUS.

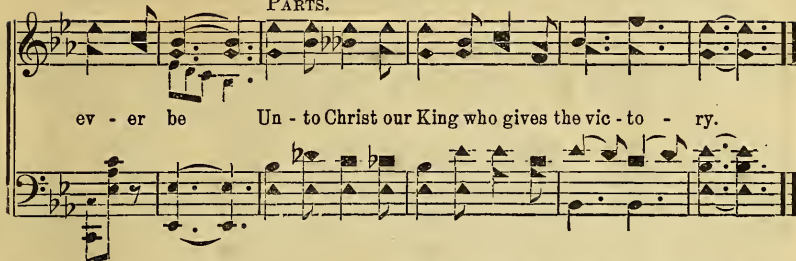
Shall we hear the Master's "Welcome child, well done.
 Vic-to-ry is promised, the re-ward is sure. O the glad re-u-
 There the shout of tri-umph and the vic-tor's crown.

ion On that gold-en shore, Where the loy-al vic-tors

Meet to part no more; Glo-ry and do-min-ion Shall for-

When the War is Over. Concluded.

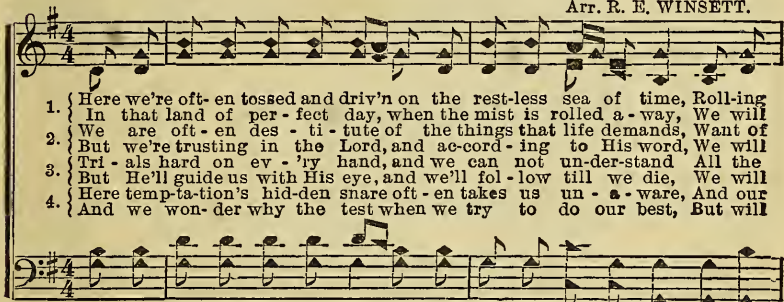
PARTS.



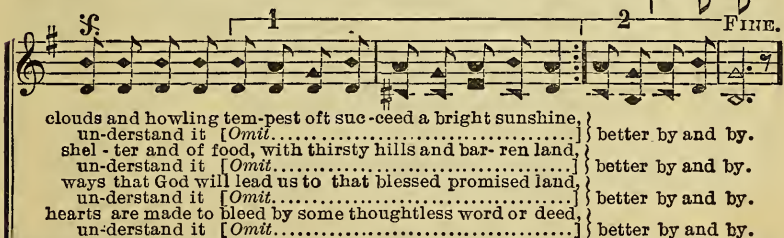
ev - er be Un - to Christ our King who gives the vic - to - ry.

No. 117 We'll Understand It Better By and By.

Arr. R. E. WINSETT.

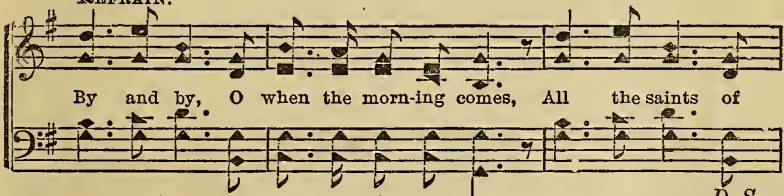


1. { Here we're oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest-less sea of time, Roll-ing
In that land of per - fect day, when the mist is rolled a - way, We will
2. { We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life demands, Want of
But we're trust-ing in the Lord, and ac-cord-ing to His word, We will
3. { Tri - als hard on ev - 'ry hand, and we can not un-der-stand All the
But He'll guide us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, We will
4. { Here temp-ta-tion's hid-den snare oft - en takes us un - a - ware, And our
And we won-der why the test when we try to do our best, But will

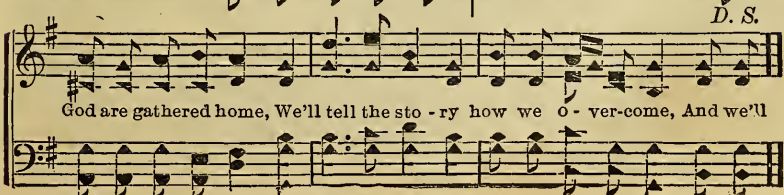


clouds and howling tem-pest oft suc-ceed a bright sunshine, } better by and by.
un-derstand it [Omit.....] } better by and by.
shel - ter and of food, with thirsty hills and bar - ren land, } better by and by.
un-derstand it [Omit.....] } better by and by.
ways that God will lead us to that blessed promised land, } better by and by.
un-derstand it [Omit.....] } better by and by.
hearts are made to bleed by some thoughtless word or deed, } better by and by.
un-derstand it [Omit.....] } better by and by.

D. S. - un-derstand it [Omit.....] better by and by.
REFRAIN.



By and by, O when the morn-ing comes, All the saints of

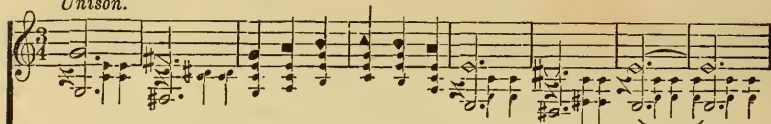


God are gathered home, We'll tell the sto - ry how we o - ver-come, And we'll

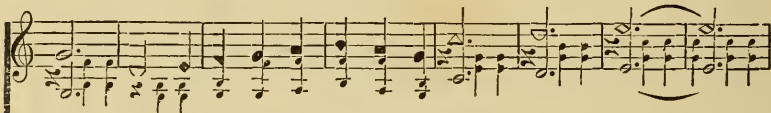
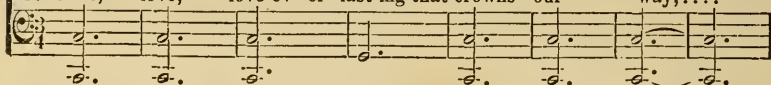
Mabel J. Rosemon.
Unison.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

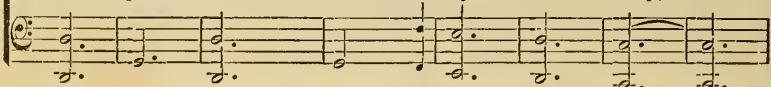
Samuel W. Beazley.



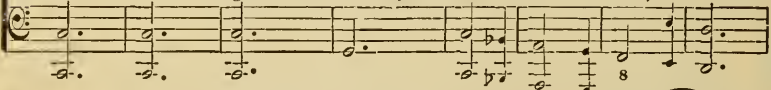
1. Love, love, won-der-ful love hath the Fa - ther shown;..
 2. Love, love, love of our Shepherd, so true and strong;..
 3. Love, love, love ev - er - last-ing that crowns our way,....



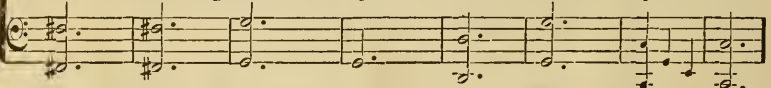
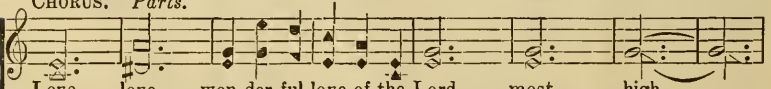
Heirs to His king-dom of glo-ry by grace a - lone,.....
 Love that hath sought us and found us, tho' wan - d'ring long,.....
 Safe - ly that love doth en - fold us from day to day;.....



Man - sions bright He will give us in fair realms a - bove,.....
 Love en - dur-eth for - ev - er, tho' all else shall fail,.....
 Love hath brought us sal - va-tion, so full and free,.....



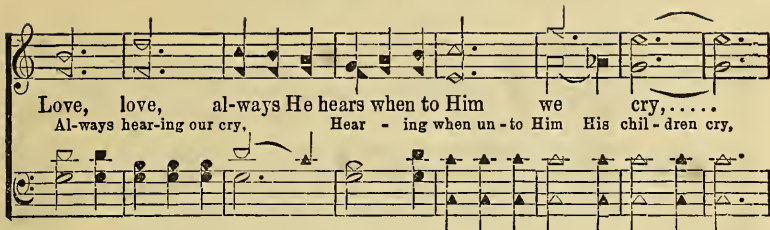
These are the gifts of His goodness, His per - fect love.....
 Naught is so might-y as love, and it must pre - - vail....
 God's love will guide us and keep us e - ter - nal - - ly.....

CHORUS. *Parts.*

Love, love, won-der-ful love of the Lord most high,.....
 Love, 'tis won-der-ful love, Love, the won-der-ful love of the Lord most high,



Wonderful Love.



Love, love, al-ways He hears when to Him we cry,.....
Al-ways hear-ing our cry, Hear - ing when un-to Him His chil-dren cry,



Love, love, love nev-er - fail-ing, so full and free,....
Love, 'tis won-der-ful love, Love, 'tis love ne'er-fail - ing, full and free,



Come, oh Sav-iour, in love and a - bide with me.....
Come, oh come in Thy love, Come, oh Lord, a - bide with me, with me.

No. 119.

Glarendon. 7. 7. 7. 5.

Carroll King.



1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray:
2. Ho - ly Sav-iour, calm our fears When earth's bright-ness dis - ap - pears:
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, be Thou nigh When in mor-tal pains we lie;
4. Ho - ly, bless-ed Trin - i - ty, Dark-ness is not dark to Thee:



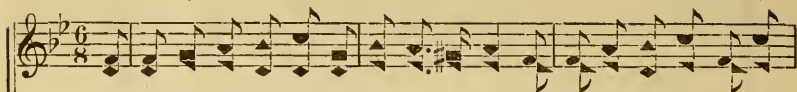
Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day Light at eve - ning - time.
Grant us in our la - ter years Light at eve - ning - time.
Grant us, as we come to die, Light at eve - ning - time.
Those Thou keep - est al - ways see Light at eve - ning - time.

No. 120. My Heart is Still Singing.

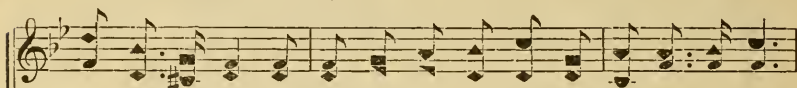
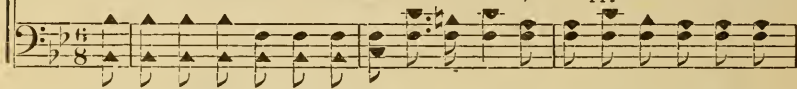
Copyright, 1909, by Hamp Sewell. Used by per.

REV. J. OATMAN, JR.

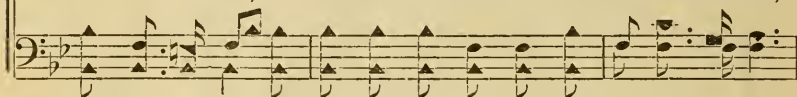
HAMP SEWELL.



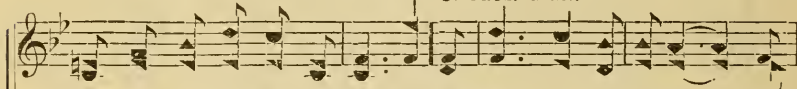
1. My heart is still sing-ing the prais-es of God, His love in my soul He is
2. No mat-ter what trouble I meet on my way, No mat-ter what burdens I
3. When losses take from me my silver and gold, When friends whom I've trusted grow
4. Un - til I shall cross to that land o'er the foam, I'm happy with Je-sus where-



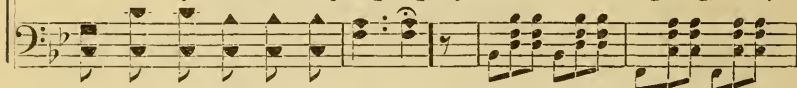
shed - ding a - broad; I'm cling - ing to Him and re - joic - ing a - loud,
 bear day by day; Well know - ing that Christ is my Rock and my Stay,
 si - lent and cold; With faith that in heav - en I've rich - es un - told,
 ev - er I roam; And while He as - sures me of that bless - ed home,



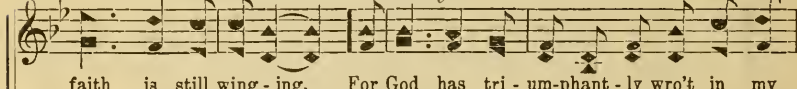
CHORUS. Duet.



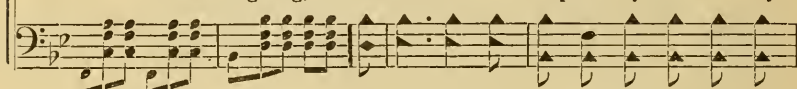
Ev - er my heart will keep sing - ing, My heart is still sing - ing, my



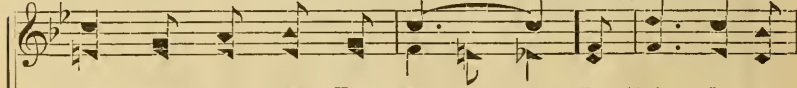
Harmony.



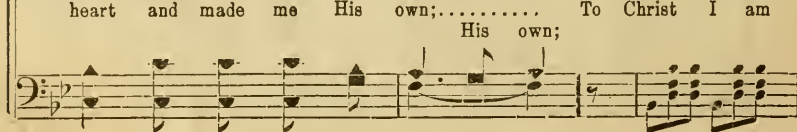
faith is still wing - ing, For God has tri - um-phantly wro't in my



Duet.



heart and made me His own;..... To Christ I am
 His own;



My Heart is Still Singing. Concluded.

Harmony.

clinging and the heart bells are ringing, I'm trusting in

Jesus, His praise will I sing, My Savior, my Lord and King.....
my Lord and my King.

No. 121.

Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

By permission,

SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Thou, my ev - er last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly plea-sure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

FINE.
D. S.—All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Gladly will I toil and suf-fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

W. M. R.

Will M. Ramsey, owner Used by per.

WILL M. RAMSEY.

1. When the Lord shall come in glo - ry, In the clouds from heav'n de -
 2. He is com-ing, Christ is com-ing, With the heav'nly hosts de -
 3. When He comes in clouds de-scending, And the dead who loved and
 4. No more sor-row, no more sigh-ing, No more sick-ness, no more

scending, What re - joic - - - ing there will be;
 What re-joic-ing, what rejoicing there will be, yes, there will be;
 scend-ing, Hal - le - lu - - - jah, praise His name!
 Hal - le - lu-jah, hal - le - lu-jah, praise His name, His holy name!
 served Him, From their graves..... with joy come forth;
 From their graves, yes, from their graves with joy come forth, with joy come forth;
 dy - ing, No more gloom..... our visions shroud;
 No more gloom our visions shroud, no gloom our visions ev-er shroud;

All the saved shall rise to meet Him On that bright and cloudless morning,
 Will you be a-mong the number That shall rise to meet and greet Him
 Soul and bod - y re - u - nit - ed, Clothed in garments bright, immortal
 But a day of glo - ry dawning, Far a - bove the sun in brightness,

At His com-ing..... in the clouds.
 com-ing, coming, coming in the clouds.

Coming in the Clouds. Concluded.

CHORUS.

He is coming, in the clouds,
Joy, joy, joy, coming, hal-le-lu-jah! coming in the clouds,

Hal-le-lu-jah! Shout ho-sannas! All the saved shall rise to meet Him

At His coming..... in the clouds.
com-ing, com-ing, com-ing in the clouds.

No. 123. This World is Not My Home.

Copyright, 1908, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

Arr. by MRS. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. I have left the land of death and sin, The road that man-y trav-el in;
2. There are many who would my progress stay, And beg me not to fight or pray;
3. O sin-ner, come and go with me, And seek this land of lib-er-ty;

CHO.—This world, this world is not my home, This world, this world is not my home,
D. C. for Chorus.

And if you ask the rea-son why, I seek a glo-rious home on high.
I dare not lis-ten to their cry, I seek a glo-rious home on high.
Oh, do not stay, but tell me why You do not seek this home on high.

This world is not my rest-ing place, This world, this world is not my home.

No. 124.

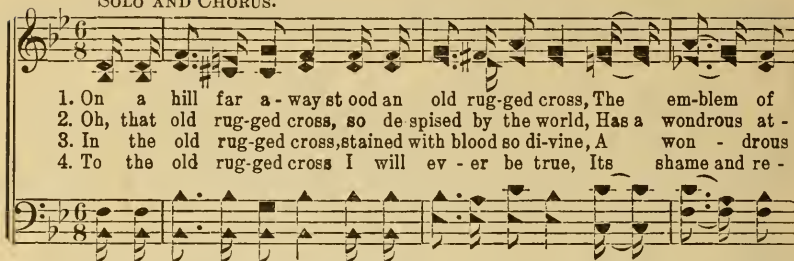
The Old Rugged Cross.

The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—GAL. 6: 14.

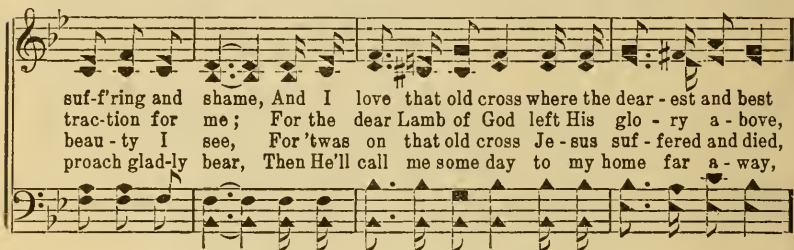
G. B.

Words and music copyright, 1913, by Geo. Bennard. REV. GEO. BENNARD.

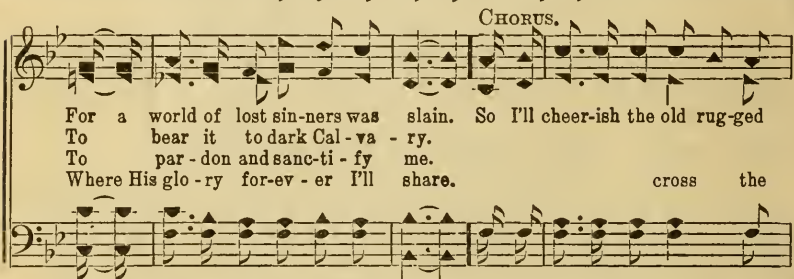
SOLO AND CHORUS.



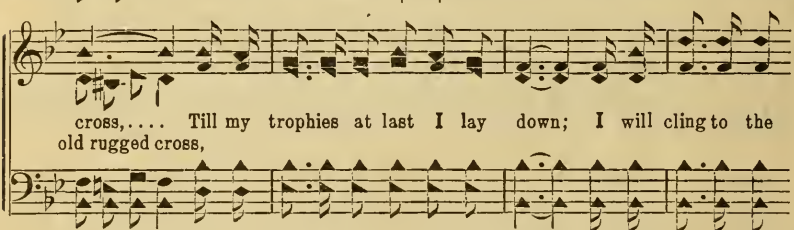
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-



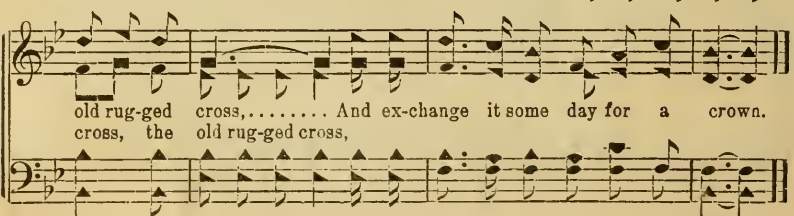
suf-fring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see, For'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach glad-ly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,



CHORUS.
 For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cheer-ish the old rug-ged
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross the



cross,.... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,



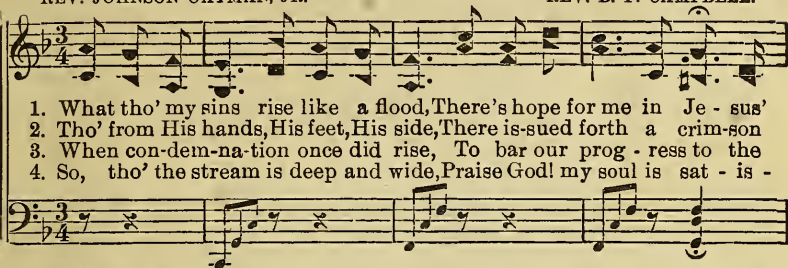
old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

Copyright, 1908, by B. F. Campbell. Used by per.

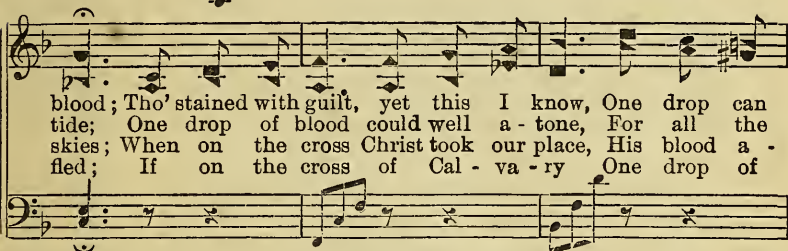
Effective as a Solo or Duet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

REV. B. F. CAMPBELL.

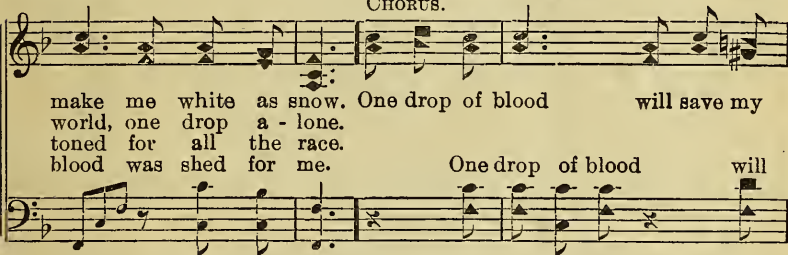


1. What tho' my sins rise like a flood, There's hope for me in Je - sus'
 2. Tho' from His hands, His feet, His side, There is - sued forth a crim - son
 3. When con - dem - na - tion once did rise, To bar our prog - ress to the
 4. So, tho' the stream is deep and wide, Praise God! my soul is sat - is -

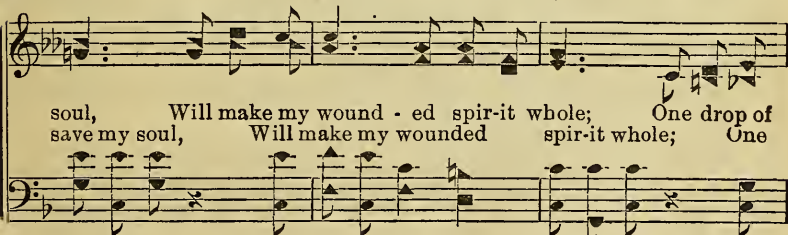


blood; Tho' stained with guilt, yet this I know, One drop can
 tide; One drop of blood could well a - tone, For all the
 skies; When on the cross Christ took our place, His blood a -
 fied; If on the cross of Cal - va - ry One drop of

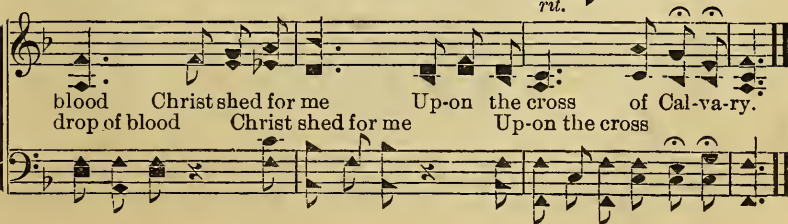
CHORUS.



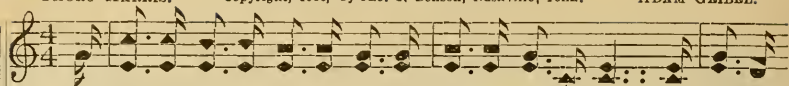
make me white as snow. One drop of blood will save my
 world, one drop a - lone.
 toned for all the race.
 blood was shed for me. One drop of blood will



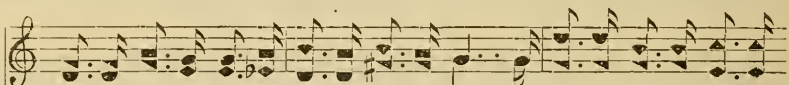
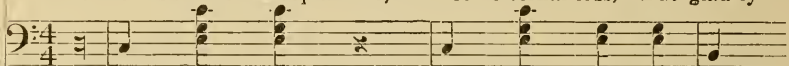
soul, Will make my wound - ed spir - it whole; One drop of
 save my soul, Will make my wounded spir - it whole; One



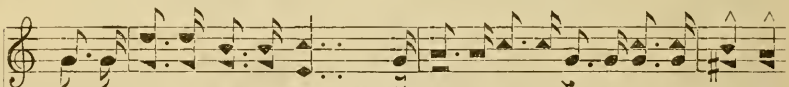
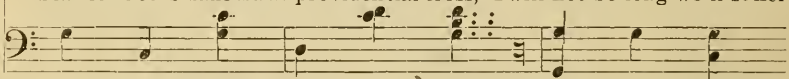
blood Christ shed for me Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 drop of blood Christ shed for me Up - on the cross



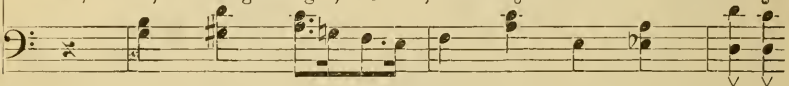
1. This world is far too dreary for The saints' eternal home, There's sickness
2. Our eager feet so soon will tread The pathway of the skies, By this sweet
3. We soon shall tread the streets of gold, Jerusalem above, And see its
4. Then let us all from sleep awake, Nor risk e-ternal loss, But glad-ly



want and anguish sore, Where'er our feet may roam; But soon the King is coming; hope we're comforted, 'Tis marv'lous in our eyes, That He who once earth's desert beauties manifold, The city pilgrims love; We'll drink the living water bear for Jesus' sake Each providential cross; 'Twill not be long we'll suffer

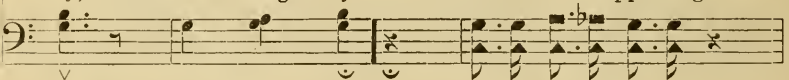


clear The pathway of the sky! He'll take us home to glory where We'll never trod, And bore the cross of shame, Hath made us fellow-heirs of God: O praise His pure, And eat of life's glad tree, In God's own Paradise, secure E-ter-nal- here, For lo, the King is nigh; "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" hear The midnight

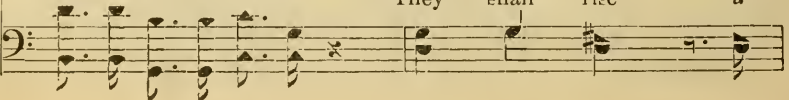


die, Where saints shall never die. O we long for His appearing, We're so name, His high and holy name. ly, From sin and sorrow free. cry, The solemn midnight cry.

Hail the Lord's appearing!



glad the day is nearing! "Them that sleep" with Him the Lord will surely They shall rise a-



Hail His Appearing! Concluded.

rit.

bring. When He comes, O halle-lu-jah! He will take us home to
gain, they shall rise. Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

Beulah; We are go-ing to the pal-ace of the King (in the skies).

No. 127. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

MATT. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy, From His light-house evermore,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry billows roar;
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailor tempest-tost,

S:

FINE.

But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost.

D.S.—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

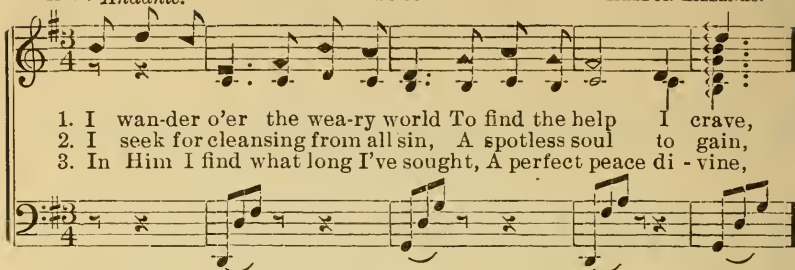
D. S.

Let the low-er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

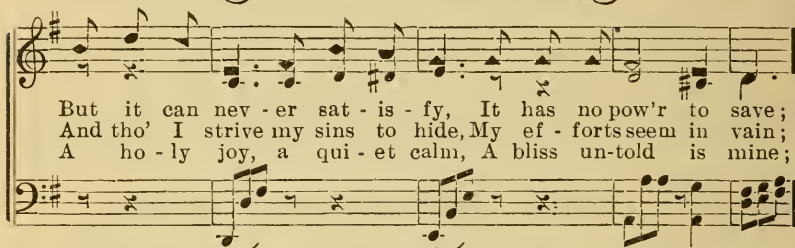
H. L. *Andante.*

SOLO

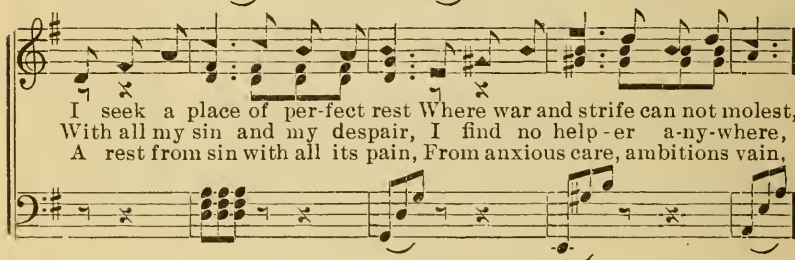
HALDOR LILLENAS.



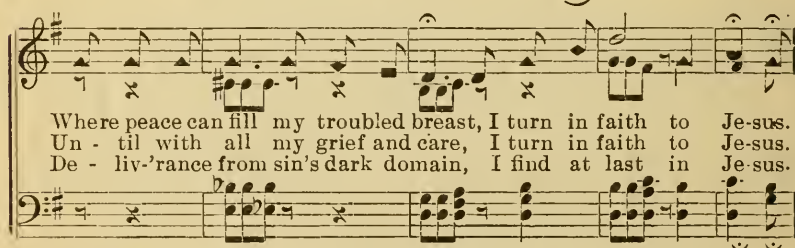
1. I wan-der o'er the wea-ry world To find the help I crave,
 2. I seek for cleansing from all sin, A spotless soul to gain,
 3. In Him I find what long I've sought, A perfect peace di-vine,



But it can nev-er sat-is-fy, It has no pow'r to save;
 And tho' I strive my sins to hide, My ef-forts seem in vain;
 A ho-ly joy, a qui-et calm, A bliss un-told is mine;

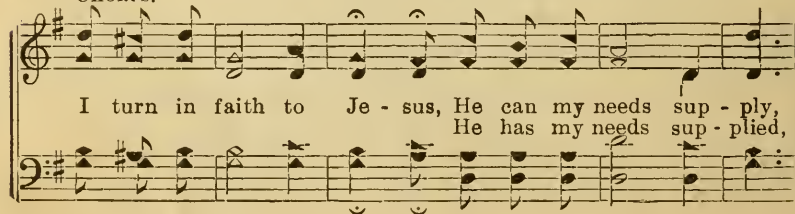


I seek a place of per-fect rest Where war and strife can not molest,
 With all my sin and my despair, I find no help-er a-ny-where,
 A rest from sin with all its pain, From anxious care, ambitions vain,



Where peace can fill my troubled breast, I turn in faith to Je-sus.
 Un-til with all my grief and care, I turn in faith to Je-sus.
 De-liv-rance from sin's dark domain, I find at last in Je-sus.

CHORUS.



I turn in faith to Je-sus, He can my needs sup-ply,
 He has my needs sup-plied,

I Turn to Jesus. Concluded.



His touch can heal my spir - it, His love can sat - is - fy.
His touch has healed mys - pir - it, His love has sat - is - fied.

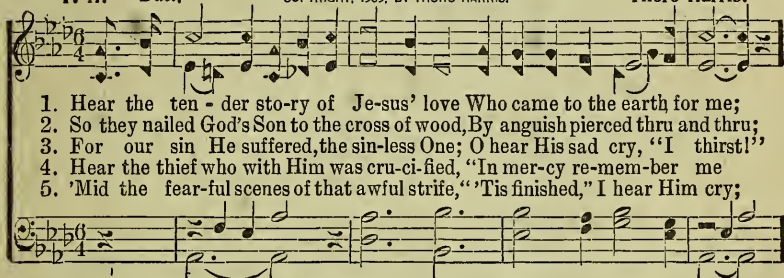
129

He Died of a Broken Heart.

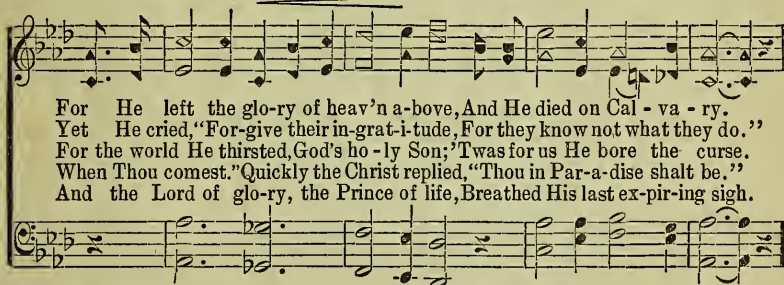
T. H. Duet.

Owned by J. T. Benson
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

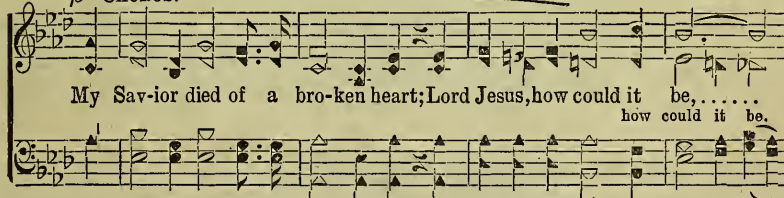


1. Hear the ten - der sto - ry of Je - sus' love Who came to the earth for me;
2. So they nailed God's Son to the cross of wood, By anguish pierced thru and thru;
3. For our sin He suffered, the sin - less One; O hear His sad cry, "I thirst!"
4. Hear the thief who with Him was cru - ci - fied, "In mer - cy re - mem - ber me
5. 'Mid the fear - ful scenes of that awful strife, " 'Tis finished, " I hear Him cry;

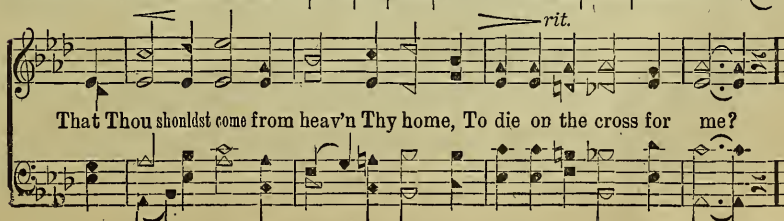


For He left the glo - ry of heav'n a - bove, And He died on Cal - va - ry.
Yet He cried, "For - give their in - grat - i - tude, For they know not what they do."
For the world He thirsted, God's ho - ly Son; 'Twas for us He bore the curse.
When Thou comest, "Quickly the Christ replied, "Thou in Par - a - dise shalt be."
And the Lord of glo - ry, the Prince of life, Breathed His last ex - pir - ing sigh.

CHORUS.



My Sav - ior died of a bro - ken heart; Lord Jesus, how could it be,
how could it be.

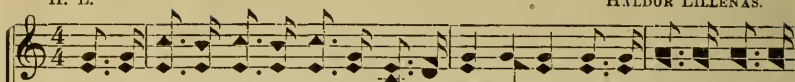


That Thou shouldst come from heav'n Thy home, To die on the cross for me?

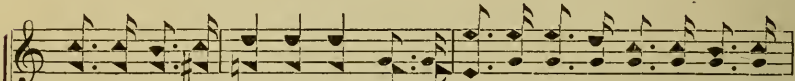
H. L.

Copyright, 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn,

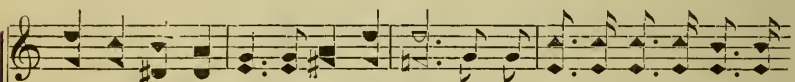
HALDOR LILLENAS.



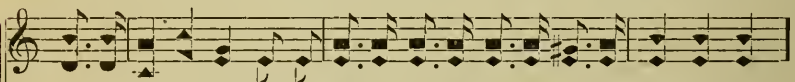
1. We are un - der marching orders from the King di - vine, We are dai - ly press - ing
2. We have gird - ed on the ar - mour of the gos - pel, bright, We are con - fi - dent of
3. Long e - nough the hosts of darkness have possess'd the world, By the power of Je -



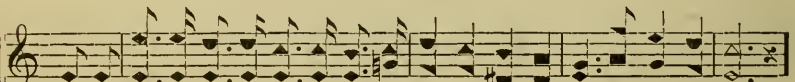
for - ward 'neath His fair en - sign, With the ar - mies gone be - fore us we will
vic - t'ry for our cause is right, Dai - ly fol - low - ing our Cap - tain, keep - ing
ho - vah, 'neath His flag un - fur'l'd, They must be de - feat - ed, backward they shall



fall in line And on to bat - tle go. Strong and might - y is the en - e
Him insight, We on to bat - tle go. With the shield of faith pro - tect - ed,
all be hurl'd For right must win the day. Soon the gold - en dawn of morn will



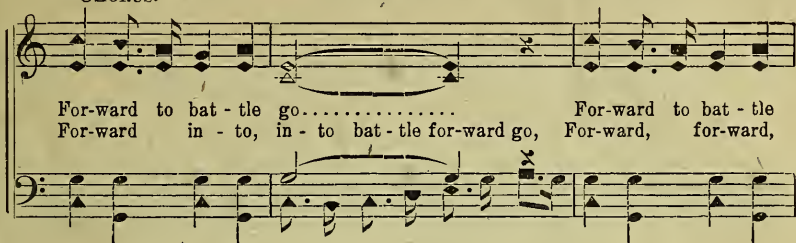
my that we must face, By the pow - er of Je - ho - vah we can him dis - place,
we can safe - ly stand All the darts that may be hurl'd while in this hos - tile land,
break o'er eastern hills, And the sun of right - eous - ness will shine o'er rocks and rills,



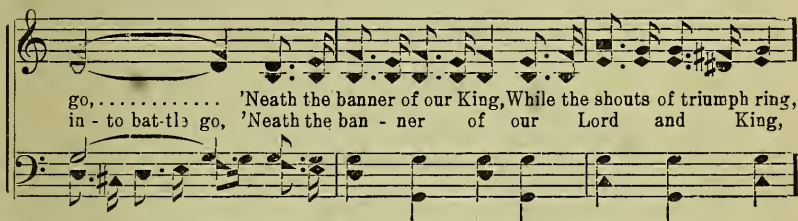
And a vic - to - ry triumphant, by God's pow'r and grace Thro' Jesus we shall know.
With the hel - met of sal - va - tion, with our sword in hand All sin to o - ver - throw.
How the thought our hearts with rapture and with glory fills No language can convey.

No. 131. Forward to Battle. Concluded.

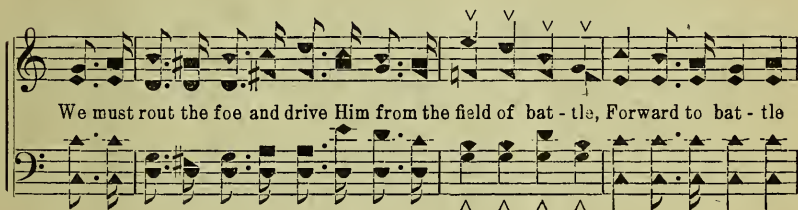
CHORUS.



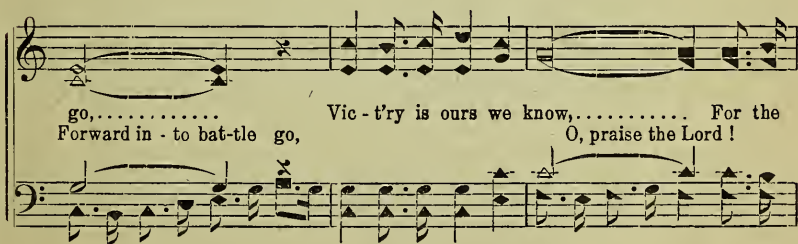
For-ward to bat - tle go..... For-ward to bat - tle
For-ward in - to, in - to bat - tle for-ward go, For-ward, for-ward,



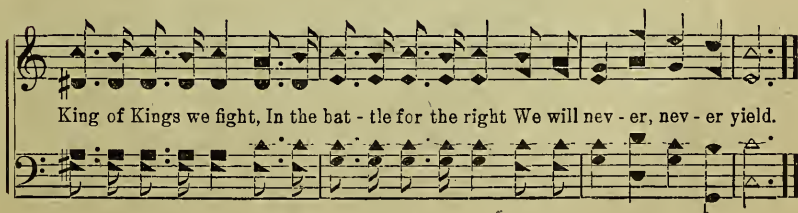
go,..... 'Neath the banner of our King, While the shouts of triumph ring,
in - to bat - tle go, 'Neath the ban - ner of our Lord and King,



We must rout the foe and drive Him from the field of bat - tle, Forward to bat - tle



go,..... Vic - t'ry is ours we know,..... For the
Forward in - to bat - tle go, O, praise the Lord!

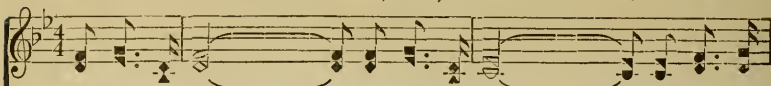


King of Kings we fight, In the bat - tle for the right We will nev - er, nev - er yield.

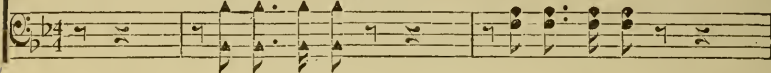
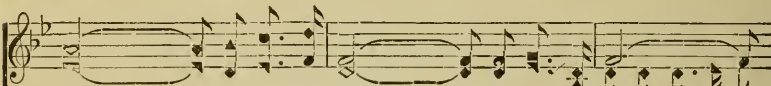
Mrs. J. W. Askew.

J. W. ASKEW, OWNER, 1912.


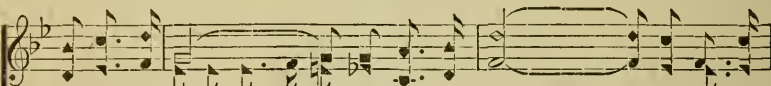
J. W. Askew.



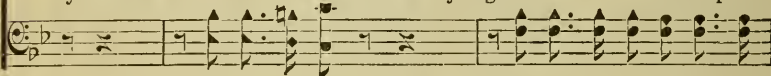

1. I need Thee, Lord,..... from day to day,..... As I pur-
 2. I need Thee, Lord,..... from day to day,..... That I no
 3. I need Thee, Lord,..... from day to day,..... Be ver - y

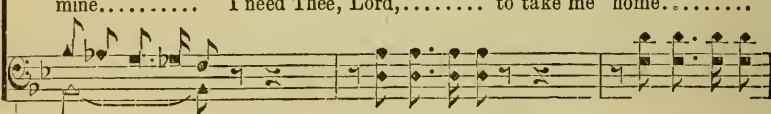

sue..... the nar-row way; While trav'ling thro'.....
 more..... may go a - stray;..... O lead me home.....
 near..... to me, I pray;..... O close-ly clasp.....

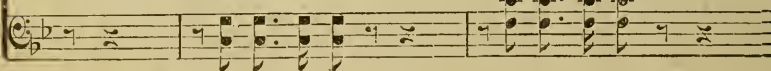
this wea-ry land,..... Up-hold me by..... Thy guid-ing
 that I may see..... Thy glo-ry thro'..... e - ter - ni-
 my hand in Thine..... And safe-ly guide..... each step of

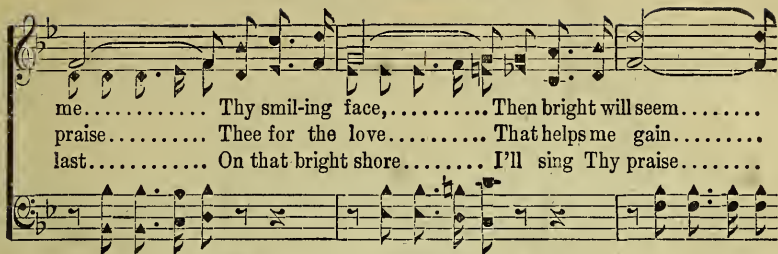
hand..... I need Thee, Lord,..... when I am sad.....
 ty..... I need Thee, to..... re - sist the wrong,.....
 mine..... I need Thee, Lord,..... to take me home.....

To cheer my soul..... and make me glad;..... O show to
 Thy grace di - vine..... will make me strong,..... And I will
 To dwell be - yond..... the star-ry dome;..... With Thee at



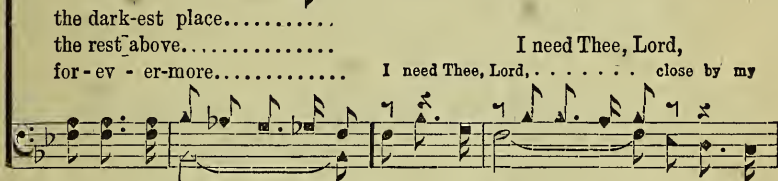
I Need Thee, Lord,



me..... Thy smil-ing face..... Then bright will seem.....
 praise..... Thee for the love..... That helps me gain.....
 last..... On that bright shore..... I'll sing Thy praise.....

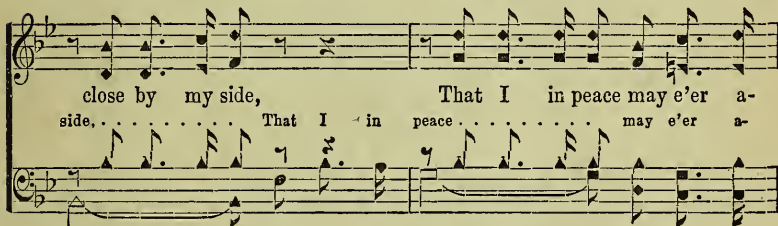


REFRAIN.



the dark-est place.....
 the rest above.....
 for-ev - er-more.....

I need Thee, Lord,
 I need Thee, Lord,..... close by my



close by my side,
 side,..... That I in peace..... may e'er a-

That I in peace may e'er a-



bide;..... O grant to me..... Thy lov - ing care.....
 bide, may e'er a-bide; O grant to me Thy lov - ing care



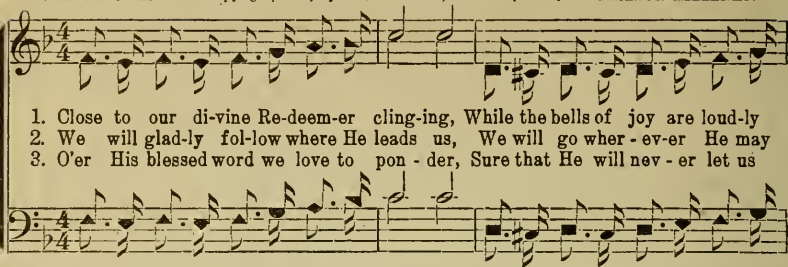
Un - til ce-les - - - tial joys I share.....
 Un - til ce-les - tial joys, ce-les - tial joys I share.

No. 133. Marching in the Highway.

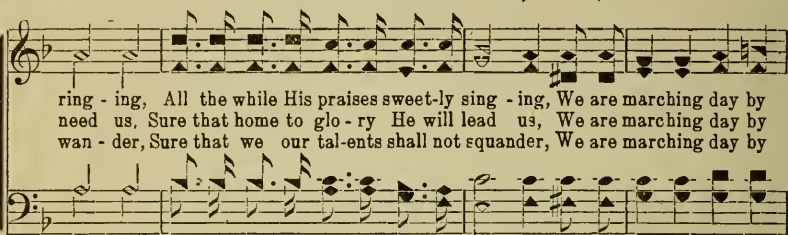
JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1916, by J. o. T. Berson, Nashville, Tenn.

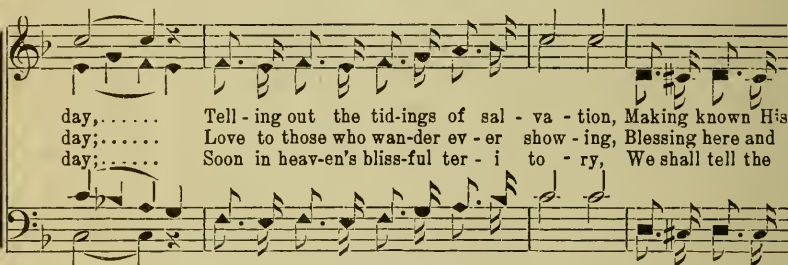
HALDOR LILLENAS.



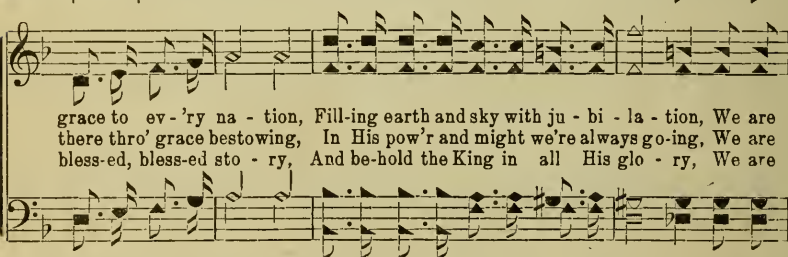
1. Close to our di-vine Re-deem-er cling-ing, While the bells of joy are loud-ly
 2. We will glad-ly fol-low where He leads us, We will go wher-ev-er He may
 3. O'er His blessed word we love to pon-der, Sure that He will nev-er let us



ring-ing, All the while His praises sweet-ly sing-ing, We are marching day by
 need us, Sure that home to glo-ry He will lead us, We are marching day by
 wan-der, Sure that we our tal-ents shall not squander, We are marching day by

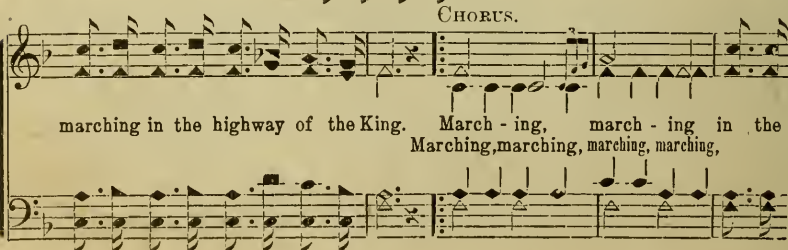


day,..... Tell-ing out the tid-ings of sal-va-tion, Making known His
 day;..... Love to those who wan-der ev-er show-ing, Blessing here and
 day;..... Soon in heav-en's bliss-ful ter-i-to-ry, We shall tell the



grace to ev-'ry na-tion, Fill-ing earth and sky with ju-bi-la-tion, We are
 there thro' grace bestowing, In His pow'r and might we're always go-ing, We are
 bless-ed, bless-ed sto-ry, And be-hold the King in all His glo-ry, We are

CHORUS.



marching in the highway of the King. March-ing, march-ing in the
 Marching, marching, marching, marching,

Marching in the Highway. Concluded.

high-way of the King,..... March - ing, march - ing,
the highway of the King, Marching, marching, marching, marching,

Of His goodness we will ev - er sing,..... on - ward,
for-ev - er sing, We're going onward, onward,

ev - er, Moves the mighty ar-my of the Lord,.....
onward ev - er, the might-y Savior, and

Foes we're ev-er rout-ing, and the tri-umph shouting, Marching in the high-way

of the King,..... marching in the highway of the King.
the might-y Savior, We are

1. I've a Friend, a precious Friend in-deed, One who hears me when for
 2. I am walking with this Friend each day; Sweetest joy He gives me
 3. Tho' the foes of earth may try my soul, He will nev-er give to

help I plead, Fills my soul with peace, gives me sweet release
 all the way, Frees my soul from sin, makes me glad with-in,
 them con-trol; On Him I de-pend, for He is my Friend,—

From the burdens hard to bear; And I love Him more than
 Fills my life with love's glad song; When the storms of earth a -
 This He's proven o'er and o'er, When the clouds of grief a -

all be-side, For up-on the rug-ged cross He died, Gave His life for
 round me beat, In His arms I find a sure re-treat, Safe from ev'ry
 round me rise, Je-sus comes to me, a glad surprise, Drives the gloom a -

me, that I might be free, And His presence ev-er share.
 harm, free from all a-larm,— I am weak but He is strong.
 way, turns my night to day— I shall praise Him ev-er - more.

My Friend. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

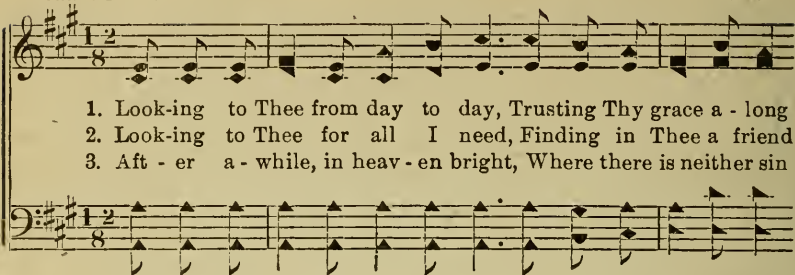
My Friend made the great ob-la - tion, Died to
My dear Friend has made the great ob-la - tion, Yes, He died to

bring to me sal-va-tion, Helps me o-ver-come temp-ta-tion;
And He helps me

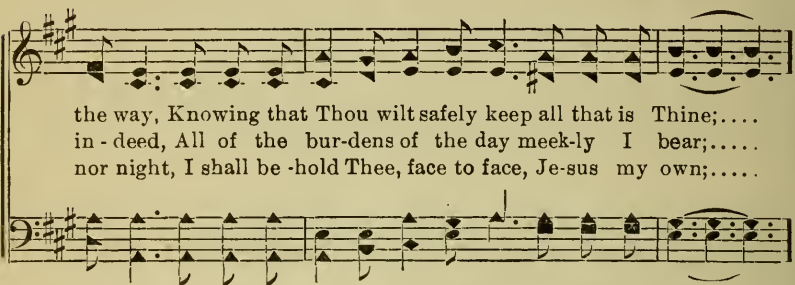
What a wondrous Friend is He! In the
My Sav-iour! In neg - lect - ed

by-ways lone and dreary, To the pil-grims sad and wear-y
To for-sak-en

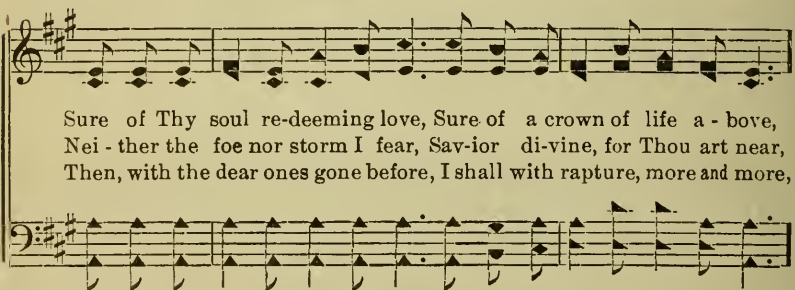
I will speak a word of cheer, Praising Him who rescued me.
I will glad-ly



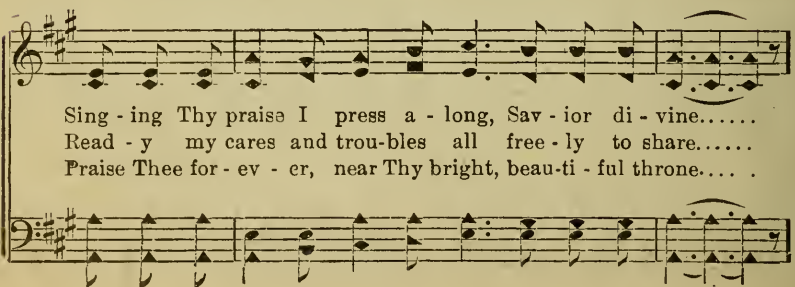
1. Look-ing to Thee from day to day, Trusting Thy grace a - long
 2. Look-ing to Thee for all I need, Finding in Thee a friend
 3. Aft - er a - while, in heav - en bright, Where there is neither sin



the way, Knowing that Thou wilt safely keep all that is Thine;....
 in - deed, All of the bur - dens of the day meek - ly I bear;....
 nor night, I shall be - hold Thee, face to face, Je - sus my own;....



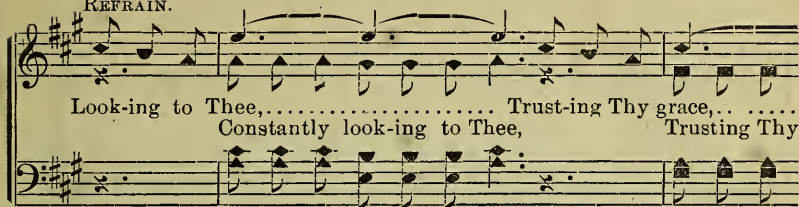
Sure of Thy soul re - deem-ing love, Sure of a crown of life a - bove,
 Nei - ther the foe nor storm I fear, Sav - ior di - vine, for Thou art near,
 Then, with the dear ones gone before, I shall with rapture, more and more,



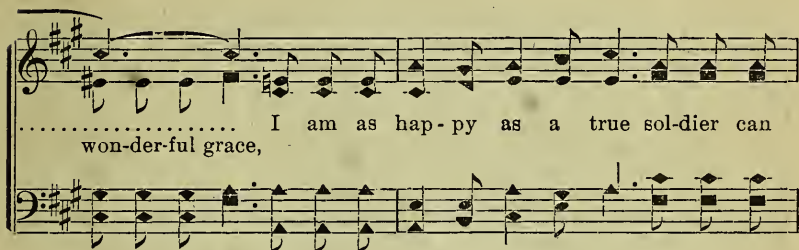
Sing - ing Thy praise I press a - long, Sav - ior di - vine.....
 Read - y my cares and trou - bles all free - ly to share.....
 Praise Thee for - ev - er, near Thy bright, beau - ti - ful throne....

Looking to Thee. Concluded.

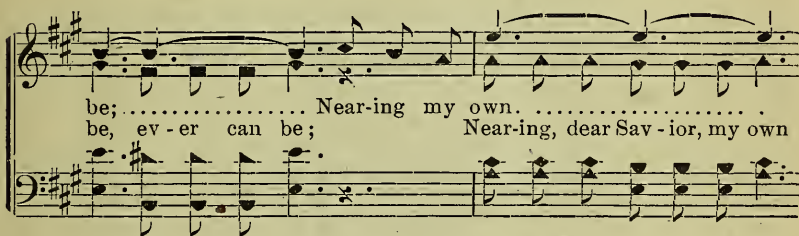
REFRAIN.



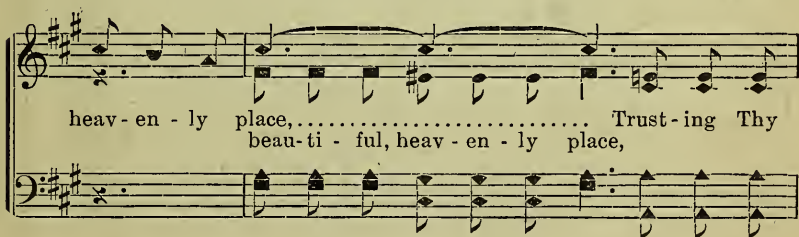
Look-ing to Thee,..... Trust-ing Thy grace,... ..
Constantly look-ing to Thee, Trusting Thy



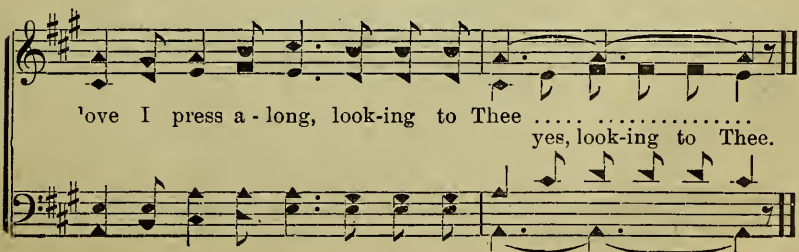
..... I am as hap-py as a true sol-dier can
won-der-ful grace,



be;..... Near-ing my own.
be, ev-er can be; Near-ing, dear Sav-ior, my own



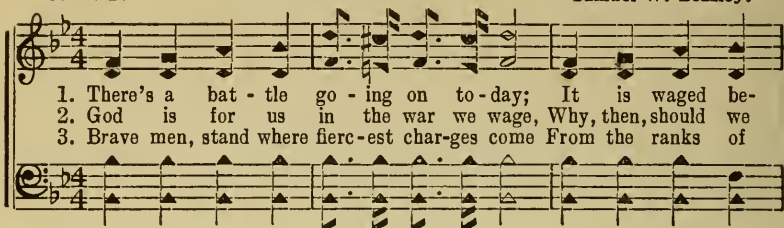
heav-en - ly place,..... Trust-ing Thy
beau-ti - ful, heav-en - ly place,



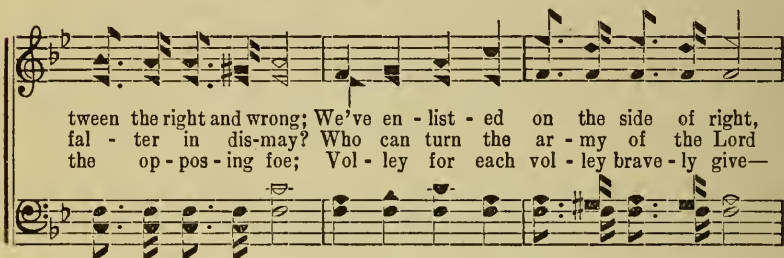
love I press a-long, look-ing to Thee
yes, look-ing to Thee.

S. W. B.

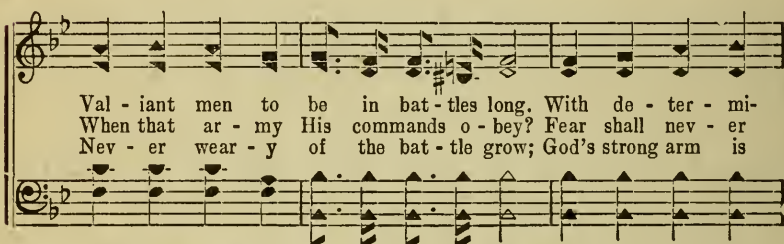
Samuel W. Beazley.



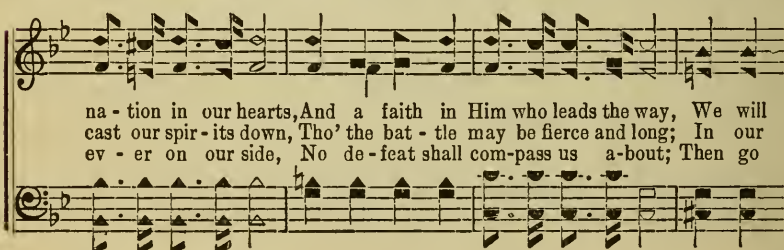
1. There's a bat - tle go - ing on to-day; It is waged be-
 2. God is for us in the war we wage, Why, then, should we
 3. Brave men, stand where fierc-est charg-es come From the ranks of



tween the right and wrong; We've en - list - ed on the side of right,
 fal - ter in dis-may? Who can turn the ar - my of the Lord
 the op - pos - ing foe; Vol - ley for each vol - ley brave - ly give—



Val - iant men to be in bat - tles long. With de - ter - mi-
 When that ar - my His commands o - bey? Fear shall nev - er
 Nev - er wear - y of the bat - tle grow; God's strong arm is



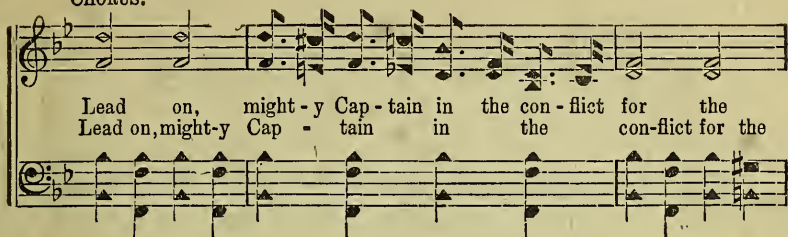
na - tion in our hearts, And a faith in Him who leads the way, We will
 cast our spir - its down, Tho' the bat - tle may be fierce and long; In our
 ev - er on our side, No de - feat shall com - pass us a - bout; Then go



press the fight from sun to sun, Till our faith - ful ranks shall win the day.
 hearts His prom - i - ses shall stand, And up - on our lips the warrior's song.
 for - ward, loy - al men of faith, With God's help, the en - e - my to rout.

There's a Battle.

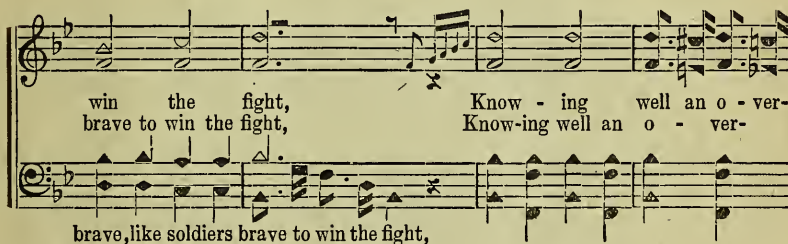
CHORUS.



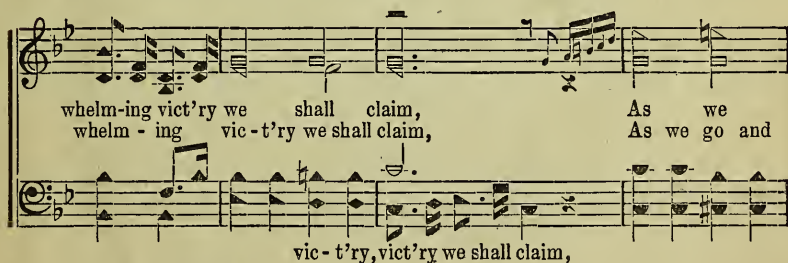
Lead on, might-y Cap-tain in the con-flict for the
Lead on, might-y Cap - tain in the con-flict for the



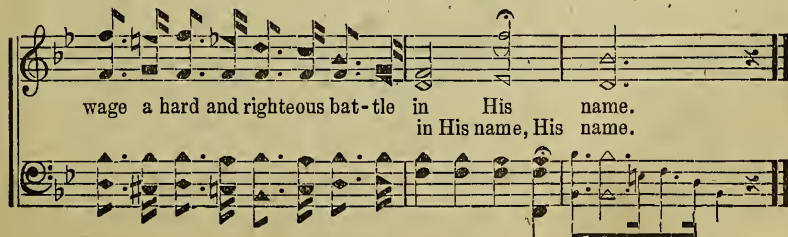
right; We will fol-low Thee like soldiers brave to
truth and right; We will fol-low Thee like sol - diers



win the fight, Know - ing well an o-ver-
brave to win the fight, Know-ing well an o - ver-
brave, like soldiers brave to win the fight,



whelm-ing vict'ry we shall claim, As we
whelm - ing vic-t'ry we shall claim, As we go and
vic-t'ry, vict'ry we shall claim,

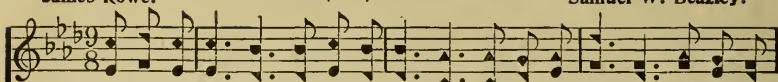


wage a hard and righteous bat-tle in His name.
in His name, His name.

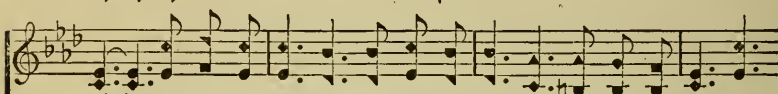
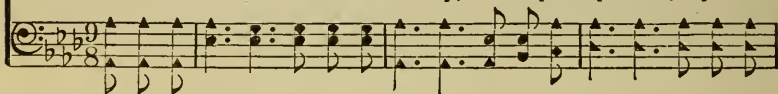
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

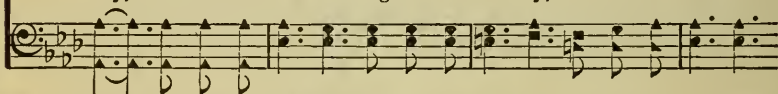
Samuel W. Beazley.



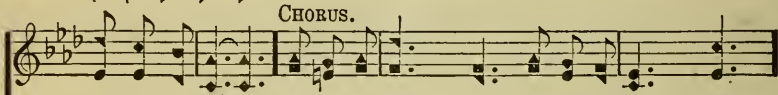
1. Aft - er the mid - night, morning will greet us; Aft - er the sad - ness, joy will ap -
2. Aft - er the bat - tle, peace will be giv - en; Aft - er the weeping, songs there will
3. Shadows and sun - shine all thro' the sto - ry, Teardrops and pleasure, day aft - er



pear; Aft - er the tem - pest, sun - light will meet us; Aft - er the jeer - ing,
be; Aft - er the jour - ney there will be heav - en, — Burdens will fall and
day; But when we reach the king - dom of Glo - ry, Tri - als of earth will



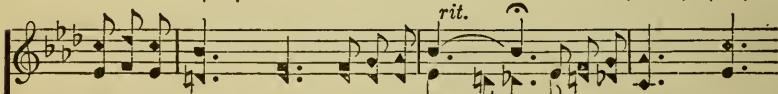
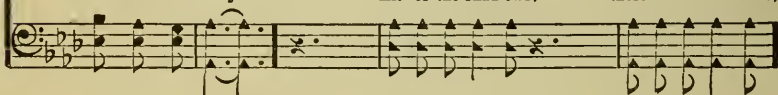
CHORUS.



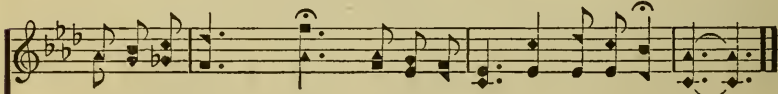
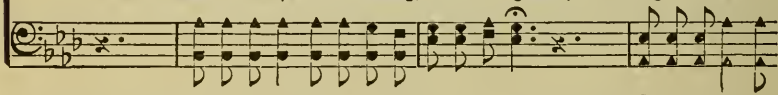
praise we shall hear. Aft - er the shad - ows, there will be sun - shine;
we shall be free.
van - ish a - way.

Aft - er the shad - ows,

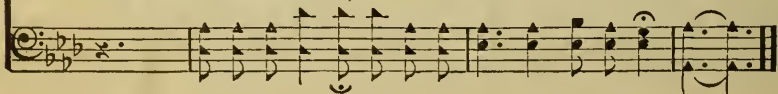
there will be sun - shine;



Aft - er the frown, the soul - cheering smile; ... Cling to the Sav - ior,
After the frown, the soul - cheering, soul - cheering smile; Cling to the Sav - ior,



love Him for - ev - er; All will be well in a lit - tle while.
love Him for - ev - er;



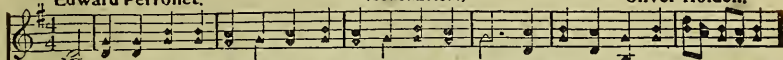
Devotional Hymns

No. 138 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

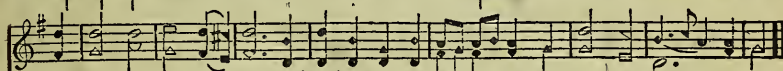
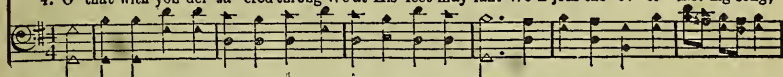
Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

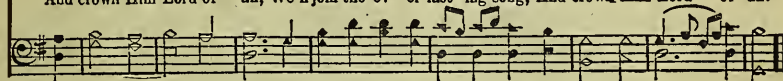
Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song,



And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all
 And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all



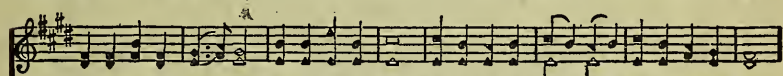
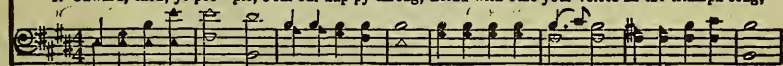
No. 139 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

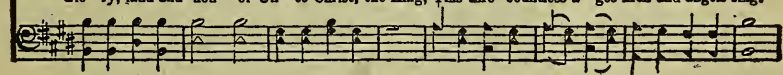
Arthur Sullivan.



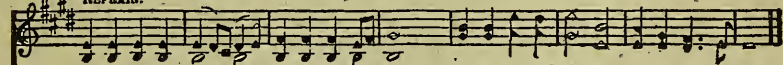
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore;
2. At the sign of tri-umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic-to-ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;



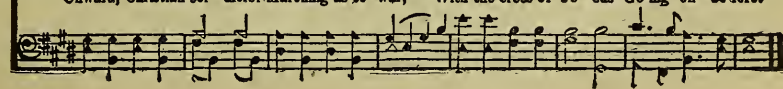
Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ner go!
 Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
 We are not di-vid-ed; All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
 Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ, the King, This thro' count-ess a-ges Men and angels sing.



REFRAIN.



Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

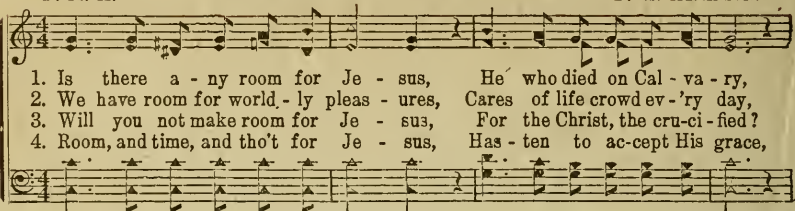


No. 140.

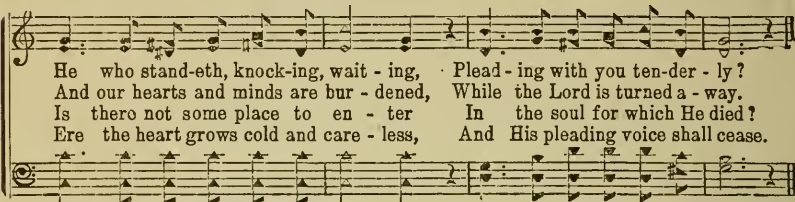
ROOM FOR JESUS.

F. M. A.

F. M. ATKINSON.

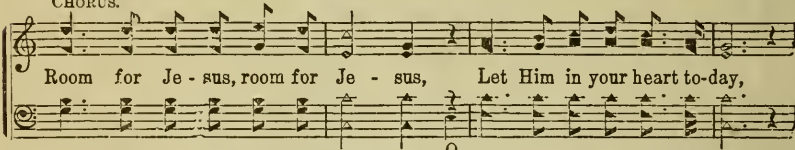


1. Is there a - ny room for Je - sus, He who died on Cal - va - ry,
 2. We have room for world - ly pleas - ures, Cares of life crowd ev - 'ry day,
 3. Will you not make room for Je - sus, For the Christ, the cru - ci - fied?
 4. Room, and time, and tho't for Je - sus, Has - ten to ac - cept His grace,

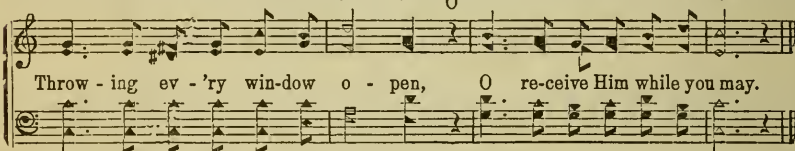


He who stand - eth, knock - ing, wait - ing, Plead - ing with you ten - der - ly?
 And our hearts and minds are bur - dened, While the Lord is turned a - way.
 Is there not some place to en - ter In the soul for which He died?
 Ere the heart grows cold and care - less, And His pleading voice shall cease.

CHORUS.



Room for Je - sus, room for Je - sus, Let Him in your heart to - day,



0
 Throw - ing ev - 'ry win - dow o - pen, O re - ceive Him while you may.


Copyright, 1904, by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

No. 141.

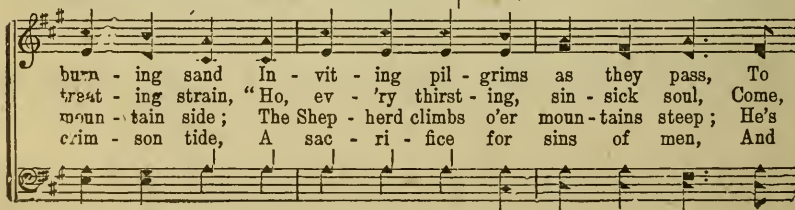
THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. P.

Rev. W. E. PENN.



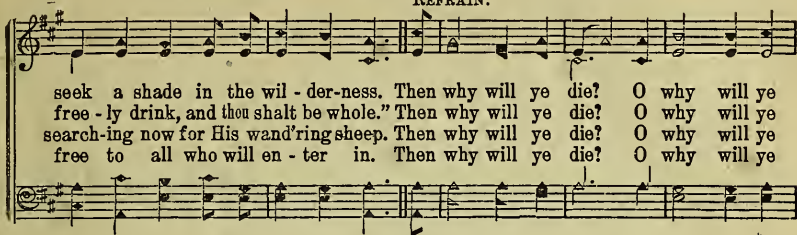
1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shad - ow falls on the
 2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
 3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
 4. There is a cross where the Sav - iour died; His blood flow'd out in a



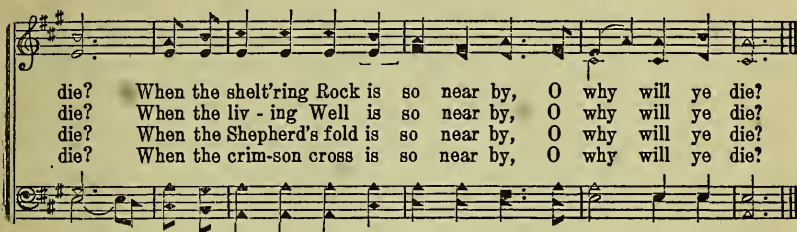
burn - ing sand In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To
 treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing, sin - sick soul, Come,
 moun - tain side; The Shep - herd climbs o'er moun - tains steep; He's
 crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And

THE SHELTERING ROCK. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



seek a shade in the wil - der-ness. Then why will ye die? O why will ye
 free - ly drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O why will ye
 search-ing now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O why will ye
 free to all who will en - ter in. Then why will ye die? O why will ye



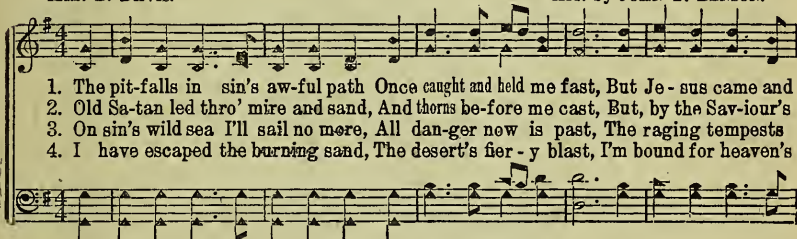
die? When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?
 die? When the liv - ing Well is so near by, O why will ye die?
 die? When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?
 die? When the crim-son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?

No 142.

I'M ON THE ROCK.

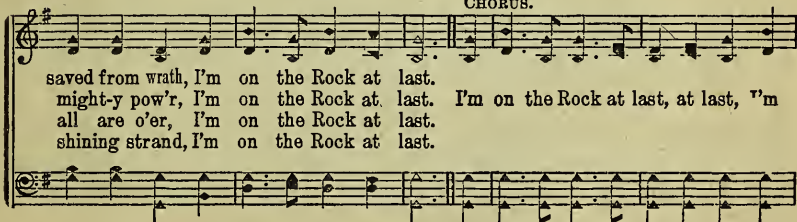
MRS. B. DAVIS.

Arr. by JOHN T. BENSON.

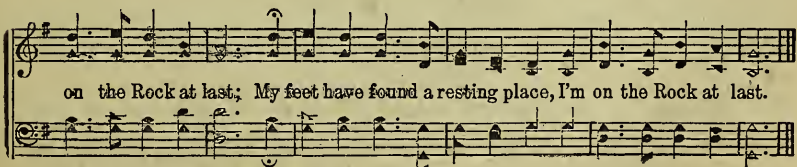


1. The pit-falls in sin's aw-ful path Once caught and held me fast, But Je - sus came and
2. Old Sa-tan led thro' mire and sand, And thorns be-fore me cast, But, by the Sav-iour's
3. On sin's wild sea I'll sail no more, All dan-ger now is past, The raging tempests
4. I have escaped the burning sand, The desert's fier - y blast, I'm bound for heaven's

CHORUS.



saved from wrath, I'm on the Rock at last.
 might-y pow'r, I'm on the Rock at last. I'm on the Rock at last, at last, 'm
 all are o'er, I'm on the Rock at last.
 shining strand, I'm on the Rock at last.



on the Rock at last; My feet have found a resting place, I'm on the Rock at last.

No. 143. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Arranged for this Work.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word ;
2. In ev'-ry condition, in sickness and health, In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
3. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd: I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;
4. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My constant, eternal, unchangeable love;
5. The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re-pose, I will not, I will not desert to His foes;

What more can He say, than to you He hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake.

No. 144. I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE.

ISAAC WATTS.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets;
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry;

CHO.-I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

D. C. for Chorus.

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round the throne.
But serv-ants of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.
Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
We're march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

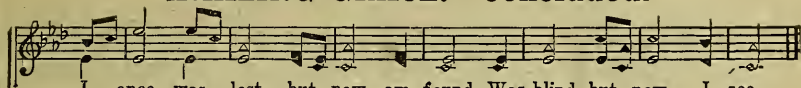
No. 145. AMAZING GRACE.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

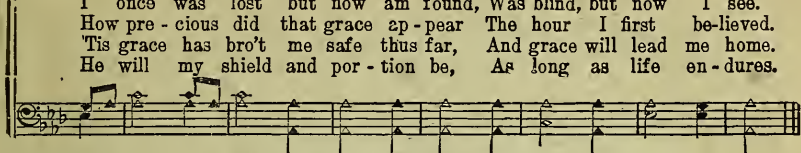
Moderato.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se-cures;

AMAZING GRACE. Concluded.



I once was lost but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved.
This grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life en-dures.



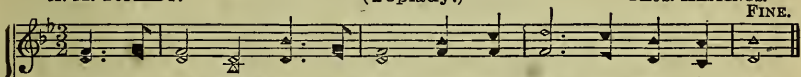
No. 146. ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

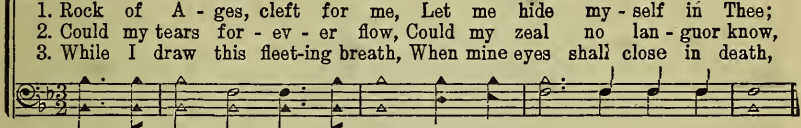
(Toplady.)

THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

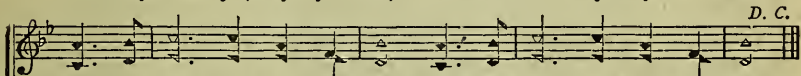


1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

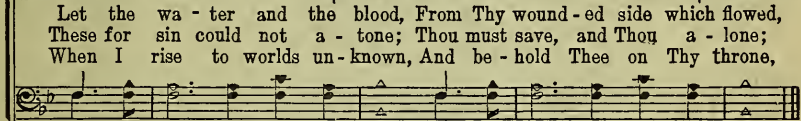


D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

D. C.



Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

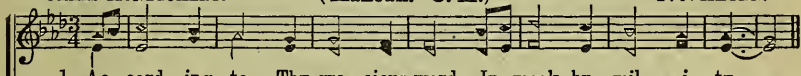


No. 147. ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD.

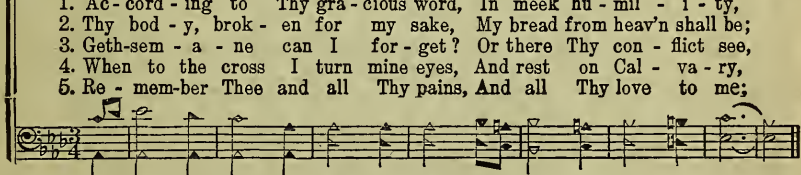

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(Manoah. C. M.)

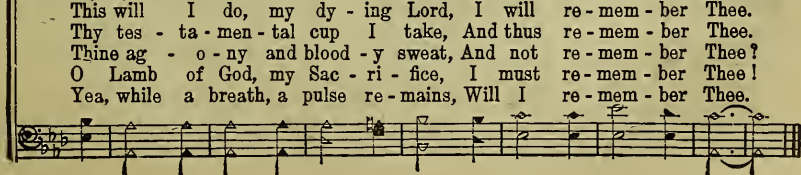
F. J. HAYDN.



1. Ac-cord-ing to Thy gra-cious word, In meek hu-mil-i-ty,
2. Thy bod-y, brok-en for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
3. Geth-sem-a-ne can I for-get? Or there Thy con-flict see,
4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal-va-ry,
5. Re-mem-ber Thee and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;

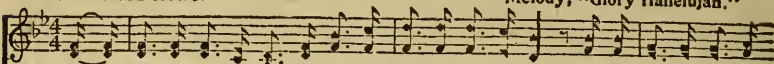
This will I do, my dy-ing Lord, I will re-mem-ber Thee.
Thy tes-ta-men-tal cup I take, And thus re-mem-ber Thee.
Thine ag-o-ny and blood-y sweat, And not re-mem-ber Thee?
O Lamb of God, my Sac-ri-fice, I must re-mem-ber Thee!
Yea, while a breath, a pulse re-mains, Will I re-mem-ber Thee.



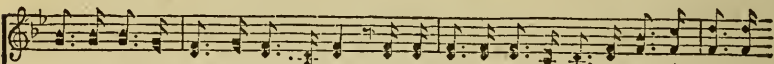
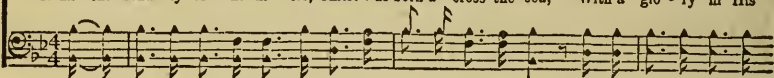
No. 148 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

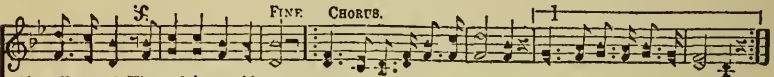
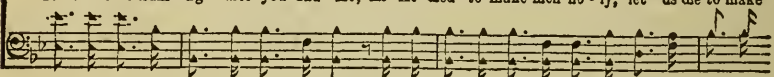
Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



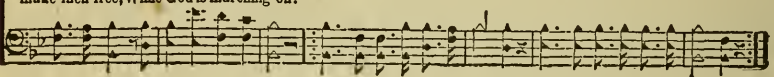
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His



vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-
al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be-swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-
bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make



ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar-ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! (*D.S. 2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.



No. 149

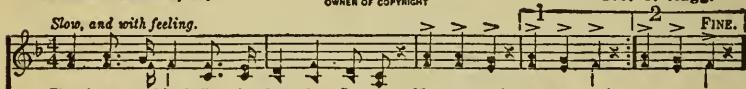
No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

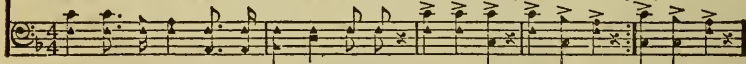
USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG,
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT

Geo. C. Hugg.

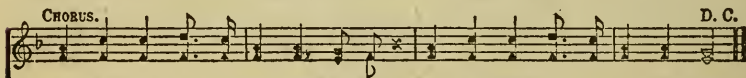
Slow, and with feeling.



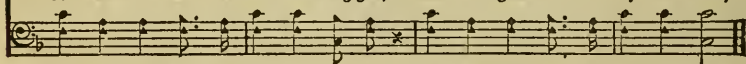
1. { There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
- { None else could heal all our souls' dis-eas-es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!



D.C.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!



Je-sus knows all a-bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;



- 2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.
- 3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.
- 4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.
- 5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

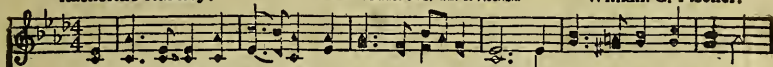
No. 150

I Love To Tell The Story.

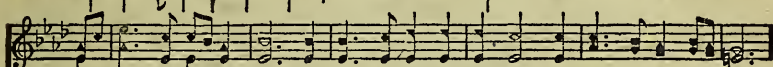
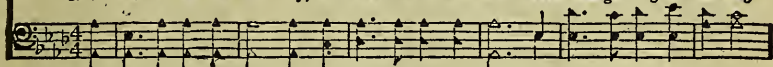
Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

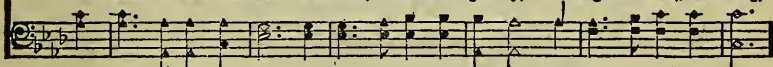
William G. Fischer.



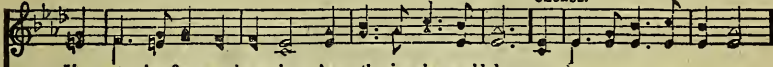
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



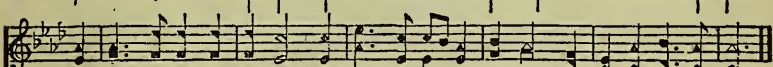
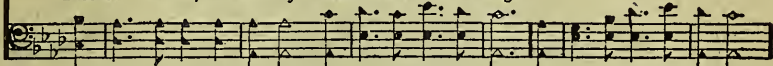
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



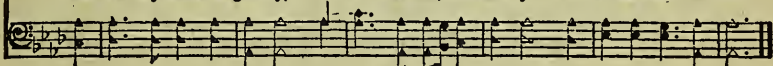
CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry. That I have lov'd so long.



'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

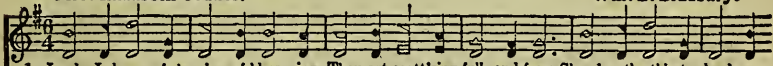


No. 151

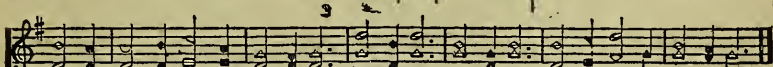
Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

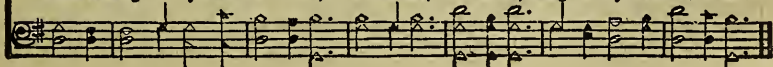
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst - y land re -
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave - me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and



fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me -
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



No. 152

What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer! | 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer. | 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.] |
|---|---|---|

No. 153

The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my

mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 154

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is minel Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vinel Heir of sal -
 2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
 3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood,
 scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
 wait-ing look-ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Praising my Sav - ior all the day long.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my - sto - ry, this is my song;

No. 155

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, where
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.
 e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me: His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 156

Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. MOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the glad - ness all a -
 2. Wait it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners far and
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By His death and end - less
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Let the na - tions now re -

round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
 wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
 life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
 voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est

steeps and cross the waves; On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 back, ye o - cean caves, Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

No. 157

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you
 Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pass - ions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan - guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'rence,
 Be tho't - ful and earn - est, Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer,
 He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

1 2 CHORUS.
 Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
 Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav - ior to help you,
 Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro'.

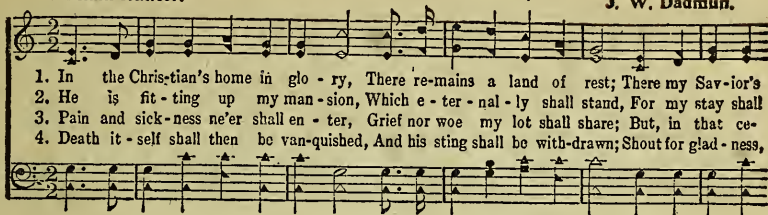
Com - fort, strength - en, and keep you; He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 158

Rest for the Weary.

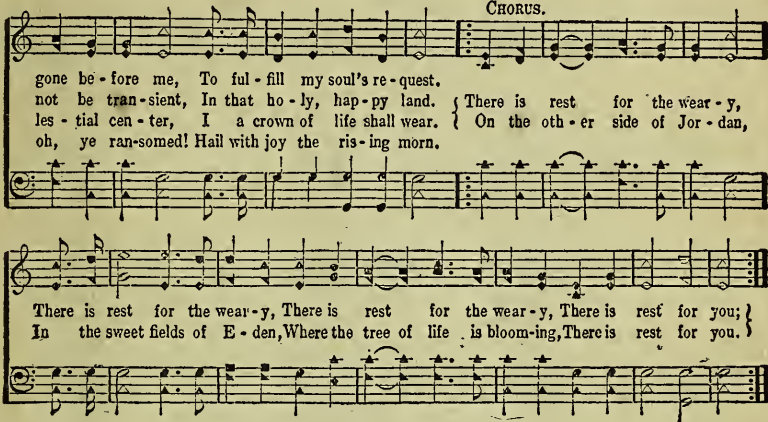
William Hunter.

J. W. Dadmun.



1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
 2. He is fit-ting up my man-sion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand, For my stay shall
 3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
 4. Death it-self shall then be van-quished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for glad-ness,

CHORUS.



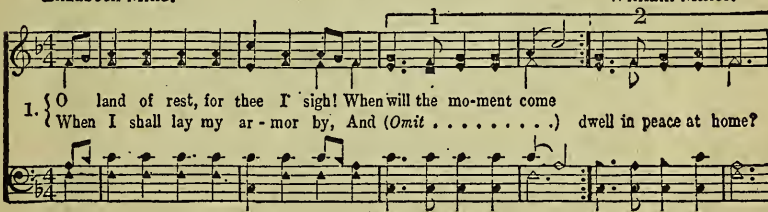
gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.
 not be tran-sient, In that ho-ly, hap-py land. { There is rest for the wear-y,
 les-tial cen-ter, I a crown of life shall wear. { On the oth-er side of Jor-dan,
 oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris-ing morn.

There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for you; {
 In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you. }

No. 159 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

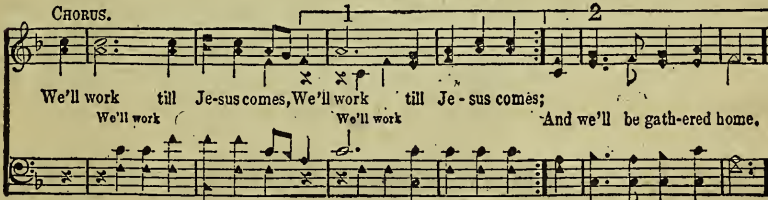
Elizabeth Mills.

William Miller.



1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
 When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And (Omit) dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes;
 We'll work And we'll be gath-ered home.

2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And lean for succor on His breast
 Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,
 No more my steps shall roam;
 With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
 And reach my heavenly home.

No. 160.

My Jesus I Love Thee.

English.

First Tune.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 161. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 O how can you question, if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.
- 3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
 Or wait you to mansions of glory on high?
- 4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
 And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 162. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
 Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
 The light of His countenance shineth so bright.
 That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.
- 2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
 I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
 I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
 For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.
- 3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
 They bear me away in His presence to be
 I see Him still nearer whom always I see.
- 4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
 Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
 Shall know how His love went before me each day,
 And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

No. 163 .

Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins.

Second Tune.

Koschat.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you,

the Spirit says "come," And angels are waiting to welcome you home, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

No. 164

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell.

First Tune.

Theo. E. Perkins.

1. { What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along— }
 { These wondrous gath'nings day by day? What means this strange com- } motion, pray? In accents hush'd the

throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by," In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
 The city move so mightily?
 A passing stranger, has He skill
 To move the multitude at will?
 Again the stirring notes reply:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe];
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
 And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
 Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
 His holy footprints we can trace,
 He passeth at our threshold—nay,
 He enters—condescends to stay.
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 165

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Second Tune.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, }
 { And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and } wishes known! { In sea-sons
 D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer, } My soul has

of dis-tress and grief }
 oft - en found re- } lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn
 With strong desires for thy return
 With such I hasten to the place
 Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
 And gladly take my station there,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness.
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 166

Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.

1. { Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
 { Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
 D.C.—Work for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

brighter; Work in the glowing sun,

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute,
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more,

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset sky;
 While the bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more,
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

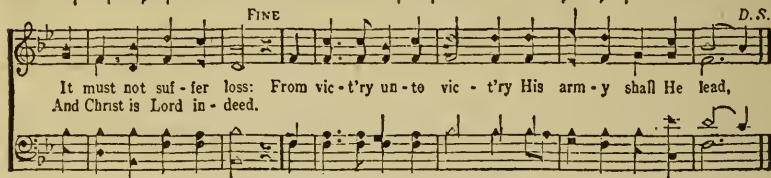
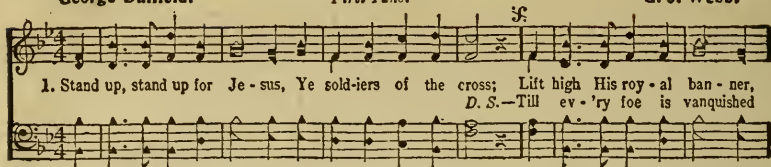
No. 167.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 168. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

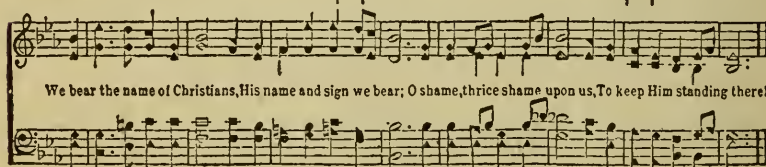
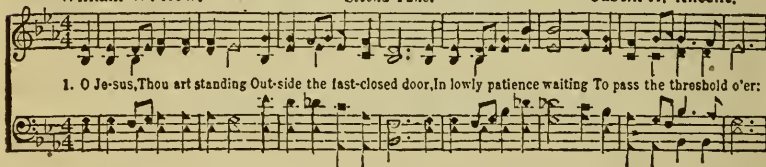
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 169. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.



1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 170.

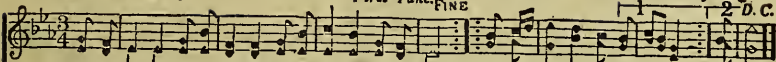
Geo. Robinson.

Come, Thou Fount.

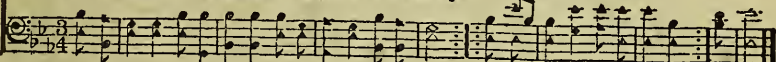
First Tune. FINE

John Wyeth.

2 D. C.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, { Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; { Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.



- 1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing | 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Hither by Thy help I'll come;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Call for songs of loudest praise; Safely to arrive at home:
Teach me some melodious sonnet, Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Sung by flaming tongues above; Wandering from the fold of God;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it! He, to rescue me from danger,
Mount of Thy redeeming love. Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; (it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 171.

Geo. Robinson,

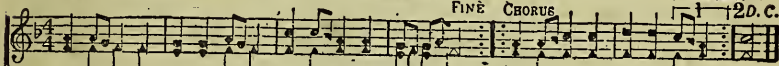
I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Second Tune.

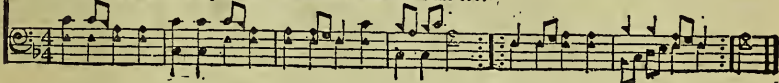
FINE CHORUS

J. J. Rousseau.

2 D. C.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Streams of mer-cy, never ceasing Call for songs of loudest praise; } I love Je-sus, yes I } do!
D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.



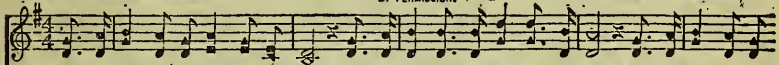
No. 172.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

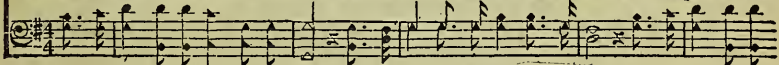
Sweet By-and-By.

BY PERMISSION.

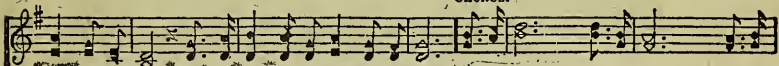
Jos. P. Webster,



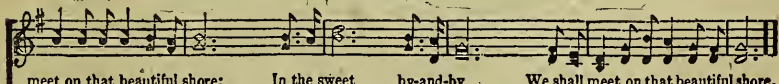
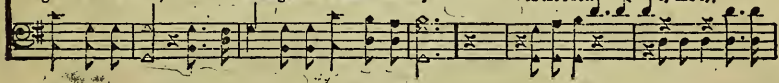
1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise, For the glo-ri-ous



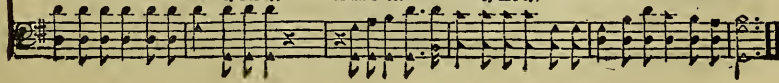
CHORUS.



- o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling place there.
sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,

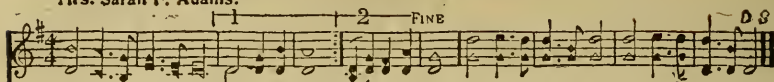


- meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

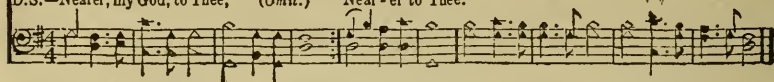


No. 173. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near-er to Thee.



2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

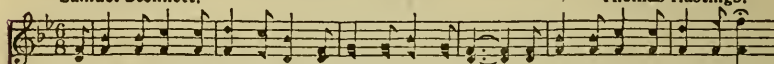
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

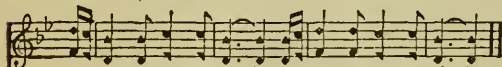
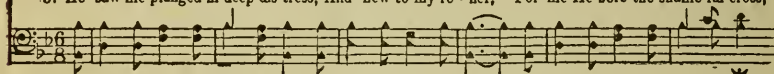
No. 174. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

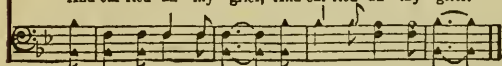
Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,



His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.



4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

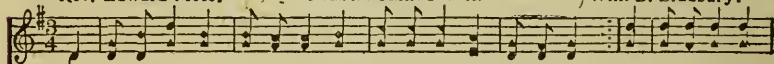
5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 175. The Solid Rock.

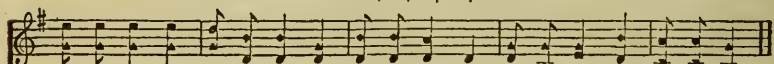
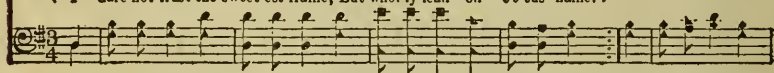
Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

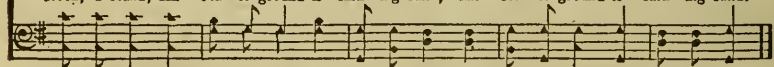
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.



Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.



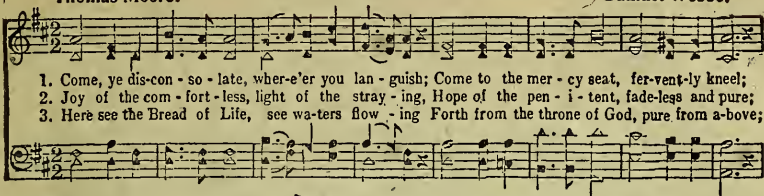
- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face; I rest on His unchang-ing grace;
In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vail,
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood Support me in the whelm-ing flood;
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
4 When Heshall come with trumpet sound O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 176.

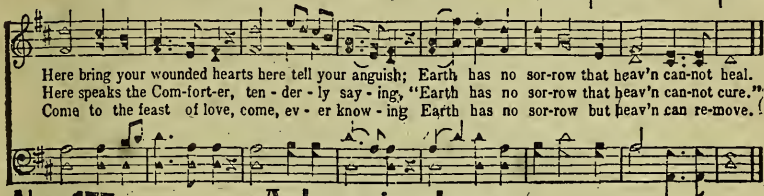
Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

Samuel Webbe.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er you lan-guish; Come to the mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;



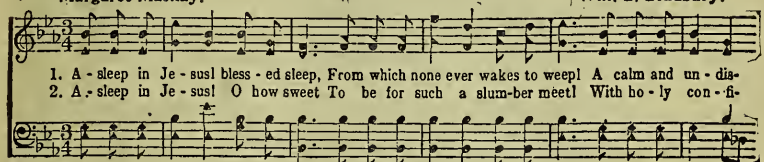
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly say-ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 177.

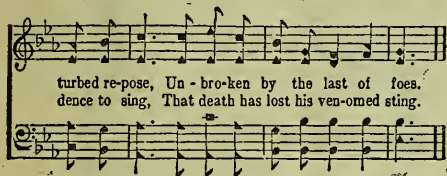
Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un-dis-
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho-ly con-fi-



turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

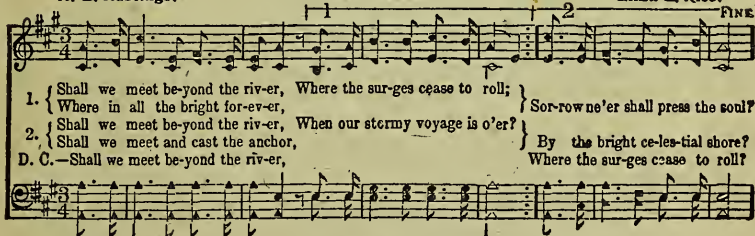
No. 178.

Shall We Meet?

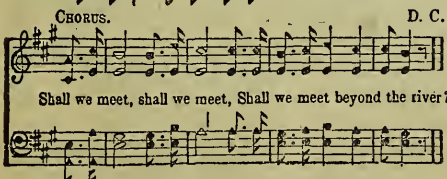
H. L. Hastings.

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Elihu S. Rice.



1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; } Sor-row-ne'er shall press the soul?
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? } By the bright ce-lestial shore?
- D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

- 4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 179.

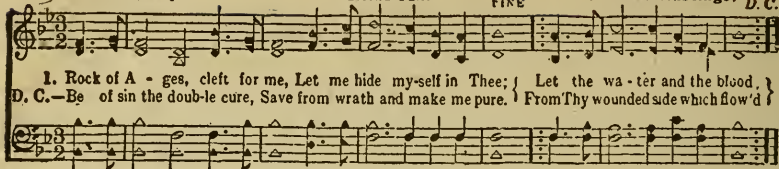
Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune

FINE

Thomas Hastings, D. C.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; } Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
D. C.—Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. } From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee..

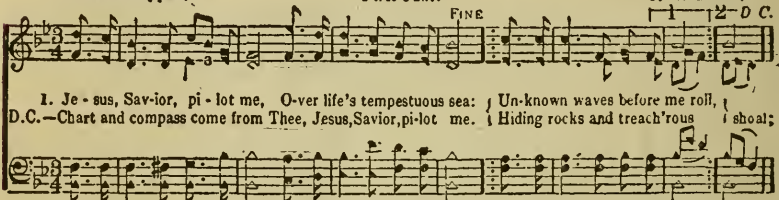
No. 180.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea; } Un-known waves before me roll, }
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. } Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou sayst to them 'Be still!'
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

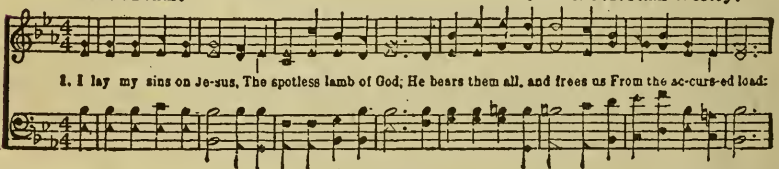
3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 181.

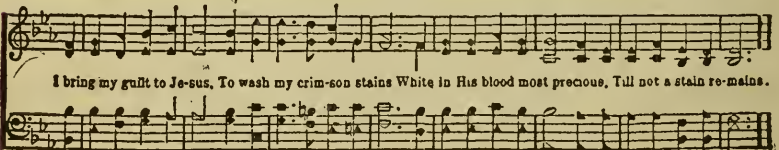
I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley.



1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load:



I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases, }
He doth my soul redeem, }
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares,

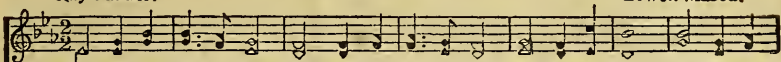
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces;
I on His breast recline;
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured,

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

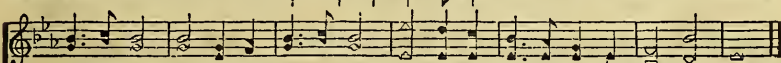
No. 182. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

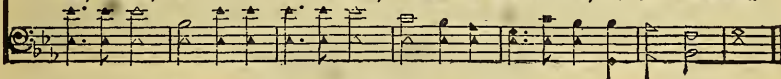
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior



while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire! turn to day, Wipe sor - rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side. then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, — A ran - somed soul.

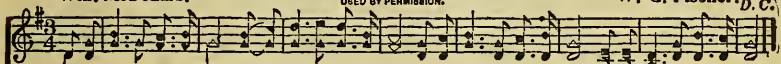


No. 183. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

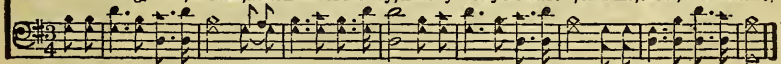
Wm. McDonald.

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W. G. Fischer. D. C.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find, Cal - o. — I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.



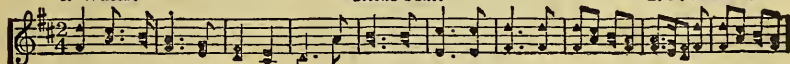
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee; 3 Here I give my all to Thee, 4 In the promises I trust
Long has evil-reigned within; Friends, and time, and earthly store; Now I feel the blood applied;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me, — Soul and body Thine to be, I am prostrate in the dust,
"I will cleanse you from all sin." Wholly Thine forevermore. I with Christ am crucified.

No 184. Joy to the World.

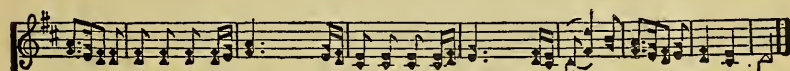
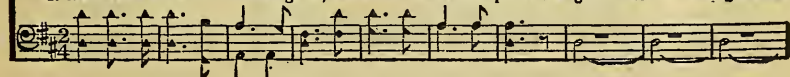
I. Watts.

Second Tune.

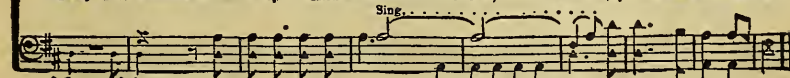
G. F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous -



room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing. plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy. flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found. ness, And wonders of His love, And won - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.



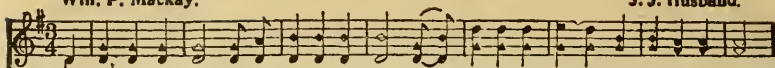
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 185

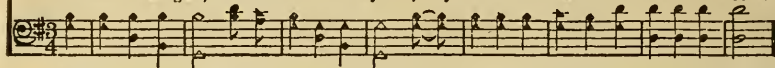
Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

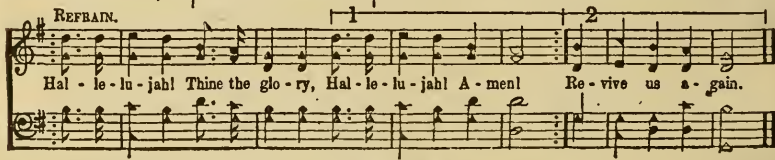
J. J. Husband.



1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a - bove.



REFRAIN.



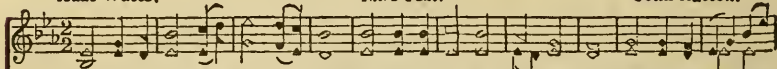
No. 186

Jesus Shall Reign.

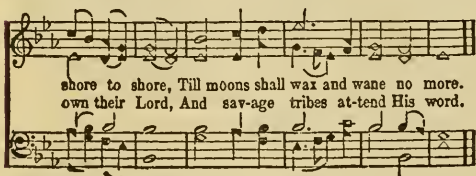
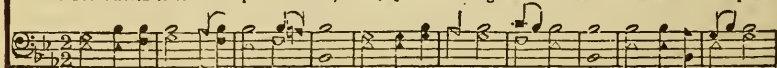
Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-cess-ive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires



shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

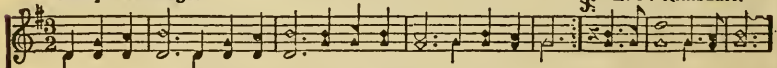
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 187

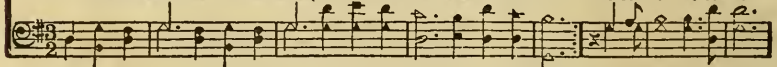
O Happy Day.

Phillip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

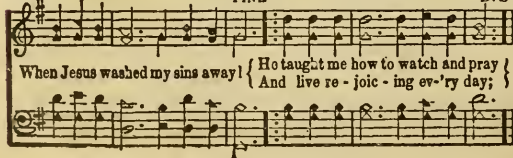


1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
{ Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Happy day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
{ Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Happy day, hap-py day,



FINE

D. S



When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
{ And live re - joic - ing ev - ry day; }

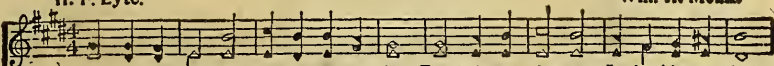
- 3 'Tis done this great transaction's
done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 188

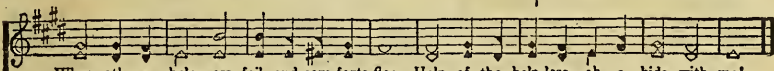
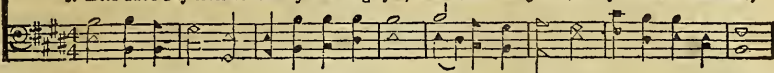
Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

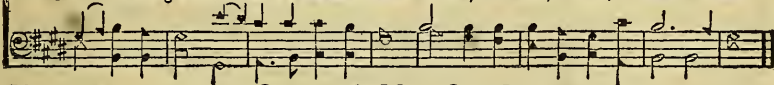
Wm. H. Monk.



1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bid with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changeest not, a - bid with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!



No. 189

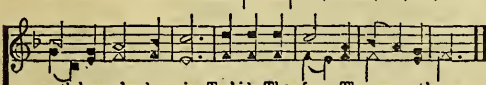
Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

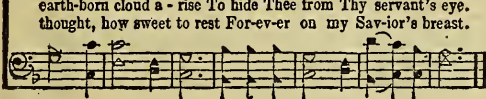
Henry Monk.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last



earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.



- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

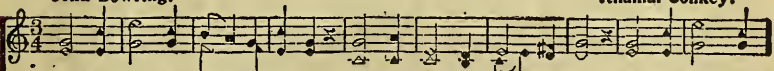
- 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 190

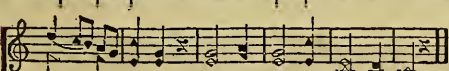
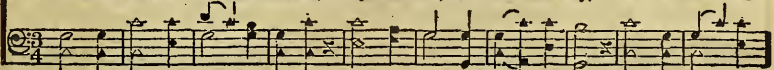
In the Cross.

John Bowring.

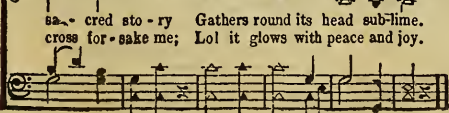
Ithamar Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the



sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lol it glows with peace and joy.



- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 191.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near-er wa-ters
 2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal-len, cheer the
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin; Let the heal-ing streams a-
 roll, While the tem-pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the
 lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am
 bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly
 storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
 all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 192.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune.

FINE

S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
 D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 193. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

Third Tune.

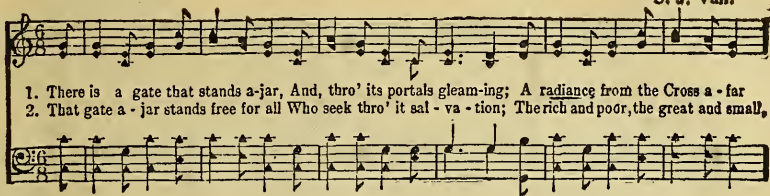
Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev'-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A place than all be-
 sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy seat.
 sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy seat.
 3 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.
 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 194.

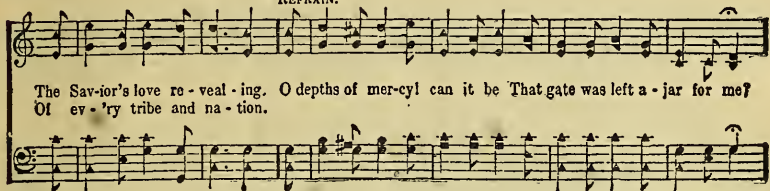
The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vall.

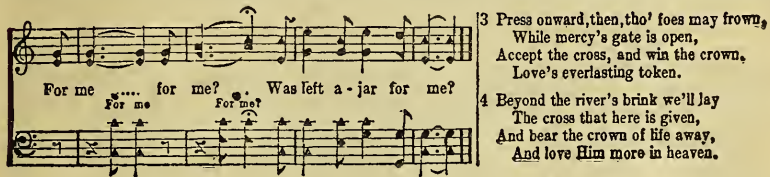


1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; Therich and poor, the great and small,

REFRAIN.



The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.



For me for me? Was left a - jar for me?
For me For me For me?

3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

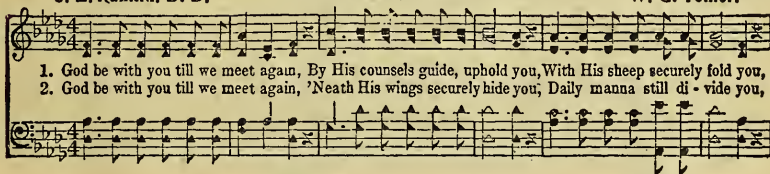
No. 195.

God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

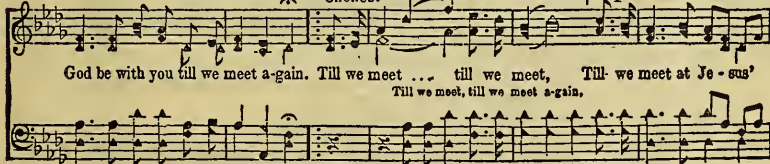
COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
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W. G. Tomer.

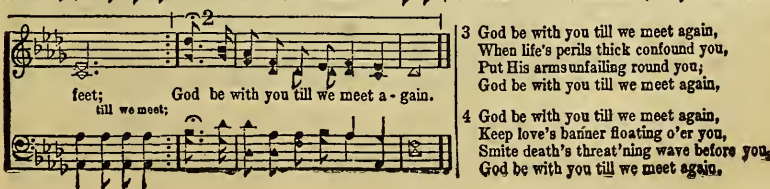


1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you; Daily manna still di - vide you,

CHORUS.



God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,



feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet;

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again,

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again,

No. 196 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
 { What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er - last - - ing arms.
 2. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
 { Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlast - - ing arms.
 3. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
 { I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er - last - - ing arms.

CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on the everlasting arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

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No. 197 I'M TO THE HIGHLANDS BOUND.

C. P. J.

CHAS. P. JONES.

Allegretto.

1. My eyes are on the mountain top, I'm running for my life, I've left old So-dom
 2. The an - gel voice has come to me, And cautioned me to go, And now o - be-dient
 3. They called me cra-zy as I left, They laughed at my a-larm; But I have heard the
 4. Some started with me and looked back, But forward yet I press; I'm bound to reach the

CHORUS.

to the flames, With all its sin and strife.
 to His word, I leave this land of woe. I'm to the highlands bound, I'm
 Saviour's voice, I'm run-ning from the storm.
 mountain top In ho - li - ness and peace.

seeking higher ground; I can't re-main in all the plain, I'm to the highlands bound.

No. 198 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I 'rest my wea-ry soul, in Thee. I give Thee
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare - not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
 stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 199 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene, — one step enough for me.
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 200 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegell.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

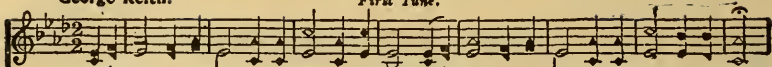
2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; [one, Our fears, our hopes, our aims are Our comforts and our cares.	3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.	4 When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.
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No. 201

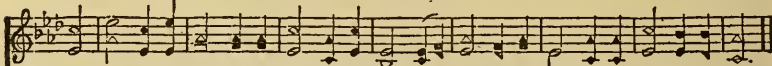
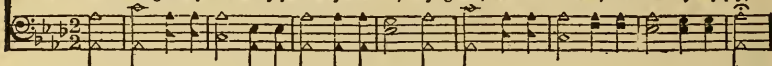
How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

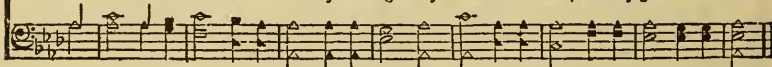
First Tune.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,



What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 202 My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 203 Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse.
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight.
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

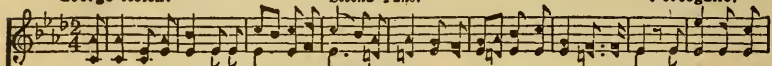
No. 204

How Firm a Foundation.

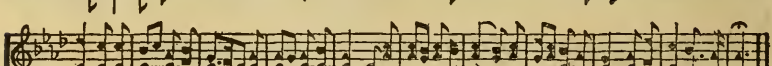
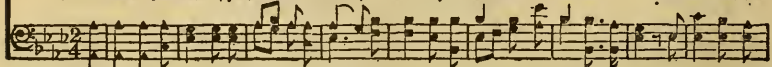
George Keith.

Second Tune.

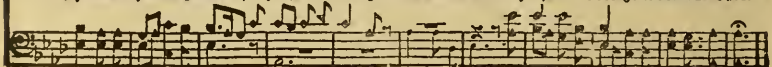
Portogallo.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He



say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?



Invitation and Altar Songs.

No. 205. O Why Not To-night?

Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall. Used by per.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

—MATT. 11: 28.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the
 2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long-de - lud-ed
 3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re -
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u-

light, Poor sin - ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 sight; This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 quite? Renounce at once your stubborn will, Be saved, O to - night.
 nite; Be-lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

CHORUS.

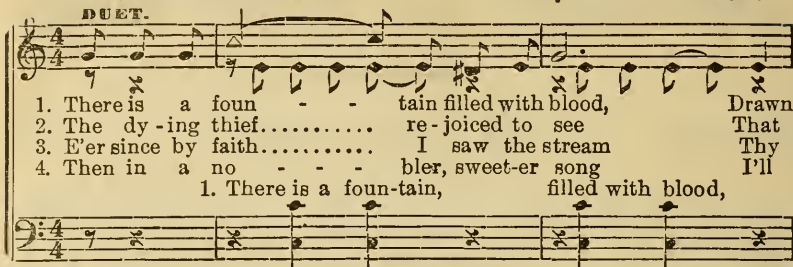
O why not to-night? O why not to -
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, then why not to-night?

As sung by Miss ESSIE MORRIS and
Mrs. WINIFRED CARROLL.

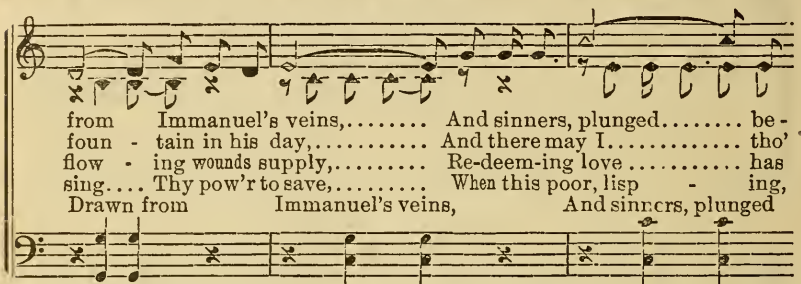
Arr. by Mrs. JNO. T. BENSON.

DUET.

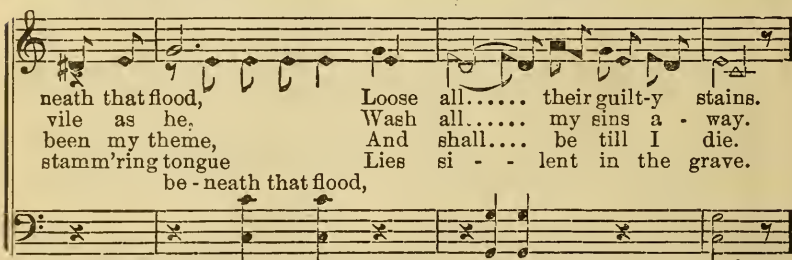


1. There is a foun - - - tain filled with blood, Drawn
2. The dy - ing thief..... re - joiced to see That
3. E'er since by faith..... I saw the stream Thy
4. Then in a no - - - bler, sweet-er song I'll

1. There is a foun-tain, filled with blood,

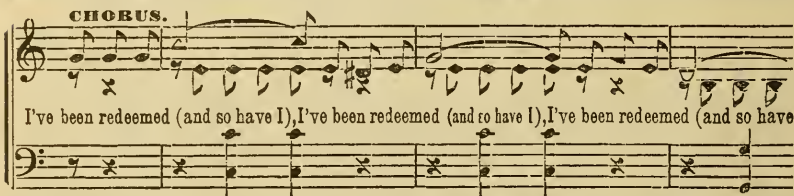


from Immanuel's veins,..... And sinners, plunged..... be -
foun - tain in his day,..... And there may I..... tho'
flow - ing wounds supply,..... Re-deem-ing love has
sing.... Thy pow'r to save,..... When this poor, lisp - ing,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged

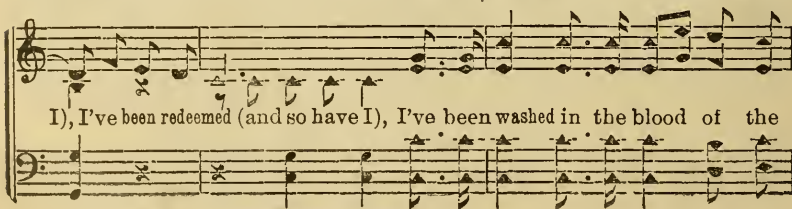


neath that flood, Loose all..... their guilt-y stains.
vile as he, Wash all..... my sins a - way.
been my theme, And shall.... be till I die.
stamm'ring tongue Lies si - - lent in the grave.
be -neath that flood,

CHORUS.



I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been redeemed (and to have I), I've been redeemed (and so have



I), I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been washed in the blood of the

There Is a Fountain. Concluded.

Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah, I've been washed in the blood of the

Lamb, Praise the Lord, I've been washed in the blood of the

Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah, that flows from Cal - va - ry. from Cal - va - ry.

No. 207. WHERE HE LEADS ME.

E. W. BLANDLY.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

CHO.-Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, *ad lib.* *D. C.*

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

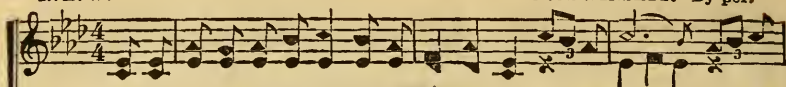
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 208. Wonderful Power In the Blood!

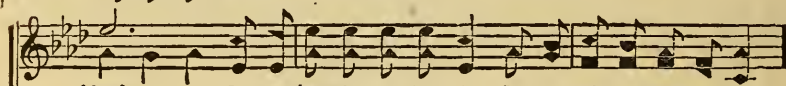
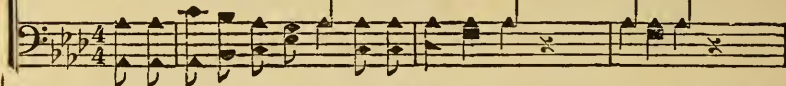
"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—HEB. 9: 22.

R. E. W.

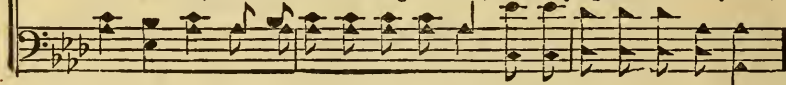
R. E. WINSETT. By per.



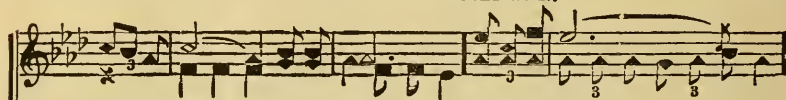
1. There is wonder-working pow'r in the precious blood, There is pow'r in the
2. Praise the Father and the Son for the sac - ri - fice;
3. When we at the judgment stand blood will be our plea;
4. O our Saviour's precious blood flow'd for all the world;
5. Who - so - ev - er will may come to this precious blood; There is pow'r



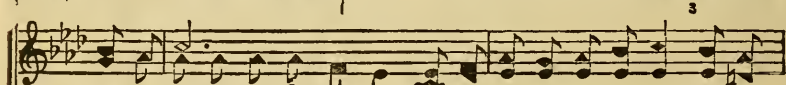
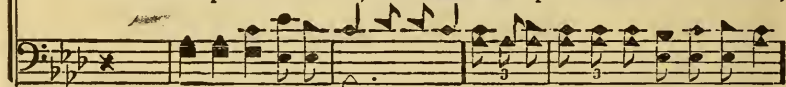
blood; It will cleanse from ev-'ry sin, It will make you pure with-in,
That was made for you and me, That from sin we might be free,
There's no oth-er way I know, But this precious crimson flow,
'Tis sal-va-tion's wondrous plan, That was made for ev-'ry man,
in the blood; Sin - ner do not long-er wait, For the judgment seals thy fate,



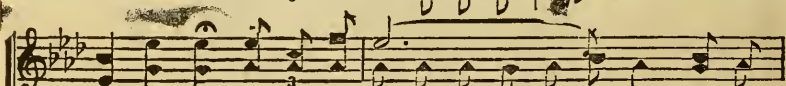
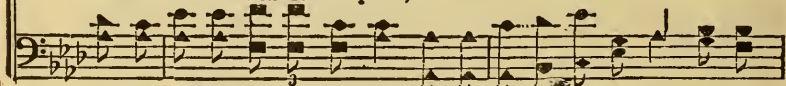
REFRAIN.



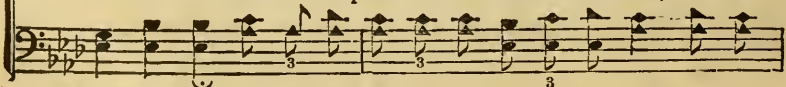
There is pow'r..... in the blood. Wonderful pow'r.....
There is pow'r in the blood, of the Lamb. Wonderful pow'r in the blood of the Lamb,



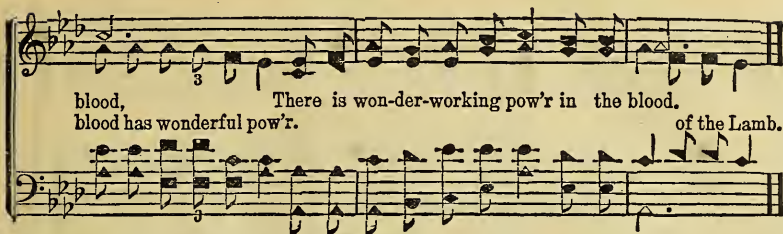
in the blood, There is per-fect cleansing pow'r in the
O the blood has won-der-ful pow'r,



re-cious blood; Won-der-ful pow'r..... in the
Won-der-ful pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; O the



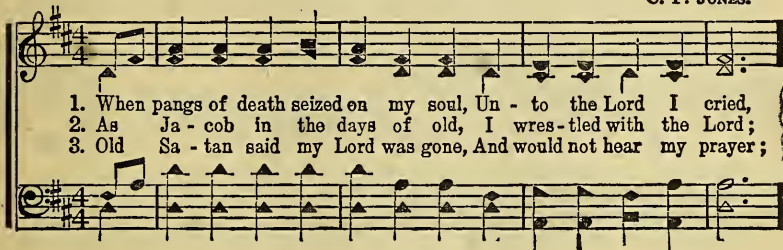
Wonderful Power In the Blood! Concluded.



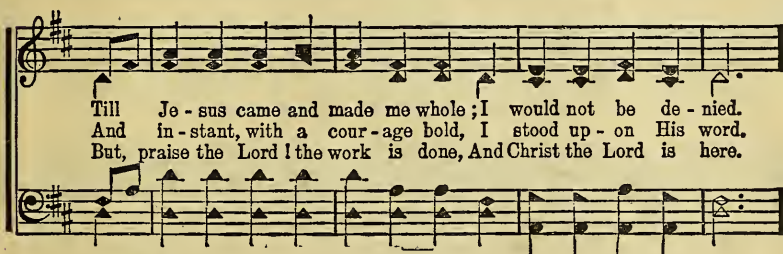
blood, There is won-der-working pow'r in the blood.
blood has wonderful pow'r. of the Lamb.

No. 209. I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.

C. P. JONES.

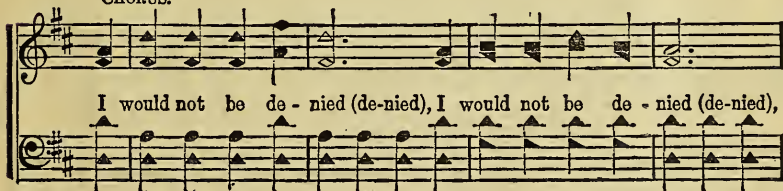


1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord;
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone, And would not hear my prayer;

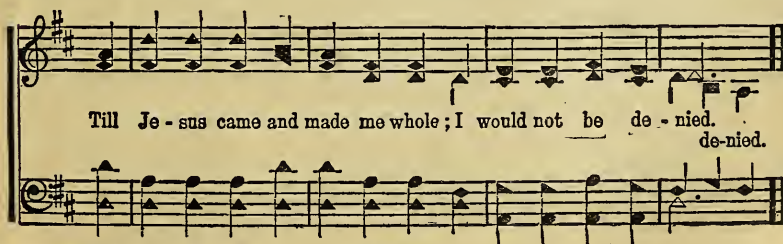


Till Je - sus came and made me whole; I would not be de - nied.
And in - stant, with a cour - age bold, I stood up - on His word.
But, praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ the Lord is here.

CHORUS.



I would not be de - nied (de-nied), I would not be de - nied (de-nied),

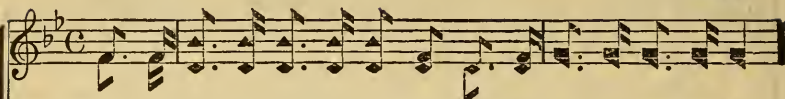


Till Je - sus came and made me whole; I would not be de - nied.
de-nied.

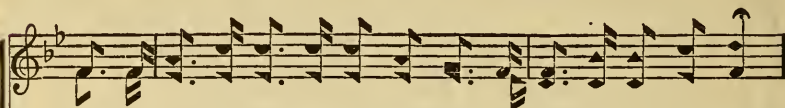
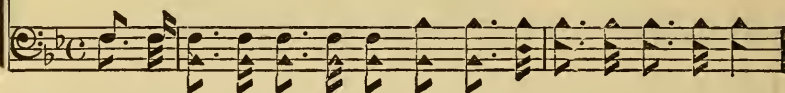
No. 210. I LOVE TO WALK WITH JESUS.

C. F. W.

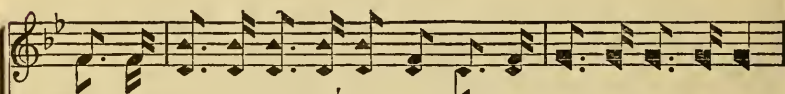
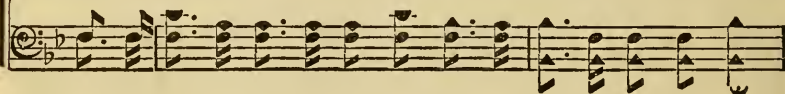
C. F. WEIGELE.



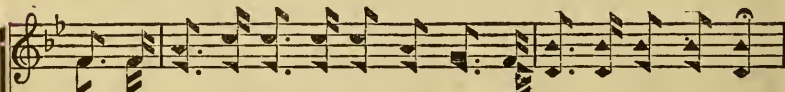
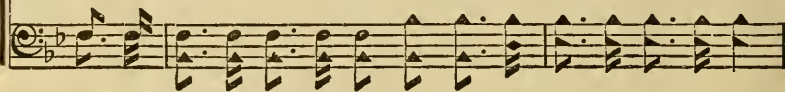
1. O I love to walk with Je-sus Like the pub-li-cans of old,
2. O I love to walk with Je-sus Like the man of long a-go,
3. O I love to walk with Je-sus All the way to Cal-v'ry's brow,
4. O sometime I'll walk with Je-sus In the land of end-less day,



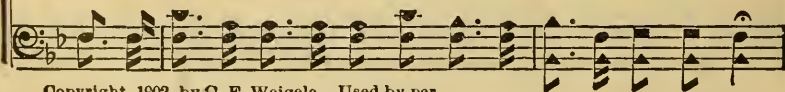
When He gathered them a-bout Him And the bless-ed ti-dings told;
Who had tar-ried by the way-side Near the gates of Jer-i-cho;
Gaze up-on that scene of suff'ring, While my tears of sor-row flow;
When our jour-ney here is o-ver And we've reached our home to stay;



How He came to bring de-liv'-rance To the cap-tives in dis-tress,
Je-sus heard his cry for mer-cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev-'ry sin a-way;
Then I'll walk with Him for-ev-er, Sing His prais-es o'er and o'er,

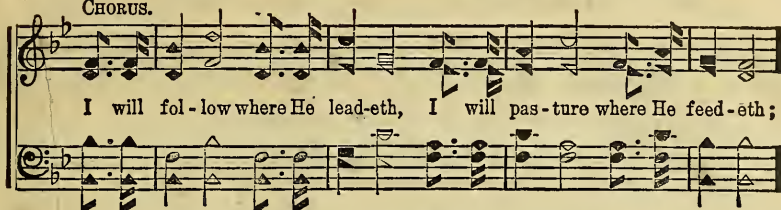


Take a-way our ev-'ry bur-den, Giv-ing per-fect peace and rest.
And im-me-diate-ly he fol-lowed Je-sus all a-long the way.
So I fol-low Him so glad-ly, Lead me an-y-where He may.
Laugh and shout, and ev-er tell Him That I love Him more and more.



I LOVE TO WALK WITH JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.



I will fol - low where He lead - eth, I will pas - ture where He feed - eth ;

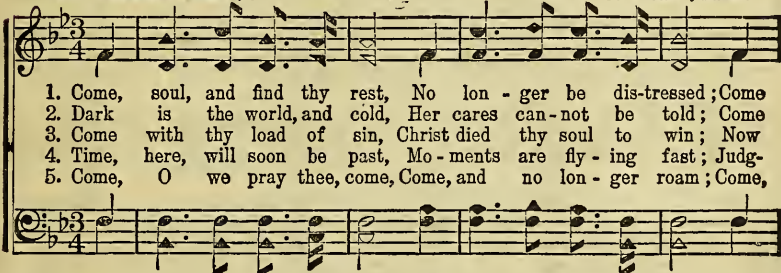


I will fol - low all the way, Lord, I will fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

No. 211. O DON'T STAY AWAY.

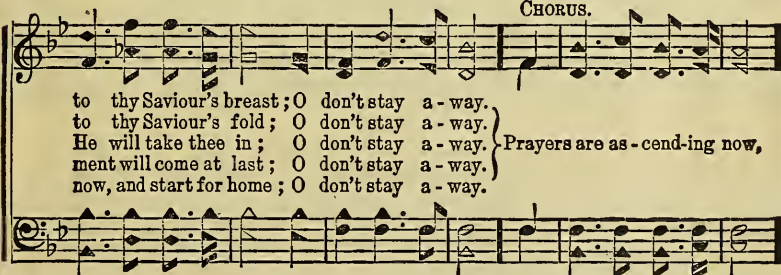
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Rev. W. J. STUART, A. M.



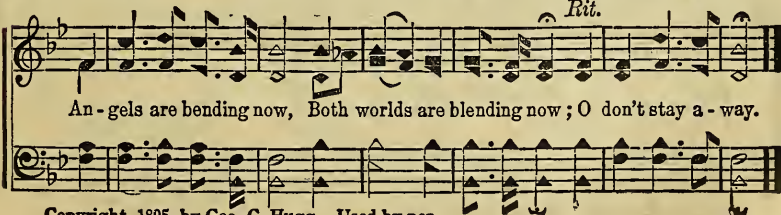
1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No lon - ger be dis - tressed ; Come
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can - not be told ; Come
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win ; Now
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo - ments are fly - ing fast ; Judg -
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no lon - ger roam ; Come,

CHORUS.



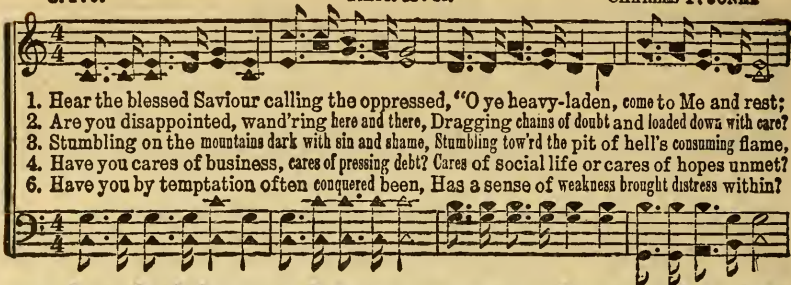
to thy Saviour's breast ; O don't stay a - way.
to thy Saviour's fold ; O don't stay a - way.
He will take thee in ; O don't stay a - way. } Prayers are as - cend - ing now,
ment will come at last ; O don't stay a - way.
now, and start for home ; O don't stay a - way.

Rit.



An - gels are bending now, Both worlds are blending now ; O don't stay a - way.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."
 C. P. J. MATT. 11: 28. CHARLES P. JONES.



1. Hear the blessed Saviour calling the oppressed, "O ye heavy-laden, come to Me and rest;
 2. Are you disappointed, wand'ring here and there, Dragging chains of doubt and loaded down with care?
 3. Stumbling on the mountains dark with sin and shame, Stumbling tow'rd the pit of hell's consuming flame,
 4. Have you cares of business, cares of pressing debt? Care of social life or cares of hopes unmet?
 6. Have you by temptation often conquered been, Has a sense of weakness brought distress within?

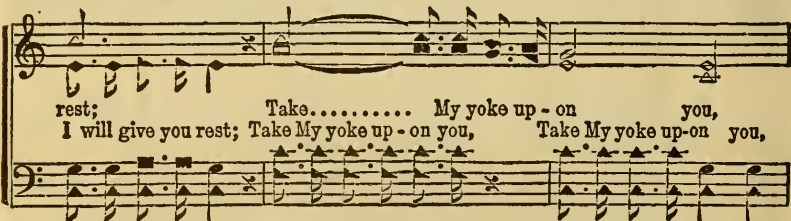


Come, no longer tar-ry, I your load will bear, Bring Me ev'ry burden, bring Me ev'ry care."
 Do un-ho-ly feelings struggle in your breast? Bring your case to Jesus, He will give you rest.
 By the pow'rs of sin deluded and oppressed, Hear the tender Shepherd,—"Come to Me and rest."
 Are you by remorse or sense of guilt depressed? Come right on to Jesus, He will give you rest.
 Christ will sanctify you, if you'll claim His best, In the Ho-ly Spir-it He will give you rest.

CHORUS.



Come un-to Me; I..... will give you
 Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, I will give you rest,



rest; Take..... My yoke up-on you,
 I will give you rest; Take My yoke up-on you, Take My yoke up-on you,



Hear..... Me and be blest;..... I..... am
 Hear Me and be blest, hear Me and be blest, I am meek and low-

COME UNTO ME. Concluded.

meek and low - ly, Come..... and trust my might;
ly; I am meek and lowly, Come and trust my might, Come and trust my might,

rit.

Come, my yoke is eas - y, And.... my burden's light.
Come, O come, Come, my yoke is easy, Come, O come, Come, my burden's light.

No. 213.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per-suad-ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al - most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al - most per-suad-ed,"

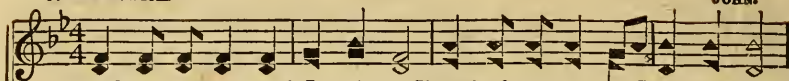
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most, but lost."

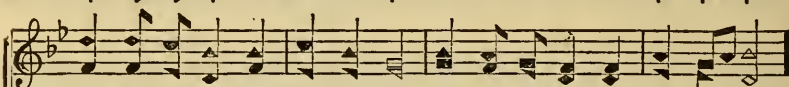
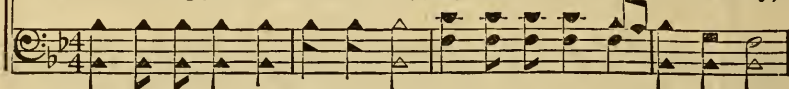
"I have called, and ye have refused." PROV. 1: 24.

J. BORTHWICK.

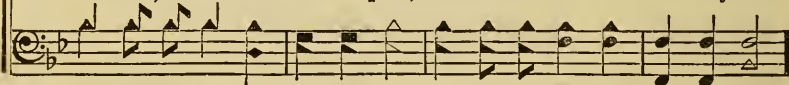
JOHN.



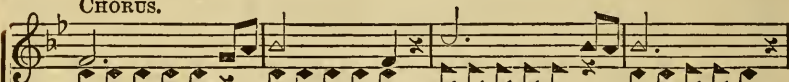
1. God calling yet! shall I no hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond - age live?
4. God calling yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield without de - lay;



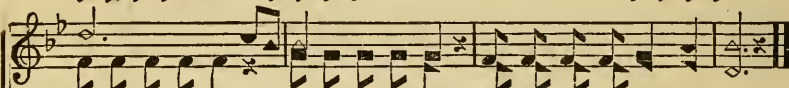
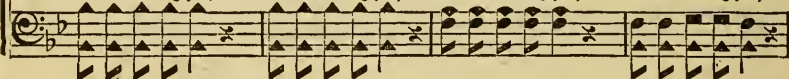
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
 And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 I wait, but He does not forsake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.



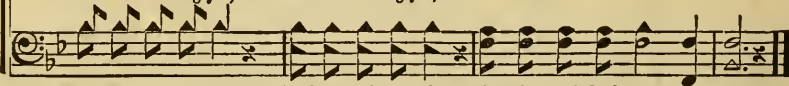
CHORUS.



God is call - ing, Call - ing yet,
 God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet,



God is call - ing; Sinner, heed His pleading voice.
 God is call - ing yet, God is call - ing yet;



This hymn is free to be used for the glory of God.

No. 215. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

KEY OF G.

- 1 What can wash away my sin?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 What can make me whole again?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—O precious is the flow
 That makes me white as snow;
 No other fount I know,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 2 For my pardon, this I see,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

For my cleansing, this my plea,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.


4 This is all my hope and peace,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. LOWMY. By per

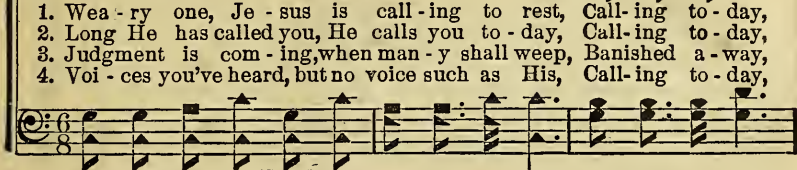
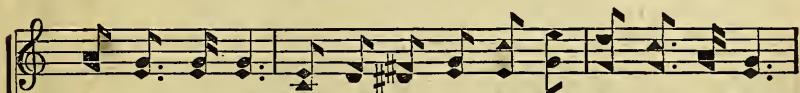
No. 216. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

C. F. W.

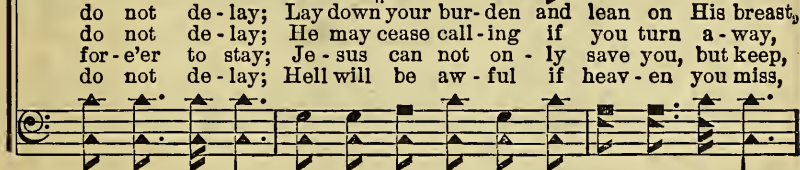
C. F. WEIGELE.



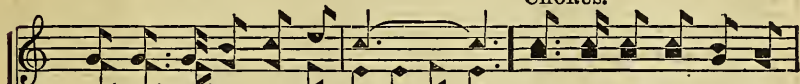
1. Wea-ry one, Je-sus is call-ing to rest, Call-ing to-day,
 2. Long He has called you, He calls you to-day, Call-ing to-day,
 3. Judgment is com-ing, when man-y shall weep, Banished a-way,
 4. Voi-ces you've heard, but no voice such as His, Call-ing to-day,

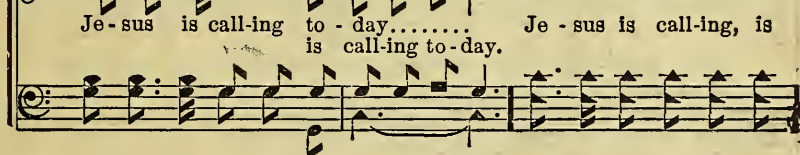
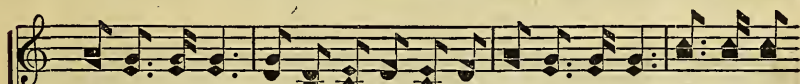
do not de-lay; Lay down your bur-den and lean on His breast,
 do not de-lay; He may cease call-ing if you turn a-way,
 for-e'er to stay; Je-sus can not on-ly save you, but keep,
 do not de-lay; Hell will be aw-ful if heav-en you miss,



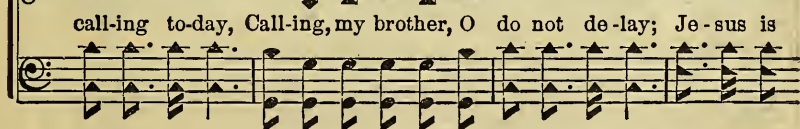
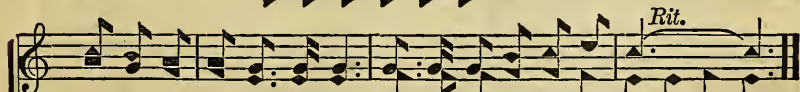
CHORUS.



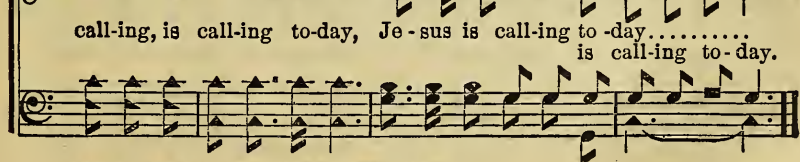
Je-sus is call-ing to-day..... Je-sus is call-ing, is
 is call-ing to-day.

call-ing to-day, Call-ing, my brother, O do not de-lay; Je-sus is

call-ing, is call-ing to-day, Je-sus is call-ing to-day.....
 is call-ing to-day.



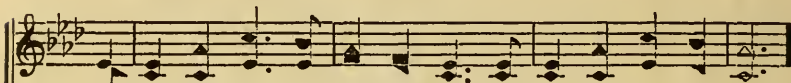
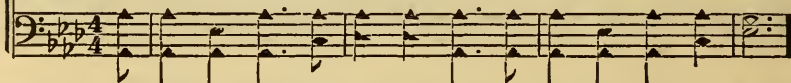
No. 217. WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM COME.

EDMUND JONES.

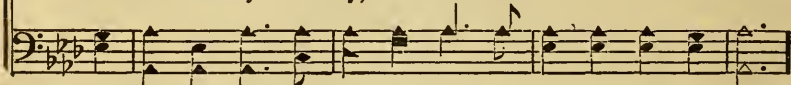
Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re-volve,
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sins Hath like a mountain rose ;
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess ;
4. Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my pray'r ;
5. I can but per - ish if I go ; I am re-solved to try ;



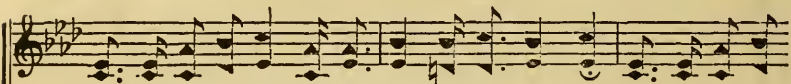
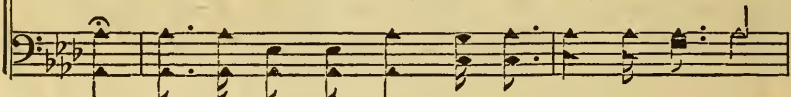
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed ; And make this last re - solve :
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done With-out His sovereign grace.
But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.



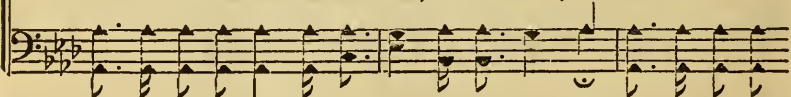
CHORUS.



O who - so - ev - er will, let him come, let him come,



Who - so - ev - er will let him come, let him come, O who - so - ev - er



will let him come, let him come And drink of the wa - ter of life.



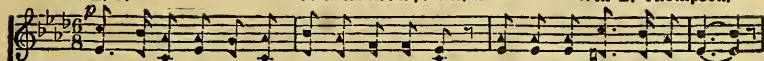
No. 218

Softly and Tenderly.

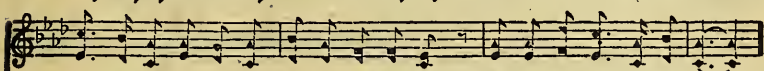
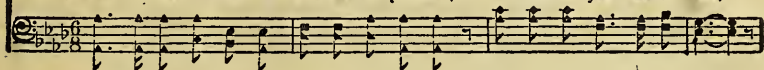
W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL

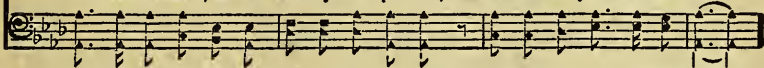
Will L. Thompson.



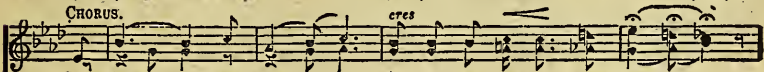
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



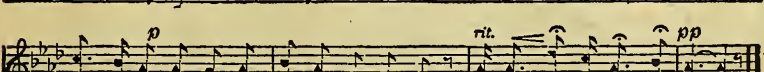
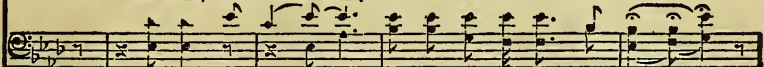
- At the heart's por - tal He's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
Shad - ows are gath - ring, and death's night is com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.



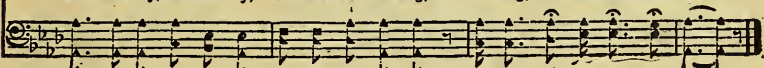
CHORUS.



- Come home,.... come home,..... Ye who are wea - ry, come home,.....
Come home, come home,



- 1 Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



No. 219

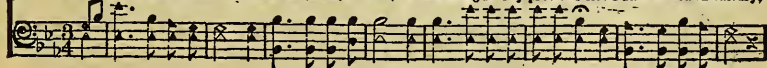
I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

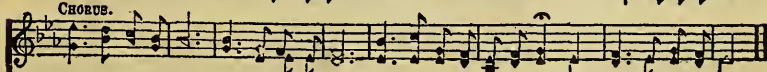
Rev. L. Hartsough.



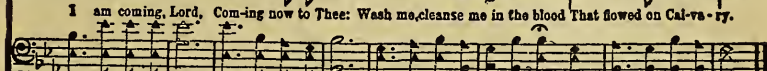
1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary,



CHORUS.



- I am coming, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.



- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Thou speakest all, and pure.</p> | <p>3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.</p> | <p>4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.</p> |
|--|---|---|

No. 220.

Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fight-ings with-in and fears with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 221. The Fountain Lies Open.

Arr. by MRS. J. T. B.

1. While the fountain lies open, The fountain lies open, Sinner, come to Jesus, and be saved.
 2. O sinner, come to Jesus, O sinner, come to Jesus, Sinner, come to Jesus, and be saved.
 3. For Jesus wants to save you, For Jesus wants to save you, Sinner, come to Jesus, and be saved.

No. 222. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. { Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, }
 { And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, [Omit] } O Lamb of God, I come!
 1st Cho.—We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers pray'r.
 2d Cho.—I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do believe, That Jesus saves me now.

No. 223. Are You Washed in the Blood.

Key of A-Flat.

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleans-ing power?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Are you fully trusting in His grace each hour?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
 Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
 And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,
 In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
 Are your garments spotless?
 Are they white as snow?
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

No. 224

Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. F. Jude.

1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store; From each i-dol that would
sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 225

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. M. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat

No. 226

Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prepa-ration can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE CHORUS.

take me as I am, Take me as I am, Take me as I am; ...
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;
take me as I am, take me as I am, take me as I am;

No. 227

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.
There to my heart, was the blood applied;
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, } Glory to His name.
There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.
D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D.C.
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

- 3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.
4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 228

Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

- 3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc, 4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc, When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 229

Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton.

Third Tune.

Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above

- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined, Thy darkness passed away, [shone No fearful shade shall wear;
Who dwells in cloudless light en- Because that light hath on thee Glory shall chase away its gloom,
In whom no darkness is. In which is perfect day. For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 230

Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; } Break down ev'-ry i-dol, cast out ev'-ry foe;
 { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; }
 2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies; } I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
 { And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; }

FINE CHORUS. D. S.
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
 D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 231

Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.
 1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would ent-er the fold; In the
 { book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, { Omit }

2. Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
 FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, 3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light;
 But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me; With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
 For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow, Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
 "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 232

The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
 3 It has saved our fathers.
 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

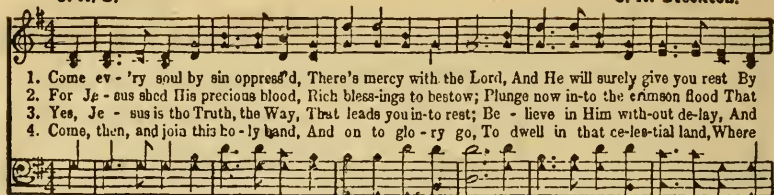
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
 8 It will do when I am dying.
 9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 233

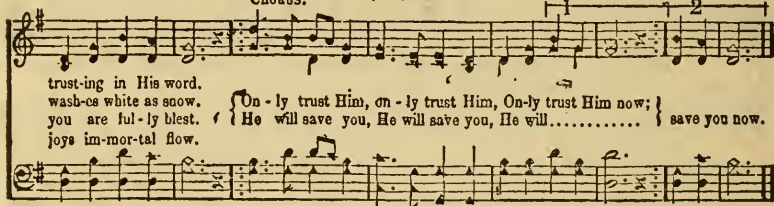
J. H. S.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton.



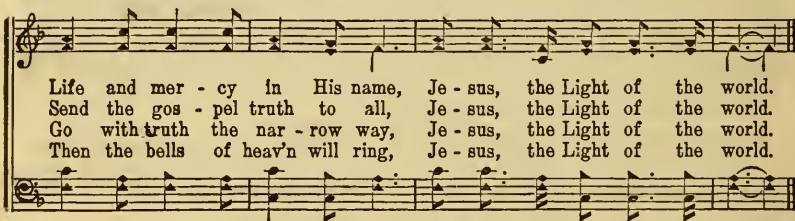
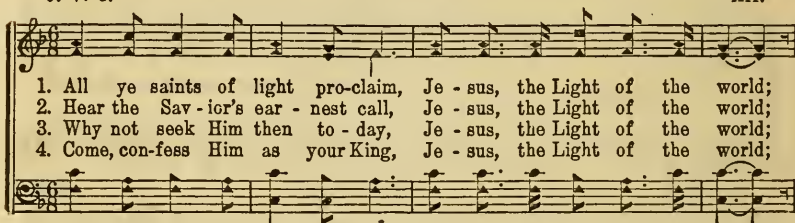
CHORUS.



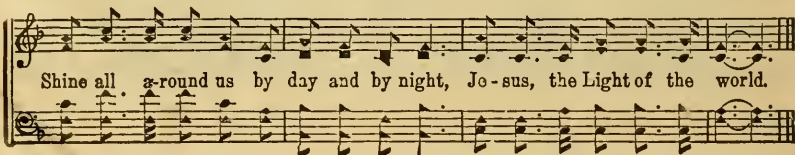
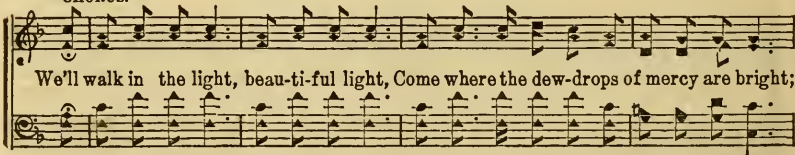
No. 234 JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

J. V. C.

Arr.



CHORUS.

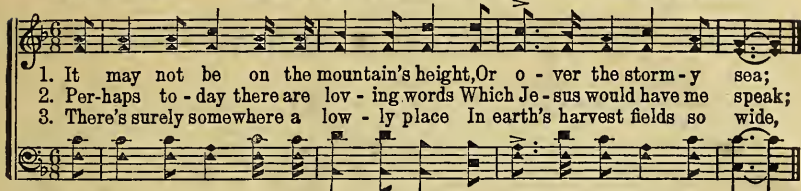


No. 235. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

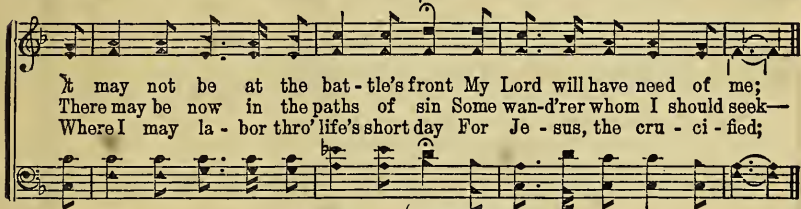
MARY BROWN.

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. By per.

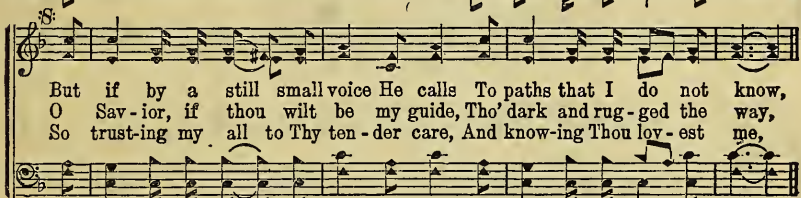
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
 2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'r'er whom I should seek—
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied;



But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
 So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know - ing Thou lov - est me,

D.S.—I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
 D. S.

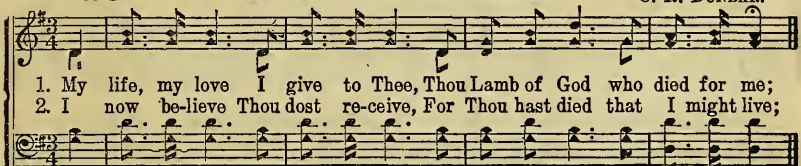


I'll an - swer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o Thy mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

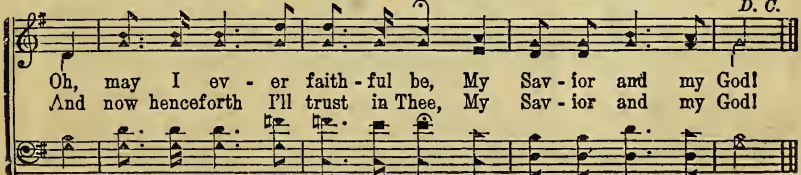
No. 236. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
 2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re - ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
 D. C.



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 237.

Why Not Now?

EL NATHAN.

Copyright, 1891, by C. C. Case. Used by per.

O. C. CASE.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
 2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
 3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for trou-bled mind;
 4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
 Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?

No. 238. Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

Old Melody.

1. I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the al - tar,
 2. He ac-cepts all I've brought Him, He ac-cepts all I've brought Him,
 3. I will nev - er-more doubt Him, I will nev - er-more doubt Him,
 4. I will rest on His prom-ise, I will rest on His prom-ise,
 5. Hal - le-lujah! I will praise Him, Hal - le-lujah I will praise Him,

CHORUS.—Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter,

I am all on the al - tar; Which was made for me.
 He ac-cepts all I've brought Him; And that's e - ven me.
 I will nev - er-more doubt Him; For He cleans - es me.
 I will rest on His prom-ise; Which was made for me.
 Ha - le-lujah! I will praise Him; For He sets me free.

Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus sets me free.

W. E. Witter.

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H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
 2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
 3. O hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
 Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sinner, come!
 While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 240

There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
 D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
 guilty stains;

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious
 Shall never lose its power, (blood
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the
 Thy flowing wounds supply [stream
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

No. 241

Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Third Tune.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood. And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
 all their guilty stains. } Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ever Wash my sins a-way.

No. 242 'There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

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THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;

When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left,
But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not,"

CHORUS *m pp* 1 2
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 243. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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With feeling

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

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